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THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.*

[The following masterly portraiture is from the pen of CARLYLE, the first of his contributions for a long period, and full of his characteristic power and beauty. It is none too long for its subject and style.—Ed.]

OLD, ever-renovating Europe has been the scene of many epochs and glad openings of new eras ; but never before did the hearts of her children expand with such joyous universal hope as in the spring and summer of 1814. The nights grew bright with illuminations, the days with national festivals and jubilees. Poets emulated the lark in gladsome song ; philanthropists and social philosophers, busy as happy bees in summer's sunshine, gathered speculative honey for the sweetening of the nations ; whilst universal mankind, literally from the throne to the cottage, mingled pious gratitude with fond resolves. For the con-

queror, more dreadful still to the high than to the low ones of the earth, was conquered ; the long, weary struggle was gloriously ended, and there was once more PEACE ! Born sovereigns who had learned the taste of the stranger's bread far away from native thrones, or had experienced some other humiliating eclipse of hereditary splendor, could now return home again with rejoicing, bringing their "sheaves" with them, and, rich with "precious seed" of experience, make the people happy. And there was to be a re-modelling of the map of Europe, and a general settlement upon lasting foundations. Germany was to initiate a new national life, and make ready for the awakening of old Barbarossa from his long sleep in the Harz mountain. Russia, the magnanimous "deliverer of Europe," having practically demonstrated its importance to mankind, was henceforth to be not only a leading member in the European system, but regarded itself the chosen champion of suffering nationalities—in Poland, Greece, and the Slavonic world generally. May not the Slave be

* *Acten des Wiener Congresses in den Jahren 1814, 1815.* Herausgegeben von J. L. KLUMER. 9 vols. Erlangen: 1816-1835.

Histoire du Congrès de Vienne. Par l'auteur de l'Histoire de la diplomatie Française. (Flassan.) 3 vols. Paris: 1829.

Correspondence, Dispatches, and other Papers of Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquis of Londonderry. Edited by his brother, CHARLES WILLIAM VANE, Marquis of Londonderry. Vols. X. and XI. London: 1853.

Hansard's Debates. Vols. XXIX. and XXX.

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the coming man Europe has been waiting for? Alexander and his Russians had reasons for proud joy. The Netherlands were to be reunited as if no effectual Duke of Alva or Spanish Inquisition had ever operated there; and the new kingdom was to be closely united with England, both by family and political ties. As to this country, what feelings, what hope could be too high for it? It was but a hundred years since it had for the first time taken a prominent part in continental affairs, and gained the peace of Utrecht; and now kings and heroes, the *élite* of all Europe, have come over to testify personally their admiration and gratitude to the sturdy islanders whose subsidies were so bountiful. The pulse of England beat high, and her stern bosom warmed even towards Cossacks with flat noses and slanting eyes. The Regent of England, on his right hand the Hero of England carrying the sword of State, which he knows how to wield, and surrounded by the high and the beautiful of the land, joined in the people's cathedral with all ranks and conditions of men in ascribing all glory to the Most High. Now surely liberty and plenty shall begin to reign: what shall hinder? The weight that had long pressed upon the spirits of men was removed, and great was the rebound of their recovered elasticity.

But not only the victorious Allies and liberated nations rejoiced. France, who had to pay the piper, and whose "rebound" could hardly be supposed to be in the upward direction, closed her chapter of conquest and glory not with bitterness alone; but remembering the good King Henri IV. and his paternal concern for every Frenchman's Sunday dinner, took again kindly and even sanguinely to his descendants. "The King of Prussia," writes Madame de Staël, "was astonished that being vanquished should cause them so much pleasure." The career of glory was run; and the reign of Constitutional liberty, without conscription and *droits réunis*, was to commence, and of quiet, prosperous citizen life, pleasant to contemplate after so many years of restless existence. The second Charlemagne, who had made France the Empire State and Paris the City of the world, was indeed caged; but his magnificent enterprise, ended in such a way, had cost five milliards of money and three millions of French lives; and he overshadowed every body and would

suffer no will but his own. A Bourbon with a constitution will be better. And so, not only high-born royalist ladies, in exuberance of spirits, jumped behind Cossack's saddles and made their entry into Paris that fashion; but even Carnot and his like felt sanguine; and Béranger, the people's troubadour, sang the praises of the King of Yvetot, "*se levant tard, se couchant tôt*," who made four meals a day, was a good neighbor, caused no tears to his people except at his death, and slept well without glory. Such a reign will be pleasant, although inaugurated by "*Lord Villain-ton*." And so the bourgeoisie, looking forward to good trade, joined in the chorus:

"Oh, oh, ah, ah, quel bon petit roi c'était là!"

France had been treated leniently by the victorious Allies; no indemnities were demanded; she was preserved, even with some trifling augmentation, in her limits of '92; which included Alsace, in good part "stolen," the Germans say, by Louis XIV., and which the German Powers, having now re-conquered it, thought they had a right to retain. But Alexander and Wellington, who had also a word to speak in the matter, spoke it generously for France. That was at the Peace of Paris, the "first" Peace. On that memorable occasion the Allies—repeating with lighter hearts the promise made three months before, at the Treaty of Chaumont, while the shadow of Napoleon was still on the horizon—solemnly declared, That, animated by the desire to put an end to the long agitations of Europe and the misfortunes of nations, by a solid peace upon a *just re-partition of forces among the Powers*, they had agreed to maintain harmony and a good understanding, not only with each other, but as much as in them lay, amongst the nations of Europe generally. Be it noticed as a feature on the dial-plate of History, that here, for the first time in international transactions, "Europe" appears as a body corporate; it is the first joint action on record in the name and general interest of "all Europe," Christian nations, improving in that respect upon the lawless practice of antiquity, had already established a *jus gentium*; and here, improving again upon that, we have the notion of a Pan-European Constable with authority to keep the peace in this large portion of the world—if but his

staff and his discretion prove adequate to the business!

Other points agreed upon at Paris are: That Holland, with an augmentation of territory, is to be placed under the sovereignty of the House of Orange; Germany to form a confederation of sovereign States; Italy, with the exception of the parts falling to Austria, also to consist of sovereign States; Switzerland to continue in its independence; England to keep Malta and the French colonies of Tobago, St. Lucia, and the Mauritius; the navigation of the Rhine to be free to all nations, and means to be found for applying the same rule to other rivers, so as to facilitate the intercourse of nations. By additional secret articles it was agreed that the Allies were to arrange the distribution and settlement of the countries re-taken from France, or become otherwise disposable, among themselves, without the participation of France; and it was indicated in general outline how these countries were to be appropriated: Austria and Sardinia are to have Upper Italy—Genoa to be incorporated with the latter; Belgium to be joined to Holland; the countries on the left side of the Rhine to go to Holland, Prussia, and other German States. All these arrangements to be completed at a general Congress which is to assemble within two months at Vienna. Signed at Paris 30th May, 1814, by France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, England, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden; the last seven being the parties to the treaty of Chaumont, which had preceded the final march upon Paris.

The Peace was signed at Paris; the triumph celebrated in London; the new settlement of Europe was to be decided at Vienna. Thither all eyes were now turned. Ancient *Vindobona*, city of the Wends or Vandals, old as the green hills that overhang it; modern *Wien* or *Vienna*, capital of Eastern Germany, and metropolis of all that motley agglomeration of countries which the historical "good luck" of the Hapsburgs had gathered under the once Ducal now Imperial Crown of Austria, has seen many visitors and chronicled many vicissitudes since Marcus Aurelius wrote his contemplations and ended his career within its precincts. Frederick Barbarossa lodged here on his way to Palestine, and Richard Cœur de Lion, involuntarily, on his return. Under its walls Rudolph of Hapsburg, the brave

Swiss gentleman who could pray and fight, defeated King Ottakar of Bohemia, and established his house, it appears, on lasting foundations. Outpost of Western civilization towards the Slavonic Asiatic population, it has had to bear and to ward off, shield-like, many dangerous onsets from Huns, Magyars, Turks; at the last of which the gallant Sobieski did not exactly "save," as his eloquent countrymen are fond of boasting, but bravely assisted the other relieving armies in saving Vienna. Two generations earlier (1619) it had stood a still more ominous siege: the Protestants of Bohemia were at the gates; the Protestant Estates of Austria, the chief nobility (all Protestants in those days!) had forced their way into the castle with their petition of rights. King Ferdinand stood alone amidst revolted subjects, none to help him but the Virgin Mary. "Ferdinand, wilt thou sign soon?" cried one of the deputation of nobles, while the Bohemian shells were hissing about the palace-windows. Ferdinand, trusting firmly in the Virgin, did not sign. He had promised his dying mother, and vowed at the shrine of Loretto, to put down heresy in his realms, and make Catholicism again triumphant. Nor did the Virgin forsake him. Dampière's cuirassiers, with the Spanish-Netherlandish army behind them, saved the king from his rebellious nobles and besieging Bohemians, and enabled him to begin the Thirty Years' War, and to make Catholicism very triumphant in Austria. The once sturdy Austrian burghers in the course of time became obedient loving subjects, and were spiritually cut off from the rest of Germany. They lived an easy physical life, giving more exercise to their stomach than to their brain. The only voice by which they still spoke to intellectual Europe was the fiddle—Mozart speaking the higher passions that lay inarticulate in them, Strauss the lower. But they were always an unthinkingly loyal, a kindly, physically well-conditioned people; and, in course of time, they had their beautiful Maria Theresa, whose noble female instincts surpassed the wisdom of men. Her Vienna saw as a brilliant, high-spirited Amazon, heading her gallant chivalry in defence of the integrity of Austria against the world: saw her also as loving mother, when one night she appeared suddenly at her box-front, in the Burg-theatre, in homely attire and candle in her hand, to announce

with thrilling voice to her dear Viennese that her son "Leopold's wife had got a boy!" After that Vienna saw her son Joseph putting down Jesuits, dissolving convents, endeavoring to undo the work of Ferdinand, and to break, if possible, the partnership with the Virgin Mary. But not proving strong enough for the work, it broke him. Finally, in recent years Vienna had heard the cannon of Austerlitz and Wagram, and seen Maria Theresa's grandson—the same whose birth she proclaimed so joyously in the Burg-theatre—now Kaiser Franz, in his white uniform with red facings, much shorn of the ancient Hapsburg splendor, riding by the side of his intended son-in-law—the once Corsican lieutenant! But Vienna did not love its Kaiser less for his misfortunes; received him as in triumph when returning from defeat; armed and fought when bid to fight; submitted when bid to submit; unthinkingly loyal and obedient throughout. And when lately her old good fortune had returned to Austria, and Francis came home from the wars and from Paris, bringing his daughter back, and with an Austrian Empire larger than ever in his and Metternich's pockets—what could the good Viennese do but exult, illuminate allegorical transparencies which glorified "the father and the daughter," and echo by the Danube the shouts from the Thames?

Such were some of the prominent scenes in the historical panorama of Vienna, when it prepared itself for a scene of a novel kind and unprecedented grandeur: Europe, for the first time since the fair nymph that gave it name was landed upon its shores, and peopled it with the judicious race of Minos and Rhadamanthus—meeting in peace as one commonwealth; emperors, kings, and princes, representatives of republics, cities, and corporations assembled in a parliament of nations. *Cedunt armæ toga*. Now let counsel prevail, and the balance of power and the interests of mankind be cunningly devised and firmly established by wisdom. The streets of Vienna are narrow and crooked, and the city is but ill adapted for harboring large concourses of people. Its moral atmosphere is not invigorating or favorable to political new-births; nevertheless, Vienna is the chosen Olympia of European counsel. Let us hope that the counsellors will be proof against the genius of the place! At all events, in the early Sep-

tember days, post-horses were generally in requisition in all the great thoroughfares of the Continent, and innumerable vehicles were seen travelling with the horses' heads towards the south-east corner of Germany, where the Teutonic and Slavonic worlds meet, and the waters run lazily towards the stagnant East. The Congress was to have met in July, but to accommodate the English plenipotentiary, Lord Castlereagh, who was still detained by parliamentary duties, and the Emperor of Russia, who had to look in at home, where several things had gone wrong while he was abroad delivering Europe—the formal opening was postponed to the first of October. It was presumed that that would give ample time for the Allies to come to an understanding about the appropriation of the conquered territories they had to dispose of. France, according to one of the secret clauses of the Peace of Paris, was not to participate in that part of the business of Congress; which it would be desirable, therefore, to have got done, and established as a *fait accompli*, before the arrival of her ambassador, the Prince Talleyrand, so as not to hurt that gentleman's feelings. It was expressly for this latter purpose that Castlereagh, after stopping at Ghent, where English and American commissioners were negotiating a peace, travelled by way of Paris, to retard the prince's departure a little, apologize for the unavoidable cause, and keep his mind unruffled. The English minister took the opportunity, also, of hinting the fitness of the restored Bourbons, intimating their expected course of gratitude towards England by the concession of a little commercial treaty; and the hope that they would be tractable about the slave-trade. Neither of which suggestions Talleyrand, to his infinite regret, was in a condition to enter upon just then. So Castlereagh travelled on eastward, and our good friend Talleyrand, biting the curb, tarried yet a fortnight.

Whilst the diplomatic world is on the road, stopping in likely places to sound Courts, conciliate colleagues, lay in statistics and stocks of good wine (the Hon. Fred. Lamb's dispatch apprising us in time that there is "not one drop" to be had at Vienna), let us inquire a little what work was before them, and what humor they brought to it. The Congress was to carry out the conditions which in the

Peace of Paris had been sketched in general outline. It was obvious that the most important point would be that same distribution of disposable countries and territories, involving the political destinies of thirty-two millions of souls, and the "balance of power." The Peace of Paris, we said, specifically mentioned what England was to keep, and how Austria, Sardinia, and Holland were to be gratified; but Prussia's portion was left undefined, and Russia was not mentioned at all. There are, however, private treaties in existence guaranteeing to the two latter Powers their integrity of 1805, and stating that the future arrangements with regard to the Duchy of Warsaw should be made by common agreement between them. Here also were vague indications, that might open a door to difficulties. It does not appear, however, that the Powers had any misgivings; expecting, as they did, to get all that matter settled before Talleyrand's arrival. Yet it was a difficult task: it involved what, in our day, has been called a remodelling of the map of Europe—a great opportunity for a parliament of nations, and much coveted by sanguine, self-confident politicians; but seriously considered, an enterprise surpassing human capacities. In political, as in natural geography, *lasting* things have to adjust themselves by mutual pressure, each part bringing its own real weight to bear, and taking its ultimate position according to the impressions it makes and receives. Countries are united by force and by affinity, and oftenest both conditions are needed, and the affinity has to be established by force. Modern centralized France, for instance, presents itself unitary enough, every mother's son, whether of the *Langue d'Ôc* or *Langue d'Oïl*, proud of his Frenchhood: yet centuries of *force*, of a rough and terrible kind, underlie this smooth surface of unity. Nor did England grow into a United Kingdom by the mere mutual good-will and desire of the three kingdoms to be united; but the prevailing *force* of one of them played an important part in the process. Germany, on the contrary, though full of affinities, did not consolidate into complete unity in default of an adequate constraining force. In joining populations *justly* together, it will therefore be necessary to decide, first, are there affinities? and secondly, is there adequate constraining force somewhere, to

prevent separation upon the first quarrel, such as will arise even in love-matches? If we descend, however, from speculative philosophy to the concrete business of the Congress, we find that the prime consideration there was the balance of power; to lay so many "souls" into this scale and so many into that, till an approximate equilibrium be established; which is an altogether external and simpler process. The process was further simplified by the antecedent fact of several of the countries under question being already taken possession of, and militarily occupied by parties who were qualified with regard to force at least. England occupied the French and Dutch colonies, the Ionian Islands, and other stations; and is more likely to *tell* the Congress what it is willing to give up, than to ask what it shall be allowed to keep. Austrian troops held Upper Italy; Russia commanded in the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw; and the argument of *uti possidetis* will be troublesome to meet. Belgium and Northern Italy are already appropriated. What remains at the absolute disposal of Congress are the German countries left of the Rhine; Saxony, whose king, last ally of Napoleon, has been taken prisoner at Leipzig, and his kingdom sequestrated; and the Duchy of Warsaw, which had also belonged to the said captured king, but has fallen into the hands of Russia. The materials for the re-construction of Prussia, to its former strength, "at least," will have to be found in those countries.

Of the Powers expected to play an influential part at the Congress there was none so favorably situated as England. Already in undisputed possession of what suited its purpose, it had nothing essential to demand for itself, and was in a position to act as umpire in the conflicting pretensions of others, and as guardian of general interests. Of its own immediate affairs, the Ionian Islands alone are yet an open question; and there might be some faint whisper about Malta, which the former masters of that historical rock, the once useful but now very *rococo* Knights of St. John, would fain call their own again; or they might be satisfied with Corfu instead. But medieval St. John will have but a poor chance against modern St. George. England, therefore, has for itself nothing to hope and nothing to fear from the Congress. Thanks to the British Channel—"that cursed ditch which separates you

from the rest of us," as Maria Theresa's husband once peevishly, and, as it were, in angry protest against the geology of our globe, observed to an English ambassador—thanks to that "ditch," England forms a little world of its own, sufficient to itself, and with the wide ocean for its surplus activities. The affairs of the Continent can neither vitally assist it, nor vitally harm it: it need never meddle with them unless it likes. The grandest chapters of its history are without continental feats and alliances. Its active interference with the continental affairs of Europe was but of a century's standing, and had from first to last been in opposition to France, and upholding what used to be called the "liberties of Europe;" that is to say, supporting the House of Hapsburg against the House of Bourbon. A considerable portion of the annual savings of English industry during that century found its way into universal circulation through the Austrian, Danish, Hessian, &c., exchequers, till English subsidies grew to be a weighty element in the European equilibrium. The struggle had begun with Louis XIV., and ended with the defeat of Napoleon. Arrived at this point, the English Government had nothing so much at heart as to establish a good understanding, and even intimate relations, with France. The French people, it is true, were not likely to love "Lord Villain-ton" and his occupying army very much; but their restored rulers, the Bourbons, had every reason to be grateful to him and to England, and were expected to be so. Louis XVIII., before taking leave of the hospitable shores of England to take possession of his ancestral throne, had addressed solemn words to the Prince Regent: "I shall always regard the wise counsels of your Royal Highness, this great empire, and the perseverance of its people, as, next to Providence, the principal cause of the reestablishment of my House upon the throne of our ancestors, and of this happy state of things which will heal all wounds, calm all passions, and render peace and happiness to all nations." By a singular reversion of history, the old plan of the Bourbons to change the hostility of the two countries into close alliance by means of a restoration in England, was now to be realized in their own person. England and France united, so ran now the argument of the statesmen of both countries, may insure "peace and

tranquillity" to the world—a thing desirable before all else, after the excitements of late years. That union would give a new turn to European politics; and here is the Congress as the first opportunity to try its effects. England and France may be arbitrators at the Congress—so writes the Duke of Wellington to Lord Castlereagh—if those powers *understand* each other; "but I think," he adds, significantly, "your object would be defeated, and England would lose her high character and station if the line of M. de Talleyrand is adopted," which is, to arbitrate *every thing*! There will, therefore, it appears, even with every desire for a mutual "understanding," be some divergence between the aims and views of the statesmen of the two countries. In one object, however, they were likely to coincide: watchfulness of Russia. Wellington and Castlereagh, at least, are wide awake on the subject; the former, at Paris, watches jealously "any disposition to take up the Emperor of Russia;" and the Foreign Secretary, who is not very apt to look through millstones, once actually rises into prophetic sagacity: glancing at the growth of Russia, he says that France may yet "be found a useful rather than a dangerous member of the European system." The fact is, that though Russia is still our ally, and the Muscovites, "showing their flat faces in all thoroughfares" (to Byron's great annoyance), have just been greatly feted in London, there are already jealousies and suspicions arising. Alexander and the Prince Regent did not get on well together, and are said to have parted very coolly. At Paris and at the Hague, we know from good sources, the Czar has displayed his most winning ways, and from various courts our agents send whispers of Russian intrigue. Russian matches are brought on the *tapis* in all quarters: with a Prince of Spain, with the Prince of Orange, our own *protégé*; nay, with the Duc de Berri himself! a game into which we cannot enter, having but one princess to dispose of, and she a Protestant, and with a will of her own. By-and-by, we hear also of Russian officers at Paris, copying maps of the countries between the Russian frontier and India. Russia evidently must be watched, and a good understanding with France cultivated.

On the whole, Castlereagh went to Vienna with a proper tory apprehension of "the great moral change coming on in

Europe," and of the constitutional experiments in progress everywhere; with a clear idea of the paramount necessity of "peace and tranquillity;" with dim notions of coöperation with France and opposition to Russia, but without endangering said peace and tranquillity; and with one definite, well-considered, much-affected project—the formation of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, as a strong bulwark against France, a wholesome barrier to Prussian ambition, a valuable dependant of England under all circumstances. That was the English contribution towards the new map of Europe; regarded by English diplomacy as the keystone of any safe and permanent territorial arrangement, and of the first importance to English interests. By the other Powers, it was looked upon and accepted especially as the "English project;" claimed by England on the ground of her services to the common cause; in which England was to be humored, and in consideration for which, England, on her part, was not to grudge to others *their* especial projects.

The southern provinces of the Low Countries, ever since their separation from the northern, at the time of the famous revolt against Philip the Second's bigoted rule, had been a bone of contention between rival powers. While the Dutch Republic ran an honorable career of national independence, Belgium always "belonged" to somebody: now to Spain, now to Austria, now in part to France, to whom it served as a stepping-stone into Holland and the Empire. It had early become a make-weight in the European equilibrium, put now into this scale of the balance, now into that. Placed between two great nations of different race, it offers in the West a geographical parallel (though with its ancient arts and industry, beautiful cities, substantial burghers, and thrifty peasantry, it bears no other resemblance) to Poland in the East. Manifold had been the projects of its settlement. Henri IV., it is said with the concurrence of Elizabeth, had already a plan for the reünion of the old seventeen provinces, as a barrier against the power of Spain; but the dagger of the Jesuits intervened fatally. When the character of endangering the independence of nations had passed from Spain to France, the "Barrier-treaty" turned these provinces as a check against French aggression. When, at the outbreak of the Revolution, they had

fallen as the first-fruits of the Republic, and Napoleon, at Antwerp, had become an inconvenient neighbor to England, Pitt, in *his* projected new map, had assigned the Netherlands to Prussia, with a view to place a strong military power against France, Austria having forsaken the post of honor and danger. The Jena catastrophe spoiled that plan, but gave occasion to another, which, as a diplomatical curiosity, is worth remembering, although nothing came of it. Count Münster, the Hanoverian minister in London, a very worthy man, and tried servant of the House of Brunswick, was at that time confidential adviser of his royal master in German and continental affairs, in which he was likely enough to be better versed than the constitutional advisers of the Crown, whose training is not favorable to an intimate acquaintance with foreign matters. This Hanoverian nobleman, who knew German history, seeing the catastrophe of Jena, and presuming that the star of the Hohenzollerns, whom, as a good Guelph, he never owed much love, had set for ever—remembered that, in the year 1180, that famous ancestor of the House of Brunswick, and relative of the English Plantagenets, Henry the Lion, the renowned Guelph, had suffered great wrong at the hands of the Ghibelline Kaisers, and the Holy Roman Empire of German nation; and that now, after the lapse of six centuries, the moment for reparation had come. Whereupon he drew up a plan of a great Guelphic empire, of which Hanover was to form the *nucleus*, with the addition of Westphalia in the south, Belgium in the west, and North-Germany to the Elbe in the east—such empire to constitute a patrimony for the heir of the Crown of Hanover, the early separation of which from the English Crown being already in prospect. The career of Prussia in the north of Germany was run; and the Guelphs were to have a second coming more glorious than the first. "It is in your Royal Highness's power," said the Count, in his report to the Prince Regent, "to acquire a new inheritance for your supreme house, where it may reign when the course of events will transfer the British Crown to another house, and to establish a new empire, whose people will bless their founder to the latest generations." The Prince Regent relished the flattering project of his trusty liegeman as well almost as cold punch that gave no

head-ache; and commanded it to be communicated to the Russian and Swedish ambassadors. Münster tried to gain the favor of leading German men for his plan; and in his argument with Stein, who was not so ready to give up Prussia, he compared the liberal government of the Georges, "under whose reign England had been freer than ever before," and their wise system of *laissez-faire* with the Prussian "ramrod and corporal-stick" strict method of administration, and ignorance of the principle, that "he governs best who governs least."

Whether the Duke of York, to whom the important part of executing the project had been assigned, would have proved equal to the task of grasping the sword of his famous ancestor, and of wielding it with better success than the Lion had done, remains undecided to this day. For, while the Guelph project was still under consideration, the decisive movement for the liberation of Germany began in the East instead of the West. The *grande armée* was no more. The Russians had crossed the Niemen. The Prussians had risen, carrying their king along with them; and were giving unmistakable proof that they were still somewhat, and that their living vitality would go farther in North-Germany than the dead Lion's historical pretensions. Count Münster's plan fell into the paper-basket, and the Netherlands are now to be provided for according to this final English project of reuniting the old seventeen provinces, with additions on the German side, and with the Prince of Orange as king over them. This and the slave-trade question were the two special objects the charge of which devolved upon the English plenipotentiaries at Vienna. These were, besides Lord Castlereagh, his brother Lord Charles Stewart (afterwards Marquis of Londonderry), and Lords Cathcart and Clancarty.

Russia's position at the Congress may be called symmetrical to that of England. It also came more as arbitrator than expectant. With the fall of Paris, it already began to be regarded as henceforth the equilibrium to England in the European system—the great land-power balancing the great sea-power. Centralized France, vast resources in the hands of one absolute will, which had kept Europe in hot water for a century and a half, was for the time subdued: and here already is vast centralized Russia taking her place; all the more

alarming to the imagination, on account of the vague, undeveloped, indefinite, half-barbarous condition of its vastness. Moreover, an eagle mewing her mighty youth at such a rate, where will it stop? Two generations have hardly passed, since an English Minister wrote to his ambassador at Moscow: "On this occasion it will be proper to convince the Russians, that they will remain only an Asiatic power, if they sit still and give the King of Prussia an opportunity of putting in execution his schemes of aggrandizement."* And here we have a Czar greeted as liberator of Europe, whose hosts, in the words of the official French historian, "planted their pikes upon the banks of the astonished Seine. . . . Alexander standing between burning Moscow and Paris preserved, will for ever present an image of grandeur to the admiring centuries!"† Alexander appeared at Vienna in the flattering character of Deliverer of Europe and Friend of Mankind. When Napoleon's irresistible forces had penetrated to the ancient capital of Russia, the Czar was pressed by those nearest him to conclude peace at any price. The grandson of Catherine, who was not without a heroic vein, answered, "Napoleon or I, I or he." Yet he hid himself from the eyes of his people during the humiliations of the country; and at his first re-appearance in public it was observed that his hair had grown gray, though he was but thirty-five. After Russia was freed from the invader, Alexander might have stopped at the Niemen or Vistula, and made a favorable peace for himself. But he again took the higher course, assisted in the liberation of Germany, and made his victorious Slaves acquainted with "the banks of the astonished Seine." At Paris, Alexander rivalled the English in generosity. The French, in return, called him the champion of civilization, the restorer of order and religion. "*Un homme de bonne foi, un ami de liberté—despote des Russes, quel miracle!*" exclaimed the authoress of "Corinne." It would have required a stronger mind than Alexander's not to think himself the most precious individual then living. He was conscious of generous emotions, of humane, liberal sympathies, of noble, disinterested purposes, wishing well to all mankind.

* Russian Dispatches (in the State-Paper Office), vol. 62: Lord Holderness's Instructions to Sir C. Hanbury Williams, of 11th April, 1755.

† Flaccus, i. civ. and 36.

And if the interests of Russia coincided with this, and were forwarded at the same time, who could object? England he admired, but felt jealous of. He had to conceal at home the favorable impressions his visit to that country had given him, not to offend the vanity of his people: for the Russians, though of a more massive and manly character than other Slavonic people, are jealous like the rest, and peculiarly sensitive about national matters. They are said to be vainer than Frenchmen, and to entertain as exalted notions of the greatness of their country as their "good friends" our cousins across the Atlantic. May be, size stands for greatness in Russian, as red does for beautiful, and stomach for soul. Alexander would fain have made his Russians a free, enlightened people, and ruled them in approved constitutional ways—if it could have been accomplished by some "Mori-son's Pill." He patronized Bible societies, secret societies, humanitarian Ministers—every known patent machinery for the rapid advancement of mankind. On his accession Klopstock had sung his "Ode to Humanity," such expectations were there of the young Czar. For he had been educated under the eyes of his philosophic grandmother like a very Telemachus, and in accordance with all the enlightened principles of the rosy evening of the eighteenth century. Mentor Laharpe, a compatriot of Rousseau's, steeped the young princely mind in philanthropy and rights of man. On the other hand, there was Slavonic Sultikow teaching the uses of astuteness at a Russian court, and in the presence of a tyrannical father. Between the two, Alexander's mind was formed. Virtuous aspirations, unsupported by strength of character, are compatible with cunning, the weapon of the weak. With his virtues and faults, he had brought his Russians to their present summit of glory, of influence in European affairs, and himself to be looked upon as principal figure at the Congress. He liked to surround himself with liberal-minded, superior men, no matter of what nationality. He had Stein about him, as adviser in German affairs; Prince Adam Czartorisky, known to us since as the venerable chief of what is called the aristocratic section of the Polish emigration, Alexander's bosom friend from boyhood, was his confidant in Polish matters; Pozzo di Borgo, the Corsican patriot and republican, Capo d'Istrias, and Ypsi-

landi, the Greek patriots and embryo revolutionists, were about his person and in his council. His Russian ministers, Nesselrode in particular, were mere clerks, doing his errands. Like England, Alexander had no personal objects to seek at the Congress, and could devote his influence to general interests: for as to Poland, which came under the cognizance of the Congress, how could his generous intentions be objected to? and was it not, besides, occupied by his troops?

Austria, less fortunately situated than England or Russia, had had to bend low before the Corsican Titan, and was one of the countries whose map was to be repaired by the Congress. But, in a prudent Austrian way, it had got conditions for itself previous to joining the Alliance against Napoleon, and had taken good care at Paris that there should be no mistake about its indemnifications. Austrian troops already occupied those acquisitions. The Congress had only to define and ratify. Austria, therefore, was safe; had reason to be contented; and could composedly attend to its hospitalities, lying watchfully in ambush the while for any thing further that might be gained for Austrian, or spoiled for non-Austrian, interests. The Emperor Francis had renounced his claims upon the ancient possessions of his House near the Rhine and in the Netherlands, of first-rate importance indeed to Germany, but not handy at that distance to Austria. Thus cut loose from all connection with Western Germany and the stirring, intelligent, liberal populations bordering upon the Rhine—the great German river that flows in the direction of civilization and commerce with the wide western world—Austria bound up its fortunes closely with the Slavonic Danube—the other great river which creeps languidly towards the stagnant East, through rude backward regions, slow backward populations. On the confines between the Teutonic and Slavonic worlds, lagging in culture behind the former, considerably ahead of the latter, Austria fitly took its stand. His indemnities Francis had chosen in Italy—a pleasant country, and of fine resources, though of foreign nationality. More a congregation of countries than a nation, Austria has greater facilities than more homogeneous States to make up on one side for reverses on another, and to gain by losses. If you are not particular as to

the nature of your aliments, the range of your choice and your chance is so much the greater. In that way Austria had grown from a German province to a motley yet tough empire. Neither did it follow the Russian plan of throwing all nationalities into the same autocratic caldron to seethe into one patent Austrian stew; but rather respected nationalities, content to draw revenues and soldiers from all. We have seen that it was a traditional policy of English governments to favor Austria as of first-rate importance to the balance of power; as a Power, too, that competes nowhere with English interests. A long-continued relationship of this sort naturally breeds confidence, preference. Add to this the inoffensive phlegma and simplicity of the Austrian temperament, which conciliates where quicker natures alarm or offend—a circumstance that often stood in good stead to Austrian statesmen pursuing unsuspected designs with the air of unpretending *bonhomie*. Thus just now in London, while the Prussians received due mete of recognition as brave, patriotic, enlightened men, they yet left on the whole on the mind of the Government a slightly uneasy impression of “Prussian ambition,” as it was called, checking to cordiality. Metternich, on the other hand, with much less, either in his own character or in that of the Government and people he represented, to enlist English sympathies, advanced deep into the favor of the Prince Regent and his Ministers; gave Castlereagh, who stood in need of it, lessons on continental politics; and, on the whole, established terms of intimacy which he knew how to turn to account, as we shall see. Austria, moreover, made the liberal host at the Congress, obliged all parties by profuse hospitality, and, satisfied beforehand with its assured lot, could look out leisurely for opportunities to improve its own gains or to hinder those of others.

In a position much less assured was Prussia. With Jena it had, for a time, sunk very low. With the final struggle, in which it had led the van, it had risen again very high. The consequent expectations and pretensions of the people and the army were great. The Prussian people, they said, had reasserted their superiority, and they demanded that the Prussian State should be re-constituted in accordance with its services and paramount importance. The least they could

demand was, that it should be reinstated in the integrity of its extent before the misfortune of Jena, when the vengeance of Napoleon robbed it of half its dominions, not to mention the exactions in money and money's worth. Yet the army had returned from Paris, and nothing was definitely settled. By the treaties of Kalish, Toplitz, and Reichenbach, Prussia is guaranteed restitution “at least to its former extent;” but Hardenberg, good easy man, confident in the strength of Prussia's case and the justice of the Allies, omitted at Paris to stipulate definitely for his State, as England had done for the Netherlands, and Austria for itself. So Prussia's fate is placed in the hands of the Congress. And, unfortunately, at the Congress Prussia's friends are not numerous. Risen in comparatively modern times from the ranks of the smaller German potentates, many of whom claimed more ancient descent and importance in the Empire, the Brandenburgs were regarded with no loving eye by these. Austria's policy was hereditarily antagonistic to the new Protestant Power in Germany, which had mostly grown at Austria's expense, and was dividing and threatening Austria's influence. France, ever since Rossbach, and earlier, had looked sorely upon the “military power” that had been drilled into efficiency by the sandy banks of the Spree, and would not be subservient to French purposes. The lead which the Prussians had taken in the just ended crusade against France was not calculated to improve the feeling. Moreover, it was intended to push Prussia forward as a watchman upon the eastern French frontier. France was an open and avowed opponent to Prussia at the Congress. Honey-mouthed Flassan himself, departing for once from his method of representing all parties at Vienna as acting from mere motives of love towards every body, avows that the French plenipotentiary found himself under the necessity of sacrificing Italy to Austria for the sake of thwarting Prussia in Germany.

It should appear that the reasons for French and Austrian jealousy of Prussia ought to be reasons for English friendliness towards the latter. In all the chief controversies that had been debated in Europe, since Brandenburg counted for something, the Prussians had stood on the same side with England. Waterloo, as yet, was not, but Blenheim had been;

and in William's and Marlborough's campaigns the Brandenburgers had borne an honorable share. Indeed, the character and aims of the people, as well as the interests of State, of the two countries, point so strongly towards friendship and alliance, that they have, on occasion, been driven into it in spite of the whims of their rulers. The English Government, moreover, was persuaded of the desirableness of strengthening Prussia. We have seen Pitt's plan (Münster's was a Guelphic project); and Castlereagh went to Vienna with the best intentions towards Prussia, "partial to the conservation of its preponderance as a great Power."* Yet, as we observed, there was no cordiality. The Minister's "partiality" for Prussian preponderance was a political expediency; but his heart opened to Metternich. The somewhat proud, unconciliating manners of the Prussians may have had something to do with this. The passive, acquiescent temper of the Austrian people, also, was apt to inspire more confidence to a Tory statesman anxious above all for "peace and quietness," than the stirring "ambition" of the Prussians, whose "free notions of government, if not principles actually revolutionary,"† disturbed in those days the serenity of his outlook. But there were causes of older standing, rooted a century deep. The English kings were German electors. The Brunswickers and Hohenzollerns were old neighbors, and as such of course jealous rivals, with no end of small quarrels between them, yet large enough to produce lasting traditional sentiments. And while the two nations had nothing but mutual interests in common, the two dynasties had also mutual dislikes. Once, indeed, there was a memorable attempt made to unite the two royal Houses, as well as the nations, closely and permanently by intermarriage. Prince Frederick of Prussia, known since as Frederick the Great, was to marry the English Princess Amelia; and Frederick Prince of Wales—"Fred," of whom it stands recorded that he "was alive and is dead"—was to be made happy by the sprightly Prussian Princess Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Baireuth, who wrote spicy memoirs. But the Fates, working through Austrian di-

plomacy, would not permit of it. Poor Princess Amelia, instead of being helpmate to a royal man of genius, and cementing the friendship of two nations, had to walk lonesome through the world in involuntary maiden meditation *not* fancy-free; and the friendship of the two nations continued uncemented. After that, the great Chatham initiated an intimate alliance with the great Frederick, and gained Canada for England by it for one thing; but was himself soon driven from power, and Prussia left to shift for itself. In more recent times, Napoleon, meaning to throw permanent discord between the two powers, forced Prussia to accept Hanover in exchange for portions of its own lands. On the other hand, when, still more recently, Prussia required from England the indispensable subsidies for the final struggle against the common enemy, they had to be bought by the cession of East-Friesland to Hanover; whereby the Prussians lost their only communication with the German Ocean—a bargain that still rankles in the Prussian mind.

Thus, then, it came that the Prussian statesmen at Vienna, where the future statistic and strategic strength or weakness of their country was to be decided, had to meet, besides a swarm of small ill-wishers, an hereditary opponent, an avowed enemy, a cold friend, and but one firm supporter, and he not a disinterested one—Russia.

In the afore-mentioned treaties it had been indicated that Prussia should receive its indemnifications in the southern parts of Germany. These were at the time either in possession of France, or of the members of the Confederation of the Rhine, Napoleon-made kings, and the like, still closely allied to their French patron. It was Stein's plan to grant no conditions to these potentates, but to deal with them solely in the interest of the future re-construction of Germany. Austria, however, thought otherwise, and concluded a treaty with Bavaria—the treaty of Ried—guaranteeing to Bavaria its Napoleon-acquired sovereignty and integrity, the latter including the valuable Prussian principalities of Anspach and Baireuth. The conditions granted to one could not be refused to the rest, Saxony alone excepted, whose king would not *accept* conditions, but determined to stand or fall with Napoleon. In this way Saxony came by conquest into the hands of the Allies,

* Castlereagh to Mr. Rose, in "Correspondence," &c., xi. 306.

† Ibid.

and constituted, with the Rhine countries re-taken from France, the portion of Germany at the disposal of Congress. It was generally understood, and taken for granted by the Prussians, that their chief indemnifications should be in neighboring Saxony—a country with a homogeneous Protestant population, and strategically well fitted to add the much-needed central strength to a body of such extended limbs as Prussia. It was known, indeed, that Frederick William, a very strait-laced king, entertained scruples about despoiling a German brother sovereign, however culpable he might be. But his ministers, army, and people generally, had made up their minds that Saxony should become Prussian. Nor was there as yet any voice raised against it except a French one. M. de Blacas, Louis XVIII.'s chief minister, in reply to the Duke of Wellington, who had taken pains to convince him that it was not contrary to good policy to give Saxony to Prussia, declared with much warmth that France could never consent to this, and endeavored to show to the Duke that Saxony was the only point through which "Great Britain or France could exercise any influence in the north of Europe."*

France occupied at the opening of the Congress a peculiar and, in her history, novel position. Her plenipotentiaries were to arrive last, and to ratify without having been consulted. That was not the part French ambassadors had been accustomed to play at congresses for these two centuries past. At the congress, for instance, which in European importance bore most resemblance to the present one—that of Westphalia—the French ambassador, Count d'Avaux, began his functions by demanding that the whole constabulary force of the free imperial city of Münster, officers and all, be preliminarily put in durance, till the proper punishment could be ascertained for their enormous crime of having exerted themselves to maintain the public peace against some

roistering followers of the French embassy. The same count, in a dispatch to his Court, makes sport of one of the Imperial plenipotentiaries, the learned Dr. Valmar, who, writes the count, "has no people at all about him to assist in a ceremony, whilst I, in my coach-and-six, attended by twelve pages and thirty-two cavaliers, let the world see of what sort the least of your majesty's servants are." At the dozen congresses with which Louis XIV.'s ambitious designs had inflicted the world, the French had had the chief word to speak; and at Napoleon's congresses, his word, of course, was command. At Erfurt, but a few years since, Talleyrand dictated terms to kings and kaisers; and told the Weimarian Chancellor von Müller, who had been congratulating himself at the friendly reception which his duke had experienced from the emperor, "We say fine things to those we don't like; but to our friends we say, *Moquez-vous de tout cela!*" And now the same Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, ex-Vice-grand-elect, and ex many other things, has to meet that Erfurt, "*parterre des rois,*" under quite altered circumstances. One would like to have seen him "tell fine things" to the Duke of Weimar, and wonders whether he made any reflections on the occasion. The reflection which history makes is, That the brilliant French nation, whose quick happy talent has blazed out upon the world, from of old, in a variety of ways: foremost at the Crusades; earliest in chivalry, in romance, in woman-worship, and king-worship; leading in language, in polite arts of elegance and courtesy—has now ended another and the latest of its numerous brilliant periods; and that the epoch initiated one hundred and seventy years ago, somewhat insolently, by Avaux in his coach-and-six at Münster, was now being consummated, politely, by Talleyrand at Vienna.

For it were wronging Napoleon to identify peculiarly with him—as the restored Bourbons wished the world to do—the aggressive policy of France. It is as old as Richelieu. "*Voilà un grand politique de mort,*" exclaimed Louis XIII. at the death of his cardinal-minister. But the cardinal's policy had consisted in silencing all political or religious dissent from the central will, cutting off the heads of gainsayers, in order to reduce France within to perfect unity and uniformity, and to make her a perfect instrument in

* Wellington to Castlereagh, "Correspondence," &c., x. 161.

the hands of her ruler against the world without. Louis XIV. realized the cardinal's ideal. "*Il ne resta debout sur la France qu'un roi—le premier vit dans le second,*" says with pride even modern Michelet. In that way Louis XIV. became the top-figure of all Europe, the "owner" of France, much envied and imitated by all sovereigns of his time, and almost ever since. He brought twelve congresses upon Europe, and carried France quickly to her culminating point. But it abutted all in the French Revolution; which, as it recedes from view, begins already to present itself more as a conflagration of old things, than an initiation of any hopeful new thing. The national opposition, silenced by Richelieu, took up his policy and turned it the other way. Robespierre, like the cardinal, bent upon "unity," cut off the heads of gain-sayers. He was followed by Napoleon, the Louis XIV. of the Revolution; and the period begun by the latter, and defined by Guizot as having for its aim "preponderance of France in Europe and humbling of rival powers," was naturally consummated at Leipzig—naturally, and finally, one may hope. Europe, it is plain, will not tolerate any permanent preponderance of that kind. The preponderance of real superiority, working involuntarily, by silent irresistible influences, it will always be obliged to tolerate.

The Allies, we have seen, had treated conquered France with great respect; and some of them we saw eager to enter into friendly relations with the new government; but at Vienna the situation of her ambassador was at first necessarily isolated and constrained. He was invited to the banquet, but as a spectator only, and to say Amen to the grace after meat. Passive resignation was not among Talleyrand's virtues. If he was not to dine himself, there was a chance of spoiling other people's dinners. Talleyrand proved himself equal to the occasion. Indeed, his talent found here for the first time a proper sphere. His former master, Napoleon, required no diplomatic conjuring; he prescribed terms with the sword. Talleyrand never quite liked that, and had a natural aversion to war. His favorite charger was a snug arm-chair, with the opposite party upon the sofa before him; and his arms and ammunition were blandest smiles, softest words, and most candid simplicity. There he would explain, in the

most perspicuous and most disinterested manner, the general bearing of the case, and the opposite party's own special interest in it, and win bloodless victories.

There were two main objects Talleyrand had in view at the Congress: to prevent Prussia's acquisition of Saxony, and to get the Bourbon Ferdinand VI. reinstated in Naples, where King Joachim yet held sway. Though elsewhere the Bourbons had come to their own again, Ferdinand still rusticates in the smaller of his Two Sicilies, where he had reigned faintly under English protection these eight years back; and Joachim Murat, the innkeeper's son from the Garonne country, and husband of Mademoiselle Caroline Bonaparte, still occupies precariously the throne of Naples. Murat has a treaty with Austria, but only an armistice with England. At Naples he has not much support. He is a dashing cavalry officer and a smart dresser, but a poor hand at kingship. With the English Government Naples is, as yet, an open question; but the Duke of Wellington writes in an ominous way, that he has turned over in his mind "a good deal of the mode of executing our plans against Murat," which bodes no good to King Joachim. Austria, bound by treaty to him, is also bound by near family ties to Ferdinand. Ferdinand's wife, Queen Caroline, known to Nelson and Lady Hamilton, is not only Francis's aunt, a daughter and last interesting relic of the great Maria Theresa, but she is also his mother-in-law—grandmother of his heir-apparent, of Maria Louise, and other long-faced Hapsburgs; and she is actually a guest now at Schönbrunn, where she arrived last year, flying from Lord William Bentinck's constitution and soliciting help from gods and men, both against French spoliation and English protection; and though ill now, and worn out by hardships and sorrows, she is still ardent and eager, like a true daughter of Maria Theresa. In Talleyrand she will have an ally, if she holds out till his opportunity comes. His new masters, the Bourbons, cannot suffer a relic of his old master Napoleon to shine upon a European throne, while the legitimate owner, a brother Bourbon, continues under eclipse in the smaller Sicily. These were Talleyrand's objects; and he declared, in the most disinterested manner, "*Je ne veux rien pour moi.*"

But it is time that we should get to Vienna, which is filling very fast, and where

lodgings are hardly to be had for love or money. Varnhagen, returned from the wars, attached now to the Prussian Legation, and what is more to *our* purpose, "a chiel amang us takin' notes," arriving late, has to intrust his adored bride, the wise Rahel, to the friendly abbess of a convent, and content himself with bachelor's quarters at an inn; for the crowd is unprecedented, and the Viennese are making a profitable business of it. Nine tenths of the sovereign families of Europe are there, with followers and hangers-on. A world of legations, of course, with staffs of secretaries, counsellors, attachés, messengers; ambassadors' wives, daughters, men-servants and maid-servants; and another still larger world of petitioners, projectors, grievance-mongers, newsmongers, patriots; friends of the human race and friends of number one; chevaliers of St. John and chevaliers of industry; soldiers, artists, actors, dancers, inventors, gamblers, financiers, itinerant preachers—for it was a great world-fair as well as world-parliament; and the curious came to look on, the gay to be amused, the empty to be filled, and the hungry to be fed with good things. The wealthy Austrian aristocracy, jewelled Hungarians, Bohemians, of course were there, doing the hospitalities of their capital, proud of its distinction. The German nobility in general, princes, counts, Freiherrn of the Reich, such as could afford it, came to participate in the pleasures, if not in the business and profit. Thrifty mothers brought their grown-up daughters, there being such a profusion of balls and partners. Sturdy burghers, deputed from cantons, cities, and corporations, to defend or reclaim ancient rights and privileges, would mix modestly with the crowd; and blue-eyed, yellow-haired peasants, lank Slavonic peddlers, in strange costumes, would flock in daily from the country and highways, to stare curiously at the strange gay world. At last, to crown all, on a fine Sunday, the 25th of September, the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by his empress and grand-duchesses-sisters, and King Frederick William, with sons and brothers, made their public entry into Vienna. All the world and its grandmother had turned out to witness it. The Emperor Francis, with his Crown-prince and archdukes, attended by such a cavalcade of European notabilities as was never seen together before, rode out some way to meet his high

guests. Troops in large masses, and well-conditioned, though after severe campaigning, presented arms in endless glittering lines. The big bell of St. Stephen's, cast from Turkish cannon, and innumerable other bells, rang merrily. Bands played, horses pranced, orderlies flew about. A thousand rounds of ordnance shook the welkin. A hundred thousand voices shouted "Vivat the Kaiser! Vivat the King! Vivat the liberators of Europe!" And in the evening there was the grandest of illuminations.

The last expected highest guests had arrived; the company was complete; and now, says the Abbé de Pradt in words which paint—that is to say, rouge—the fact in a pretty French fashion, "*Enfin l'heure sonne, et les plaisirs, interprètes aussi sincères que gages éclatans des dispositions mutuelles les plus bien-veillantes, introduisent gaiement les arbitres des destinées de l'Europe dans le sanctuaire où elles vont être décidées.*" Which, being interpreted, signifies, that the arbiters of the destinies of Europe hid their jealousies and misgivings behind smiles, and were led to business by the hands of pleasure. But, in fact, the business had commenced some time ago, and ever since the 16th, the plenipotentiaries of the four Powers—Castlereagh for England, Rasumofsky or Nesselrode for Russia, Hardenberg and William Humboldt (sometimes either, but oftenest both, Hardenberg being deaf and requiring a sharp second) for Prussia, and Metternich for Austria—have been holding preparatory meetings and conferences. Castlereagh the English reader knows. Voices from the Congress speak of his narrow horizon, and of his long-winded ignorance of Continental affairs, with which he had to deal; but give him credit for honest attention to the interests of his country, to the best of his not very shining ability; Count, soon to be Prince, Andreas Rasumofsky was nephew of the handsome, clever Ukraine peasant-lad with whom the Czarina Elizabeth, of singular memory, shared her couch if not her throne; and son of that peasant-lad's and Czarish partner's equally handsome and clever brother, who had wandered to Petersburg with his guitar, and risen to be Hetman, and President of the Academy of Sciences there. Both the brothers, commencing in such a way, earned for themselves the character of estimable, efficient noblemen; their Ukraine

peasant-blood proving itself of a naturally noble sort. Count Andreas, who has also had his adventures, has grown gray in diplomatic service. He has been for many years ambassador at Vienna; has accompanied the Czar in the late campaign, and possesses his master's confidence—as far as any body can be said to possess the confidence of so capricious and impressible a man as Alexander, who listened to many advisers.

Count Nesselrode, Rasumofsky's colleague and rival was then not much above thirty, and had already advanced far by dint of pliancy and dexterity. Stein speaks of him with a certain contempt, as "little Nesselrode," and describes him as a good-tempered, rather feeble, parasitic man, devoid of character or originality—a clever, handy secretary, not a statesman. But he was of the yielding, elastic nature of the willow, whose pliancy, in some situations, outdoes the strength of the unbending oak.

Hardenberg, the Prussian State-chancellor, was a high-bred, accomplished gentleman, who began his administrative career in Anspach-Baireuth, and rose to his present eminence by skillful service during Prussia's critical years; in reward for which he has just been created prince. He also partakes somewhat of the nature of the willow, and, thanks to his bland, elastic character, has been able to maintain himself in a post which the sterner Stein could not hold. He has been, not unaptly, called the Mark Antony, and Stein the Cato, of Prussian statesmen. He was of a sanguine, happy temperament, and always managed to reconcile the labors and duties of the minister with the graces and pleasures of the man of the world. He was distinguished by personal beauty as well as perfect manners; shone much in society, and was still a favorite with the ladies though past sixty. He was what is called a liberal statesman; possessed great knowledge, intelligence, political experience, and meant well by his king and country. But his principle was "live and let live;" when he could not do as he would, he did as he could; and when things proved inconvenient to-day, he was not averse to putting them off till to-morrow, sufficient for the day being the evil thereof. He did so with the Prussian business at Paris, and he has to make good now what he neglected then.

The Baron William von Humboldt,

who was associated with Hardenberg, is known to the world as a man distinguished in letters, as well as a statesman of high quality. His natural gifts had been developed by great culture and rare opportunities. He had travelled with Campe, studied æsthetics together with Schiller, and administered the State (as Minister of Public Instruction and Health) along with Stein; yet the refinement of his mind and universality of his culture were perhaps injurious to him as a man of action. He was, moreover, of a cold, sardonic temperament, without enthusiasm. The æsthetic sympathies were stronger with him than the moral; and there dwelt a singular mixture of idealism and cynicism in his breast. He possessed amazing powers of application, and, at Vienna, threw off incredible amounts of work; yet he never identified himself with his work, did not warm into a belief in it: "It will be well if these things we are now at can be accomplished a hundred years hence," he said, in private, while publicly laboring for them. His intellect had more light than fire: sharp-glancing like polished steel, it partook more of the nature of Apollo's arrow than of Thor's hammer.

Metternich, in more senses than one, presided over the Congress. He was the minister of the host; conducted the festivities as well as the business, and made the one serve the other. Nature had endowed him with all gifts that insure success in this world—graceful person, vigorous health, amiable disposition, high spirits, quickness, adroitness. His successes had begun early. At seventeen he officiated as master of the ceremonies at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold. He was twenty-two when old Kaunitz gave him his granddaughter and heiress in marriage, with the testimony of being "a good, amiable young man, of the most graceful *verve*, and a perfect cavalier." At thirty he negotiated the third coalition against France. At thirty-six he was Foreign Minister. He was created a prince upon the battle-field of Leipzig, and is now President of the Congress; all, one may say, by virtue of a happy organization, and the talents and accomplishments of the outward man. Depth and height there is none in him. Stein defines him as "shallow, immoral, of a double mind;" "a ready bookkeeper, but no great mathematician;" "possessed of understanding, dexterity, amiability, but deficient in depth,

knowledge, industry, and veracity;" "disinclined to address what is noble in man." His arts of diplomacy consisted a good deal in bringing about complications, keeping the key to them in his pocket—a game he so much delighted in, that he carried it on even in society, and often drove his friends to despair by his clever mystifications. Real work he does not excel in, nor like much, as indeed finessing people seldom do. But he delights in the gayeties of life, and lives regardless of expense. The weighty affairs of the Congress even did not prevent him from dawdling much with the ladies. He superintended the rehearsing of *tableaux vivants*, arranged draperies, laid on the rouge on divine cheeks; and there are cases on record that he kept conferences, charged with the fate of nations, waiting for him, whilst he was consulting with the goddesses

"To change a flounce, or add a furbelow."

A very secular man indeed. But he is clever; trained from early youth to *les grandes affaires*. Keeping always considerably within the limits of the possible, he moves in his sphere with great assurance and composure, gaining thereby the confidence of mediocre people, who see in him a "safe" man. He was no Richelieu, no designing despot. In his private views he even inclined, it is said, to liberalism; but, unable to see how the Emperor's government could be carried on upon that principle, he saw safety in routine only; hoping, anyhow, that it would last *his* time. In his negotiations with the Allies, he has managed to get a goodly portion for Austria; and he now superintends the Congress.

The representatives of the Four Powers, at their preliminary meetings, had resolved to hand over the purely German question of devising a confederation, to a special German committee; to keep the question of the disposal of conquests in their own hands until an agreement should be arrived at; and which was then to be communicated to the representatives of France and Spain. This done, the Six would form the central organ of Congress for all general European questions. But Talleyrand, who had arrived on the 24th, began by objecting to this arrangement. He was for admitting at once all Powers, small and large, to the table of Congress, and for deciding all things by vote in

proper parliamentary way. "The law is respected in England," he said in his note, "because it is made by the whole country; it will be even so with Europe, if you allow Europe to legislate for itself. As to 'Allies,' there are none; your alliance ended with the Peace of Paris; we are all alike, and equally good friends now. Let us do justice to Europe, and make no difference between large or small, old allies or new friends." Thus plausibly argued Talleyrand. Pity "who speaks so well, should ever speak in vain." For the great Powers to have said to the multitudinous small fry, "Our forces have done the work, and your voices shall dispose of the fruits," would have been very romantic, and also favorable to the exercise of French "influence;" but it was, on the whole, not found expedient to proceed that way. However, the Committee of Six was enlarged to a Committee of Eight, to include all the Signatories of the Peace of Paris; and the Committee so amended continued throughout to be regarded as the representative of the Congress. But for the present the opening of this Committee, that is to say, the formal opening of Congress, was postponed till the 1st of November. It was necessary to arrive at results by private negotiation before the formal business could be begun; and it was hoped that the interval would afford ample time to the leading Powers to agree, and make the questions ripe to be communicated to the Eight. So the newspapers carried it to the ends of the earth, that the opening of the Congress was again postponed; and the outside world grew impatient, if not indignant.

Vienna, in the mean time, is the scene of unexampled gayety. One hundred thousand guests are to be entertained. The highest of them are lodged in the Emperor's palace. The expense of the imperial kitchen alone is ten thousand pounds a day; and the whole expense of the Court for the entertainment of the Congress is stated at three millions sterling; and private hospitality, or ostentation, emulates the Court in upholding the character of the Austrian capital as the modern Sybaris. Balls, routs, *tableaux vivants*, fireworks, light up the nights; not to mention the Burg-theatre, where the Schröder (mother of actors) plays, the Milder sings, and the Bigattini dances. Cavalcades, carousals, sham-fights, promenades, make the days short. Early in the morning, the

troops turn out for review and manœuvres—always an attractive spectacle for royal personages. On ordinary days, when there is nothing particular going on, there is the promenade on the Bastei, in the pleasant autumnal mid-day sun, where every body sees every body. The Bastei is the ancient rampart round the city, much battered formerly by beleaguering Turks, but now planted and laid out in pleasant walks and shady alleys. Walking on this elevated ground, you have always the town on one side of you, and below you on the other you have now an arm of the Danube, the main stream zigzagging far away on the horizon, now the glacis, or some other green airy interval, drawing a broad belt of separation between the city and the thirty-four suburbs that form a wide-spreading outer circle for miles around it. Here the Viennese take their morning walk, as the fashionable world of London used to do in the Mall when our grandmothers were young ladies. Would the reader like to take a stroll on the Bastei, and look at the company? It was while strolling in these parts, that an English traveller once saw a remarkable showman, with a *camera obscura*, amuse the holiday people for a halfpenny a peep. The showman was Kepler, and the halfpennies were to serve to keep his soul and body together while he was discovering the laws which keep the stars in their courses. We are not likely to meet with so remarkable a man; but we may see some of the historical figures of our age amongst the groups of promenaders. Here, for instance, look at these two, walking arm in arm, tall, handsome men both, and much noticed and bowed to by the company. They are talking rather loudly, and he on the right holds his left ear forward, like one dull of hearing. They are looking up at Archduke Charles's palace, criticising perhaps the façade of the building, or the campaigns of the owner. The one with the swarthy complexion, dark moustache, and black crape on his sleeve, can speak of the latter, having frequently met the Archduke in the field, and having had some severe brushes with him: at Aspern, for instance, and at Wagram. It is Prince Eugene, ex-Viceroy of Italy, Napoleon's adopted son. He is in mourning for his mother, poor Josephine, who could not survive her once husband's fortunes. His companion, with the bullet head, fair florid complexion, shortish nose, small smiling

mouth, blue glassy eyes, and blonde well-trimmed whiskers, who inclines the left ear forward, is no less a personage than the Emperor Alexander, Autocrat of all the Russias—after all, a brother mortal, like the rest of us, walking in boots (Hessians), and with a round hat, not a crown, on his head. In his character of friend of men, and protector of the unfortunate, he has taken the ex-Viceroy under his especial favor, and will assist him, if possible, to some German appanage: for the Prince has a German wife, a Bavarian princess, and has come to the Congress to make some bargain or exchange for his property in the Ancona marshes. Their talk, as they pass on, is loud enough to be overheard; and it is not about politics, but only about the Bigattini, and her charming performance of *Nina* last night. That handsome lady the Emperor kisses his hand to so graciously, is the Countess Julia Zichy, the most charming woman in Vienna, whose lovely face and clever, vivacious talk are said to have power to elicit a transient grim smile from the austere Frederick William himself. It is said, even, that the accomplished countess knows the color and cut of the uniforms of every Prussian regiment by heart, so talkative has his otherwise saturnine Majesty been to her. But here he is himself, this tall, well-made, military-looking man, with the long, massive, sad face, short moustache, and straight, strict nose. He is leaving his party, who stop to talk with the Emperor, to join the Countess Julia, evidently glad to warm his frostiness in her sunshine. Respectable man! nature has bestowed several good solid gifts on him, valuable in a king, but not of the brilliant sort; and flow of spirits she has decidedly refused to him. He is trying to look pleasant now, but his usual look is dismal in the extreme. His speech, too, consists mostly of grumbles and growls, the faculty of language being very imperfect in him; he spurs out mere rapid nominatives and infinitives, and leaves it to you to complete the sentence. Yet he is at bottom a kind-hearted, faithful, brave man, and very conscientious about his kingly duties. He has had much to try him, poor man, and to make him morose and apprehensive. Genius, he knows, has been denied him, and he must make shift with veracity, honesty of purpose, and slow, inarticulate common sense. He has lost his beautiful Louise; he lost half his

kingdom; but always bore up against it with a sad mute courage. In the last campaign his personal bravery and exertion did good service on several occasions, and once, at Culm, saved the army. In after-life he showed courage also, of another and more difficult sort, for which the liberal portion of mankind gave him small thanks. He did not quite grant the constitution which he had promised, having become honestly persuaded that it would not be for the benefit of his people, and exposed his name to much obloquy thereby. The policy may have been mistaken, but we should respect the motive. The credit which a Danton receives for his "*Que mon nom soit flétri*," ought not to be refused to a king. He possessed one quality the most valuable of all in a sovereign—character. His people speak of him with nothing but veneration to this day. They have set up his statue in the pleasure-grounds at Berlin. There the grave, sad man stands, stiff and erect, with military precision, upon a pedestal round which happy mothers and laughing children play and gambol. But just now his dismal Majesty enjoys the sunshine of Countess Julia's presence, and tries to smile himself. And here follow the party, a gentleman and two ladies, whom he left talking with the Czar. The gentleman who walks so jauntily and talks so merrily is the Duke (shortly to be Grand-duke) of Weimar, Goethe's Carl August. On him the cares of life or of the Congress do not seem to lie heavily. He has not the least chance of becoming King of Saxony, and bringing back the old honors to the Ernestine branch of the family, as some say he at one time hoped to do. But he has made a lucky hit at Vienna, for all that. He has discovered amongst the lumber of an old collection the veritable Cellini saltcellar, for which the *dilettante* world has been on the look-out for years: what pleasing news for his Goethe! It is to be regretted that the shading coal-scuttle bonnets of the duke's fair companions will not let us see much of their faces. They are evidently handsome, blonde, blue-eyed, dignified women, both; and there is no trace of Slavonic blood in them, though they are Romanoffs, Alexander's two sisters. Grand-duchess Mary, the elder and graver of the two, is the Duke of Weimar's daughter-in-law; Catherine, the younger and more sprightly, is an interesting young widow, who lost her hus-

band, the Prince of Oldenburg, two years ago. They are excellent women, both, and an immense improvement upon the Annas and Elizabeths of the old Romanoff blood. Of the Princess Mary, who listens with such sweet gravity to her father-in-law's lively talk, Goethe has borne high testimony; which travellers and, what is still better, the love of the Weimarians for their dowager grand-duchess, confirm to our day. Princess Catherine—but look, the young widow's eyes seem to have suddenly caught some object of interest; and see how she flutters at the approach of those two, an elderly and a young man, who now emerge from the crowd. They bow as they pass: the elderly gentleman to the whole party; but the younger seems to see the widow only, who curtsies demurely. Let us follow the two: one of them interests us much. The younger man, with the broad Suabian face, is the Crown-Prince of Wurtemberg, who has distinguished himself in the wars, and is much looked up to by patriotic Germans as a "liberal" prince who, it is known, disapproves much of his royal father's French sympathies and autocratic tastes. That the Russian widow and he take notice of each other in the way we saw, is not surprising, considering that they will by-and-by be husband and wife; Catherine a much-beloved and unforgettable Queen of Wurtemberg. But it is the Prince's companion, the stout elderly gentleman with the firmly-closed lips, large commanding nose, and fiery glancing eyes, whom we care most to look at. With him, above all the highest and fairest that promenade here, we should wish to be allowed to shake hands, believing as we do that there is virtue in the touch of a right royal man. Bare your head, reader, this is the Minister Stein, intrinsically the most (if not the only) royal personage here, though by birth but a baron of the empire. The sovereigns themselves seem to feel it a little; for they treat him almost as an equal, and he does not spare them—free-spoken man as he is. Amongst the Prussian officers there was a talk once of electing him kaiser, though there is no precedent of any one below the rank of count ever having been elevated to that high office. He is a Nassauer by birth, and the black tower of his forefathers, as tourists on the Rhine may have seen, stands, overhanging the Lahn, on the same hill with, but a little below, the ruins of the ances-

tral castle of the house of Nassau-Orange—as if the soil had been peculiarly favorable to the production of distinguished men. Having no kingdom of his own, but only a moderate knight's estate, to rule, he went, like St. Christopher of old, in search of a master worthy of his strength, and entered the Prussian service when the great Frederick was still alive. Here he distinguished himself in many situations, and rose to the highest. He had his own troubles with Frederick William, who was apprehensive of "original" men, and who could get on better with the less exacting Hardenberg. Banished, and even outlawed, by Napoleon, who saw a power in him, Stein went to Russia, still continuing the centre of German patriotic plans and movements. Since his triumphant return, the Allies have made him administrator of conquered countries—temporary king over some thirteen millions of people—in which post also he gave complete satisfaction. Quite a royal man, and firmly believing that the world can be ruled by strict justice and truth; great in practical capacity, greater in moral strength; very aristocratic in his notions, very popular in his aims; loving the people well, and standing up for them fearlessly against kings, kaisers, and squires. Here at Vienna he is ill at ease: much might be done, but he has no authority; may only advise, not direct; and the "clever" Metternichs and "little" Nesselrodes, he is aware, are having it their own way. He walks with the Crown-Prince of Wurtemberg, who is a sort of pupil of his, and whom he indoctrinates with patriotic principles. May Heaven prosper you and your principles, Herr Minister! The Metternichs may gain the day, but —. But we have no time for moralizing. What comes here? People are making way for a pair of flying wheels with a man between, stamping with his feet, and careering along. It is the Younker Drais, showing off his newly-invented *draisines*, what we now call velocipedes. This is their first appearance on the roads of the world, as the Congress at Osnabrück was the first audience before whom Guericke exhibited his air-pump. But the Younker earns more sarcasm than admiration: "Fit charger for modern knight-errantry," observes the Duke of Weimar; and yon old powdered gentleman, with the gold-headed cane under his arm, and ribbons and stars on his breast, looks as though he were con-

scious of having said a good thing, and rewarded himself with a delicate pinch from that beautiful golden diamond-spangled snuff-box of his; whilst his widely-opened eyes are challenging his companion's applauding cachinnation with a grinning stare. They have a French air, those two, particularly he with the snuff-box, who looks like a compound of the facetious *petit-maitre* of Louis XV.'s Court and the shaky modern old gentleman. Look at him; he is a living antiquarian curiosity, this ancient facetious individual, and could tell us anecdotes if we had him to ourselves; it is the Austrian Field-Marshal, Prince de Ligne, who fought in the wars and flirted at the Courts of Europe in the days of George II.—soldier, courtier, beau, wit, *bel esprit*. He has known Frederick the Great, and did not like him; he has walked stately minuets in the rooms of Madame de Pompadour; has philosophized with Rousseau, jested with Voltaire, and gained the favor of the Czarina Catherine, who gave him an estate in the Crimea and that very snuff-box he holds so gracefully between his thumb and forefinger. He has made French verses, written books both "philosophical and sentimental;" has said innumerable *bons mots*, and been a desired guest at the tables and *salons* of three generations. He is in his eightieth year now, still gay and jaunty, but rather out of sorts with a world that has grown stupidly serious, thinks different thoughts from his, and does no longer appreciate him as it ought. He feels it particularly that the handsome Russian princesses do not listen to him with any thing like the gusto of their grandmother. Yes, this is the celebrated Prince de Ligne, whom one hardly expected to see still alive and here. He walks with the Duke Dalberg, a French peer, though a German by birth. He is one of the French plenipotentiaries, the right-hand man of Talleyrand, whose work he does; Talleyrand, the genius of *finesse*, being naturally extremely idle, and indeed without any talent for real work. This Duke Dalberg is much hated and shunned by the Germans as a renegade and a French tool. It was of him that Stein, when apprised of Dalberg's intention to pay him a visit, is reported to have said, "If he come to me in the character of French ambassador, he shall be received with due courtesy; if as Freiherr von Dalberg, he shall be kicked down stairs." But the notabilities

are crowding upon us; we shall scarcely be able to notice them all. This picturesque gentleman in red stockings, with the fine Italian face, is the Cardinal Consalvi, who is here for the good of the Pope and the Catholic Church universal. The dignified matron in black he is speaking to is the Dowager-Princess Fürstenberg, who has been deputed to the Congress by the mediatised aristocracy of the Empire; her son, their acknowledged head, being a minor. A woman actually sent to Parliament! and she is said to have proved herself equal to her task, too, though her commission was a hopeless one. With her the Cardinal converses; nor does he mind the sacred signal now booming out from St. Stephen's steeple, and which will cause the husbandman miles round to stop in his field-labor, bare his head, and repeat a silent *Ave Maria*, as the country people on the causeway there, who have come to stare at the great folks, are even doing now. But the Cardinal keeps talking animatedly, and minds not the sacred call. Those two smallish men who bow very low to him, and thread their way betwixt the crowd with such heedful politeness; the younger one, with large black searching eyes, almost a boy still,—are a Mr. Baruch, from Frankfort, sent by the Jews of that city to plead their cause at the Congress, and his son Ludwig, who assists him with his pen, and who will by-and-by, as Ludwig Börne, plead other causes than Jewish, and in a louder manner than he learns here. That plainly-dressed young man with the flowing yellow hair, laughing blue eyes, aquiline nose, gentle affectionate mouth, long pointed chin, and triangular face, such as Holbein often painted, is Jacob Grimm, whom the reader has no doubt heard of or learned from. He keeps alone, apart from the crowd, and his attention just now seems to be engrossed by a party of peasants from Upper Austria, who are landing from a boat on the quay below. He is attached to the Hessian embassy. If the settlement of Germany depended on his will, what a glorious Fatherland it should become.

But here are English people, evidently: Lord Charles Stewart, with his lady and sister-in-law, Lady Castlereagh. Their appearance creates a certain sensation. His lordship had a fight with a cabman the other day in the open street, my lord boxing à l'Anglaise, the *Schwager* strik-

ing unscientifically; and it remained undecided who had the best of it. The diplomatic world thought it undignified in a plenipotentiary; but his lordship is rather proud of it than otherwise. The morning costume of the ladies also invites criticism. People have been heard to say that the English ladies looked like the seven sleepers, by dress—so old-fashioned do they appear to continental eyes. Here, however, are English women who are up to the last Parisian fashions. They are the Misses Smith, Sir Sydney Smith's two handsome daughters; closely followed by the hero of Acre himself, and his tall German wife. The young ladies find many admirers here; but let them beware of princes. Here is the gay Prince August of Prussia taking them in flank. And that wild-looking man with the fallow moustache, who comes scampering across from the other alley with a hop and a skip, and signals his advent with a loud "Bon j-j-jour, ladies!" is the Crown-Prince Ludwig of Bavaria. He does not look much of a dangerous admirer, were he not a prince. He squints and stammers, is dull of hearing, and has nervous twitches in his face: yet withal, it is at times lit up by rays of genius that make you forget its ugliness. He is an accomplished young man, a poet, a patriot though a prince, a patron of the arts, and enthusiastic worshipper of the beautiful. He takes the other flank of the young ladies, who, it is very visible, are much elated by their princely escort. Let them beware, though! Sir Sydney has come to Vienna, delegated by philanthropic Quakers and others, on a diplomatic cruise against piracy: he is to move the Congress to put down the Beys of Barbary. But he gets no support from the English mission; and, except that his ladies enjoy the visit much, his expedition is unsuccessful. Literary notabilities are scarce at Vienna. Here, however, comes one; an Austrian subject, too, though not of indigenous growth. Austria, ever since Ferdinand, with the help of the Virgin Mary, put down heresy, has not produced much literary talent; and the indispensable modicum for the service of the State has in great part to be enlisted in other parts of Germany. Metternich's helps in the speaking, writing, journalizing line are at this time chiefly ex-Prussians, ex-Protestants, and, if the sad truth must be told, ex-respectable men. His principal hand and alter

ego, for instance, who does all his real work for him, as Dalberg does Talleyrand's, is the former Prussian *Geheime Rath* Gentz, a clever writer and very worthless character, whom Castlereagh calls "our friend Gentz." He conducts the Protocol at the Congress, and keeps a first-rate cook. Gentz we shall not see here; he never comes to the Bastei: his hours of recreation are spent in private. But this flabby, puffy man who is now coming towards us, is another Austrian acquisition from the Protestant ranks. It is Herr Friedrich von Schlegel, walking for an appetite with Frau Dorothea, his eccentric little wife, a daughter of the celebrated philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, who left her first husband, a prosaic Berlin banker, to live an exalted ideal life with the author of *Lucinde*. For it was at the period of great marital freedom at Berlin, when the elective affinities were allowed to plead in court. The ideal pair turned Roman Catholic; and Schlegel provides now the philosophy for the Austrian system, and enjoys the Viennese cookery much. He teaches Mysticism, Romanticism, Mediævalism, and the *arcana* whereby "the reason" is made to swallow the thing that "the understanding" refuses. Coleridge attended his lectures, and took the seeds of it, *subjective and objective** and all, to England; where, in course of time, Tractarianism sprang from it, and the movement "from Oxford to Rome." Curious to consider. In London, at this very time, crowds flock daily to a certain carpenter's shop in Tottenham-court-road, to see the cradle which stands ready to receive the new-born Messiah—as soon as Joanna Southcote shall have brought him forth. And here on the Bastei walks, for an appetite, the indirect cause of the next religious movement in England that will nigh frighten the isle out of its propriety!

Two individuals whom one would have liked to get a sight of, we search for in vain amongst the promenaders: Beethoven resides at Vienna, but never shows himself here. He shuns the vicinity of the great; walks in solitary places, or in the *Volks-garten* amongst the people. Marie Louise dwells out in Schönbrunn,

* To Mr. Ruskin's great annoyance, we see; who, by-the-bye, may be assured that there are a few German books in which the obnoxious words never once occur—as he will find out some day when he makes himself acquainted with German literature.

very Frenchified in her tastes and ways, her attendants complain. One of her attendants is General Neipperg, whose musical talent she appreciates. She, also, never comes to the Bastei. However, we can spare her: for here are three kings and an empress all in a row. That plain, stoutish man, with the good-humored face, hands crossed behind his back, and closely followed by a little *Spitz*, is Maximilian of Bavaria—not the grim Duke Maximilian, who was such a pillar of the Jesuits in the Thirty Years' War—but Crown-Prince Ludwig's father, a good easy sort of man, for whom the world is no worse, and no better. He leads his sister-in-law, the Czarina Elizabeth, Alexander's "Empress," rather than wife; a kind good lady, they say, but too insipid, perhaps, for Alexander's taste. Yet she is patient and uncomplaining, and her reward is near at hand. It was during the Congress that the Czar, in a serious mood, resolved to be again a husband to his long-neglected wife. The lean man in the centre is the King of Denmark, who earns golden opinions by his courteous bearing, but can get no equivalent for Norway, which, by a combination of England and Russia, has been forced from allegiance to him, and given to Sweden in re-payment for the loss of Finland. The poor King of Denmark can get nothing at all from the Congress, though he tries very hard, and is ably assisted by his ambassador Bernsdorf. "You have gained every heart here," said the Emperor Alexander, when his Danish Majesty took leave of him. "But not one soul," answered the Dane, sadly. That mountain of flesh that leans heavily upon his arm, and shuffles along with difficulty, is the King of Wurtemberg, a petty despot, or "small Sultan," as Stein calls him, in whose veins the blood of Charles the Tyrant and other grim ancestry does not flow in vain. He regrets openly the end of the Napoleonic times, that gave him much which was not his own, and let him do with it as he liked; and has been heard to say that one will soon have to be ashamed to be a Wurtemberger, because there is talk of the revival of the old *Stände*, and of Constitutional limits to the power of the sovereign—a demand which his own Crown-Prince, Stein's pupil, approves of, the unnatural son!

And so the multifarious company at the "political exchange," as the Bastei prom-

enade was called, walk and talk; the ladies in coal-scuttle bonnets or Spanish hats with feathers, short waists, and parasols of umbrella size; the gentlemen in tights, Hessian boots, high-rolled collars, and profusion of white neck-cloth—till it is time to dress for dinner: for they dine early at Vienna. The Danube flows sluggishly below; the florid steeple of St. Stephen's rises high above; the Kahleberg looks placid and green; the purple Hungarian mountains border the horizon: the serene ether over-arches all; and the slanting rays of the yellow autumnal sun illuminate it with golden light: for the sun shines equally on Congresses, battle-fields, weddings, funerals, solitary workers, and public promenaders; and is, fortunately, very independent of human politics and diplomatics.

Our task of drawing the shadow of an event which illuminated the public horizon forty years ago were comparatively pleasant, if we had to deal with flesh and blood only. But our duty as faithful reporters bids us also tell of dead business, of diplomatic negotiations that came to something or came to nothing; how A tried to get the most he could, and B let him have as little as he could help: and how great opportunities were wasted by little men. We cannot promise the reader to awaken in him an "interest" in that part of the business, conscious as we are of our deficiency in this respect. But we will promise him the utmost brevity; and considering that the political arrangements of Europe are still principally based upon the results of those negotiations, we will, on our part, claim from the reader an indulgent hearing.

Though the public eye at Vienna could discover nothing but amusements and festivities, there was at the same time much business going on also: witness Klüber's nine volumes of "Acts." But the business was transacted in private—no reporters admitted—by interviews, conversations, consultations, notes, memorandums, committees; finally, conferences and protocols. Whilst on the surface all was bright and placid, underneath was strenuous warfare: strategic movements, sieges, battles of the tongues and pens, where the victory is not necessarily to the strong. On the 9th of October, Lord Castlereagh writes home: "We are at sea, and pray for favorable winds and currents"—as the unskilled captain has need to do.

The objects which above all else indispensably required an agreement between the Four Powers before the Congress could be formally proceeded with, were Prussia's demand of Saxony, and the Russian plan about Poland. The first was, at the outset, pretty generally acquiesced in; the second was unanimously objected to; but, during the course of negotiations and "strategic movements," the two questions came to be involved and entangled with each other, till they became one identical chief difficulty, and apple of discord.

Prussia's case was opened in a practical way by Stein, administrator in chief of the countries occupied by the Allies, who proposed, with the consent of Russia, that the provisional occupation and government of Saxony should at once be handed over to Prussia. Prussia would then be situated like the other powers with regard to their indemnification. Castlereagh, in a note to Hardenberg, dated 11th October, gave his cordial assent. There was no principle in European politics, he declared, to which he attached a greater importance than the substantial re-construction of Prussia; and if the incorporation of the whole of Saxony with the Prussian monarchy be necessary for so great and good an object, he should entertain neither moral nor political repugnance against such a measure. Of the King of Saxony he should rather be glad, than otherwise, to see an example made. If ever a sovereign placed himself in the case of being sacrificed to the future tranquillity of Europe, he thought the King of Saxony was the man. But, adds his lordship, if the incorporation of Saxony is to serve to indemnify Prussia for losses she might have to sustain on the Russian side, in that case he was not authorized to give any hope that Great Britain would, in the face of Europe, consent to such an engagement. Persuaded, however, that such a result was neither proposed on one side nor supposed on the other, he consents at once to the Prussian occupation of Saxony, as a proof of his sincerity, and of the great consideration which he has the honor to be, &c., &c.

Metternich, after delaying as long as he decently could, sent his note on the 22d, in which he also, on the part of Austria, expressed (*"avec beaucoup de noblesse,"* says honey-mouthed Flassan) how his master's heart's desire was for the re-con-

struction of the Prussian monarchy to its full former dimensions, and even beyond. As to the incorporation of the whole of Saxony, that was, indeed, a subject of regret to his master; not at all diminished by Russian approval of, or English adhesion to, the measure. No light matter to see one of the most ancient dynasties of Europe (claiming descent from Wittekind, who is himself descended from Odin, at all events from Adam) dealt with so severely; besides, it would be inconvenient to Austria, and we never wish to see Germany divided into North and South. And the line of the Mayn has to be settled, and about fortresses, and Mentz, and other matters would need to be arranged, if circumstances should make the incorporation of Saxony with Prussia indispensable. And, on the whole, at this stage, and as England has given its adhesion, I will not say no.

Whereupon, Prince Reprin, the Russian general who commanded in Saxony, received orders, with the consent of the Powers, to evacuate Saxony, and hand the occupation and administration of the country over to Prussia.

Castlereagh's hypothesis of "losses on the Russian side," for which he would not engage to indemnify Prussia, had more concrete reality than he cared to express. Prussia's Polish provinces had been taken away by Napoleon, and, together with some other fragments of ancient Poland, constituted into a "Duchy of Warsaw," conferred on the King of Saxony. To the Poles the recollections of their former connections with the Saxon dynasty could not be particularly cheering or hopeful. Nor was it from any love for Polish independence that Napoleon created this duchy. The sort of respect which Napoleon and his generals entertained for their faithful and useful Polish allies, appears from a little incident that happened at the very birth of the said duchy. The Polish magnates, in glittering uniforms, were assembled at the town-hall to meet Marshal Davoust; the marshal, alighting from his horse at the door, found himself sunk in mud and nastiness half way up to his knees. "*Voilà*," he exclaimed, whilst trying to shake off the dirt, turning to a Prussian ex-official who happened to stand by, "*voilà ce que cette canaille appelle sa patrie!*" The Duchy of Warsaw, inaugurated under such auspices, had been conquered and was occupied by Russia; and

it was known that Alexander cherished a plan of raising it into a constitutional Kingdom of Poland, of which he, the Autocrat of Russia was to be the constitutional head. It was in vain that Stein and Pozzo endeavored to dissuade the Emperor from his questionable project; representing it to him as threatening to his neighbors, impracticable in itself, and dangerous even to Russia. Stein argued that Poland was deficient in all elements of constitutional life, having no middle class, a reckless anarchic aristocracy, and an enslaved population, brutalized by centuries of misgovernment; and that, moreover, a constitutional Poland connected with an autocratic Russia must eventually lead either to separation or to complete subjugation. "How is it," asked Alexander some time after Stein had sent in his memorandum—"how is it, that you, who always show such liberal ideas, propose differently in this case?" "Because, sire, it appeared to me," answered Stein, "that in the application of principles, regard must be had to the nature of the object to which they are to be applied." But Alexander was not the man to be reasoned out of a favorite object; he merely repaid the inconvenient reasoner with his ill-humor, and turned to more congenial counsel—Prince Czartorski, in this case, chief representative of Polish nationality, then as now, and Alexander's bosom friend. He warmly supported the plan, encouraged his imperial friend to persist in it against all obstacles, and wrote diplomatic notes and papers, when the other hands were thought too tame. Not to lose so favorable an opportunity for completing the traditional policy of his country with regard to Poland, was natural enough in a Russian czar. A Russian czar, too, is not independent of public opinion, which has a way to express, and even to assert itself even in Russia; and the public opinion was decidedly for retaining Poland, as some slight compensation for all Russia's sacrifices and services in the cause of Europe. But Alexander was also a man of "fine feeling" and liberal sympathies. A "constitutional Kingdom of Poland," connected with Russia, made the acquisition so much more euphonious to his mind, permissible to his conscience, reconcilable, nay, honorable, to his liberalism: would he not form a pattern of constitutional sovereignty to all future kings? Amongst the arguments which Alexander brought

forward in defence of his Polish project, there was also this—that he owed it to the Poles to repair the wrong which his grandmother Catherine had done them. So tender a conscience was his.

On the other hand, Alexander had, by the treaties of Kalish and Töplitz, entered into engagements with Austria and Prussia with regard to the Duchy of Warsaw; nor could these Powers, even if indemnified elsewhere for territorial sacrifices on that side, be indifferent to the nature of their Eastern frontiers. But here, again, Alexander argued: Shall Russia, the deliverer of Europe, alone go home empty-handed? You, Austria, are recompensed above deserts, in Italy. My friend Prussia here shall have Saxony, and welcome. England keeps what it pleases of old French and Dutch colonies, and is allowed to have its own way with the Netherlands. Does not even France owe it in good part to my generosity that she retains the Alsace and other old conquests? And shall I alone have nothing to show to my Russians for all they have suffered and done?

Hardenberg, Metternich, Castlereagh, were of one mind, that the Polish kingdom project was to be opposed as threatening and unjust to Austria and Prussia, and dangerous to the balance of power. Austria and Prussia being more directly interested, it was left to the representative of England, as the more neutral power, to be spokesman and mediator in this delicate business. Hence Castlereagh's note of the 12th October; which has since acquired a certain celebrity, and procured for its author the reputation of the courageous champion of Polish independence. Most undeservedly. The document contains, indeed, one oratorical paragraph, in the conjunctive mood, glancing rather insolently, because only with an "if," at the hypothesis of a restored Poland, or part of Poland; but in substance the note, and still more the letter which accompanied it by way of apologetic soft-solder, took its stand upon the treaties of Kalish and Töplitz, and called the Emperor quite welcome to the lion's share of the Duchy of Warsaw, provided he would not withhold from Prussia and Austria such districts as were required for the security of their frontiers.

There were answers, replies and counter replies, and the battle of notes grew hot. "The purity of my intentions makes me strong, my lord," writes Alexander, wrap-

ping his cloak of virtue around him. And Castlereagh's mediation results in mere irritation. And the czarish mind being irritated against Metternich also, the task to mediate is transferred to Hardenberg.

On the 18th of October a grand military spectacle took place in commemoration of the battle of Leipzig. The review over, the various regiments piled arms and sat down to dinner with the emperors and kings in old Grecian fashion. Alexander, from a balcony in the open Prater, elevating his cup towards the high heavens, drank twice "to the German people!" Trumpets flourished, cannon thundered, and soldiers and people answered with never-ending enthusiasm: "*Hoch! Vivat Hoo-o-ch!*" And Alexander looked radiant. Yet cooler observers who had stood near him on that balcony earlier in the day, whilst the endless masses of troops were filing past, thought they could discover in the Czar's face an expression not of delight at the fine appearance of the Austrian military force. He looked annoyed, they said.

All through October private negotiations proceed, and the coteries are busy. Principalities, powers, and excellencies, cased in the panoply of logic and girt with the armor of persuasion, wrestle in painful encounter; and it is found no such easy task to re-model the map of Europe with argumentative compasses and diplomatic pen and ink. Alexander, in unbending talk with Stein, wished it were well over, that he might henceforth "live solider for the support and propagation of liberal ideas, which alone could confer some value on life."

Other business also has been taken in hand. A committee on Swiss affairs is sitting to settle the internal disputes of the cantons and to establish the Confederation under European guarantee. Colonel Laharpe, Alexander's old tutor, delegated by the democrats of Vaud, gains the advantage over the aristocrats of Berne, supported as he and his side are by his imperial pupil and friend. In Italian affairs, the annexation of Genoa (much against the will of the Genoese) to Piedmont began to be discussed; but the position of the King of Naples was as yet only talked and corresponded about in an underhand manner, under the auspices of Prince Talleyrand and the government of Louis XVIII.

The German committee is hard at work,

receiving and examining plans for the constitution of the Fatherland; and the discussions are hot and loud, not only in Vienna circles, but in pamphlets and newspapers all over the country. The question of German unity, of which the world has heard much since began at that time. It is a difficult and complicated question.

The German *Reich*, or Empire, a system of subaltern, self-governing corporations comprehended within the great incorporation of the *Reich*, was perhaps the most opulent product of the political instincts of the middle ages. It offered room for the freest individual and provincial development, and bound each to all by a system of gradation, with the Emperor as keystone on the top. It reminds one of the Gothic cathedral, with its arches and pillars, and buttresses, and aisles, and chapels, and steeples, and manifold diversities, all of individual character and self-completeness, yet all supporting, and supported by the whole. The stone cathedrals, after their original use was gone, still remained picturesque to the eye and grand to the imagination. But the Empire, being a living organization, when the spirit left it, fell into dissolution, internal strife, external degradation—till the rough contact with the French Revolution, and its consequences, shook it finally asunder, and there remained, politically, only German States, but no Germany. The history of the last two centuries of the German Empire might become analogically intelligible to the modern reader, if he would imagine a case of the controversies that at times spring up between the members of the American Union coming to practical issue: individual States setting themselves up against the federal authority in defence of what they hold to be their States' rights; foreign powers interfering in help of this side and of that; and all again patched up from time to time by loose compromises. But there is even in this imaginary case the essential difference, that the Americans have no powerful neighbors, no Louis XIV., crouching at their borders, fomenting internal strife, and ready to spring up and devour at the favorable opportunity.

The German States, large and small, had grown sovereign; and the problem was, to devise a confederation to bind them together. Manifold were the schemes, various the aims. Stein, sup-

ported by the free cities, smaller potentates, by the mediatised princes, and patriotic politicians generally, was for a strong central power—an emperor, even an Austrian, as no better could be had. Prussia, represented in the committee by Humboldt, was for a duality, the ruling influence to be divided between Prussia and Austria. Austria was altogether for a minimum of confederation. Bavaria and Wurtemberg, Napoleon-made kings, protested against the notion of being deprived of any sovereign rights. And so the controversy went on in doors and out of doors: the course of German patriotism, like that of true love, did not run at all smooth; and left to free discussion and voluntary agreement, practical men could find no such "ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth," as Milton once, in England's disorganized times, thought he had discovered, but could likewise not get enacted.

The only definite result which the month of October brought forth was, that Count Münster, faithful liege-man of the house of Brunswick, had assumed the royal title for his liege-lord, and that the Electorate of Hanover was henceforth to be a kingdom. And when the 1st of November came, there was nothing yet ready for official treatment. The German business was at a dead-lock; the Polish did not advance; the Saxon retrograded. Alexander, seeing himself opposed by the ministers, turned to the masters, appealing to their sentiments of friendship, to their royal and imperial minds, to appreciate "the purity of his motives;" but hitherto without effect. Metternich spoke fair on both sides, and procrastinated. Talleyrand had not yet developed his forces, but reconnoitred still, examined his ground, and dropped hints to this party and to that party, as to their real interests. If Castlereagh could be got to join, there might be a pretty game.

Prince Reppin, in delivering up his command in Saxony, issued a proclamation in which he assumed the annexation of Saxony to Prussia as a settled matter; which gave offence at Vienna and elsewhere. The King of Saxony, from his place of confinement, protested. Dresden threatened to be no longer a Court residence, and the official people generally grew loud. Already, at an earlier stage, the Duke of Coburg—one of the smaller boughs of the many-branched House of

Saxony, and elder brother of Prince Leopold, who had just begun to be an interesting personage in England and much favored by the Whigs—had entered the lists for the Saxon king, in a letter to Castlereagh, which had, somehow, found its way to England. The Saxon sovereign, so wrote Coburg, has no other judges than the King of England has—God and his nation. You wish to strengthen Prussia: this is the way to weaken it; the Saxon people will not forget its ancient dynasty: Germany will be destroyed, the Ottoman empire upset, the peace of Europe shaken, if you allow this about Saxony: "Germany lays its cause before the tribunal of England." That is to say, Germany as represented by the Duke of Coburg. But it sounded plausible, and liberal England hearkened.

Insight into the true bearing of Continental politics, so as to be able to distinguish, in their complication, the real from the apparent, is not the forte of our insular politicians; but foreign politics are always attractive. The honest Liberal, with such information only as the English press affords him, looking out, of course, with English constitutional or radical eyes, but grasping in the dark, gladly seizes and hugs any object that presents itself in the name of "liberty all over the world;" not to mention the fine and also cheap opportunities foreign topics offer to a tribune of the people for displaying his liberal and generous sentiments and sympathies. The Duke of Coburg's letter made an impression in England. Parliament was sitting in late session, the Opposition watchful of Vienna. Mr. Whitbread was at his post. "Will the right honorable gentleman, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, undertake to say that any progress has been made at Vienna since this day last month?" Mr. Vansittart could not say. He might have answered in extenuation, that it took the Congress of Westphalia a full year to settle the preliminary question of precedence; and that at Vienna they managed that part of the business, at least, in one sitting. But perhaps he did not know; at all events he did not say. "Is it true," continues the interrogator, "is it true that the Emperor Alexander has added an additional grace to his character by supporting the claims of Poland's independence, and that he is opposed by our Ministers?" The ministerial benches are silent. Again Mr.

Whitbread "entreated information about Saxony: was it possible that you should allow a venerable and constitutional (*sic*) sovereign to be despoiled of his inheritance for the advantage of military Prussia?" Mr. Vansittart "believed that no English Minister would be a party to a partition of Saxony." (Hear, hear.) Mr. Tierney hoped to God that he would not. But what shall we say of Mr. Vansittart's "belief?" It must either be understood in a very parliamentary sense indeed, or else we must presume the right honorable gentleman knew much less about his colleague's proceedings at Vienna than we know. Mr. Lambton (we continue our parliamentary report) saw every reason for the House to withdraw its confidence from ministers, as being accessory to the club of confederated monarchs at Vienna, the spoilers of Saxony and oppressors of Norway. Mr. Horner was virtuously indignant about the Naples question, and stood up—not for a venerable sovereign's "inheritance," in this case, but for King Joachim. And thus, throughout the late session, the Opposition ask indignant, damaging questions, and the ministerial bench is dreadfully ill off to account for the faith, on foreign policy, that is in it. "You can have no idea how much ground we lost in the House of Commons in the short session before Christmas," writes Lord Liverpool, dolefully, to his Foreign Secretary at Vienna. But "ground in the House of Commons," as everybody knows, is of incomparably greater importance to an English Minister than any Saxon questions can be. So Lord Castlereagh received instructions to "turn his back upon himself," and join Talleyrand on the Saxon question, to support the King of Saxony—a little, just enough to blunt the point of Mr. Whitbread's rapier.

At Vienna, meanwhile, things do not advance: "*Le Congrès danse bien, mais il ne marche pas*," was one of the last *bon mots* which the Prince de Ligne fired against a world neglectful of him. Winter had come, but no solution. Alexander sent his brother Constantine to Warsaw to organize the Polish army. His discontent with Metternich rose into quarrel, the quarrel into scandal. Metternich had hinted to Hardenberg that he should have his way in Saxony, if he would thwart Russia in the Polish question. Now Frederick William learns from his friend, the Czar, that the Austrian minister had hinted

to him acquiescence in the Russian plans about Poland, if Russia would separate from Prussia about Saxony. Metternich, taxed with this, formally denies it; and the Czar would have challenged him, had they been equals. But who is the liar, the Emperor or the Prince? We hope neither; and think we can see it was a feat of Mephistophiles Talleyrand, who, made the go-between, dropped hints and insinuations; and Alexander, being dull of hearing, may have taken as information what was merely intended, and cunningly worded, as a hint or insinuation.* It had, however, the important effect of determining Frederick William to command his minister no longer to join with Metternich and Castlereagh in direct opposition to Alexander, but to maintain a neutral and mediating position. Frederick William and Alexander had, in times of trouble, "vowed eternal friendship" to each other. It was done solemnly, over the great Frederick's tomb, and Frederick's beautiful queen, who stood by witnessing, gave her blessing to the compact. And now, in the presence of a hostile, intriguing Talleyrand, a doubtful, double-minded Metternich, and a cold, indifferent Castlereagh, Frederick William felt called upon not to join with these against a sworn and tried friend. It was a very intelligible policy, though it may have been a mistaken one. We say "it may have been;" but we are by no means so sure as Gervinus and others that it really was a mistaken policy. For the other alternative, even supposing it had led to a successful issue, was not to found an independent kingdom of Poland as a wall of separation between Germany and Russia, but merely to increase the Prussian and diminish the Russian share of Poland; still keeping Russia as a next-door neighbor. And to gain additional thousands, or millions, of unloving and unlovable Polish subjects, sympathizing, perhaps, under the altered circumstances, with the fellow Slaves on the Russian side of the frontier, cannot be an object for which a King of Prussia ought to run much risk. With the other parties the question at stake was

a game at speculation: well, if won; no great harm if lost. With Prussia, as then situated, it was a matter of gravest import; and the king decided not to alienate Alexander. But, whatever the merit of the policy may have been, Hardenberg obeyed his master, and did not resign, as Gervinus* opines he ought to have done. Alexander, on the other hand, offered to do the handsome thing: give up Cracow on the Austrian, Thorn on the Prussian side; both to be free cities with adjoining districts. Frederick William, on his part, proposed to provide for the King of Saxony in Westphalia, to make over to him a respectable principality with a fellow-Catholic population.

Thus matters stood at the Congress in the wintry December days, when Castlereagh communicated his new instructions to Metternich and Talleyrand. Hoary St. Nicholas himself, who at that season gladdens the hearts of well-behaved Viennese children, brought no more welcome gladness to any innocent young heart than the English news gave to those two plenipotentiaries. And now Talleyrand's opportunity was come. He had the solution in his hands: it was a word, a principle. Expediencies solve nothing: principles alone bring solutions. He indited his celebrated note of the 26th of December, to Castlereagh, to this effect: The revolution was a struggle between two principles. To put an end to revolution, you must terminate the struggle. The opposing principles are revolution and legitimacy, and the one cannot be said to be ended till the other has completely triumphed. But in Naples there is still a revolutionary dynasty on the throne; and in Saxony a legitimate sovereign is endangered: "Let the principle of legitimacy triumph unrestrictedly. Let the king and kingdom of Saxony be preserved, and the kingdom of Naples be rendered to its legitimate sovereign."

Dixi et salvavi animam meam! Talleyrand always retained a certain unction from his priestly education; and his notes are as oily as his speech or his countenance—or as his venerable silver locks were in his latter years.

Poland, one might have thought, had the most claim upon France, and Lombardy to be of nearer interest to her than Saxony. But a sporting diplomatist must

* "Leben Stein's," iv. 197 and 207. And we presume that Herr Pertz's dates, which are confusing, and go against our conjecture, must be wrong. Alexander's communication to the King of Prussia he dates 6th November; and afterwards says that the Emperor told the King that on "the 15th November," Talleyrand had told him, &c.

* Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts.

be satisfied if he can kill two birds at one throw. Moreover it was necessary to humor Alexander and have Metternich for ally. Chateaubriand, and other French writers, assert that Talleyrand was bribed with millions by the kings of Saxony and Naples. That is very possible; but his policy is quite intelligible and Bourbonic enough without it. So Talleyrand had the key of the situation in his hand. Metternich steered the same way, and Castlereagh, with his new instructions, joined company. Alexander having yielded a little, the Polish question was allowed to recede into the back-ground; and the diplomatic forces were all directed against Saxony. We need not tire the reader with the intricacies of diplomatic strategy that now followed. To the female mind of Rahel Varnhagen it all appeared very like what draught-players call dodging: you move forward, I move backward; you move backward, I move forward.

But to Hardenberg and the Prussians the game became daily more serious. Metternich, seeing himself no longer checked by English "adhesion" to the Prussian plan, turned completely round: would cede next to nothing of Saxony, but indemnify Prussia altogether on the Rhine—draw Prussia's long thin limbs, without increase of strength at the centre, still longer, and make it *so* the shield of Germany against France. In Berlin, the heads began to wax hot, and there was talk of the need of sending Blücher to replace Hardenberg. Hardenberg himself, driven to bay, in the heat of debate, let slip an observation, that Prussia "would know how to guard its rights." The newspapers brought tidings of activity in the French army. Austrian and Bavarian troops moved towards the Bohemian frontier. The English-Hanoverian army in the Netherlands was being increased. The Emperor Francis, in an interview with a deputation of Teutonic Knights, was heard to say: "The King of Saxony must have his land back, else I shoot (*sonst schiess' ich*)."^{*} The question turned now upon a *division* of Saxony, transferring part of it to Prussia. The Prussian statesmen objected to this, as unjust to the Saxon people: "Keep the land together," they said, "whoever be the sovereign." Francis said: "It is a hard thing to push a monarch from his throne." Alexander answered: "Better that misfortune should

befall the 'dynasty than the country.' (*S'il y avait un malheur, il valait mieux celui de la dynastie que du pays.*)

Castlereagh, with the fear of Whitbread before his eyes, observed, that it was not so much a question of principle as of expediency; that it was necessary to conciliate public opinion, and better to swim with the stream than against it.^{*} Hardenberg rejoined, that it was the business of statesmen to direct public opinion, not to follow it. Talleyrand stuck to principle and legitimacy, as the only solution of all difficulties. So the argument went round, and no advance was made. Logic, it appears, would not settle it. And serious people at the Congress, seeing a world out of joint, began, like Hamlet, to curse their fate that *they* ever were "born to set it right."

On the 26th of December the English commissioners at Ghent signed a peace with America. And on the 3d of January, Castlereagh, Metternich, Talleyrand, in all privacy, signed a secret "defensive" alliance; to which other parties were, in strictest secrecy, to be invited to accede: to which Bavaria gladly acceded at once, and others by-and-by. Each of the contracting powers engaged to assist the other by an army of 150,000 men, or the equivalent in money. A military commission was named, consisting of two Austrian, one French general, and the Bavarian Prince Wrede. And under the hospitable roof of Kaiser Francis there slept now two brother monarchs, *against* whom the host was secretly allied.

In those very days, the Emperor Alexander, all unsuspecting, and given to much serious meditation and communication with his pious friend and correspondent, Madam Krüdener, imparted to his brother sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, and England his thoughts upon the needfulness, in a world like ours, of making the Christian religion the basis of the government and intercourse of nations; and suggested preliminary articles for the formation of a holy alliance.

So ends the year at the parliament of nations. But has not Talleyrand been successful? He came to the Congress as an isolated individual, excluded from all share in the main business. And here has he not only divided the old allies, but stands himself as the centre of a new

^{*} "Leben Stein's," iv. 254.

powerful alliance, and has constituted himself champion of the principle of legitimacy, which is to shield the world against revolution!

The successful diplomatist, and ex-Bishop of Autun, treated the Congress also to a symbolical representation of his present sacred "principle." On the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. he got up a grand funeral mass in the cathedral of St. Stephen, with profusion of black hangings, lamps, wax candles, silver stars, wood and plaster dolls, emblematic figures of religion with a cross, and Minerva with a helmet—almost as sublime as a scene in *Robert le Diable* (only that the music, Rahel says, was very bad); and all at the cost of 40,000 francs. All the Congress was there, invited by tickets. The ex-Bishop of Autun, who had once himself performed grand mass before the *autel de la patrie*, at the feast of confederation in the Champs de Mars, looked particularly unctuous; and there were many dry eyes. In the evening there was a court-ball of more than usual brilliancy—to console the mourners. And the following day there was the gayest, gaudiest of sleighing-parties; gilt and silvered sledges, six outriders with cocked hats to each; the gentlemen in full uniform; the ladies in fancy dresses; "Lady Castlereagh all in yellow, with a furious shawl," reports a female eye-witness—for the outer aspect of the Congress continued gay and happy, however grave and ominous the condition of affairs might be, and the change of the seasons brought only change of amusements.

Amongst such a concourse of strangers as met at Vienna, and talked light talk at dinner-parties and *réunions*, the range of conversation would, of course, be very wide; and some new topics, destined afterwards to become familiar to all the world, would naturally turn up here for the first time. Such happened at a dinner-party at Herr von Gentz's, who kept a famous cook, and whose dinner-invitations were prized accordingly. Amongst the favored guests there was a certain Bollmann, an ingenious man and traveller, who had visited many lands, and seen notable people and scenes; Marie Antoinette, for instance, at the *Assemblée Nationale*, and Madame de Stael in *négligé*. He had just returned from America and from England, and had come to Vienna with some financial project in connection with the House of Bar-

ing. This much-travelled Bollmann, we are told, at that dinner, first introduced the names of Scott and of Byron to the higher circles of the Continent. Which names were soon upon every body's lips; filling the imaginations of the young generation with the images of kilted Highlanders, and still more of passionate Laras and Giaours. Poor Byron himself, in those same weeks, had procured "a blue coat" and a license, and had finally got married—hoping to be happy now. And the next time the "higher circles" heard his tuneful voice, it was like the sound of the war-trumpet, boding no good to Talleyrand's new principle of legitimacy:

"What! shall reviving thralldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlightened days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage?"

which became the march-tune of all aspiring hearts of Europe for the next quarter of a century. At that same party, Bollmann gave also accounts of young America, of the prosperous new republic, whose public affairs were managed by plain citizens, without nobles, Hofraths or Geheime Rathen. Here was news for a perfumed sybaritic aristocratic circle, such as would assemble round Gentz's table! The effect was visible, and the offence great. "We thought we had put down the French Revolution, democracy, and all that: and is the game to begin afresh *de l'autre côté*?" Humboldt smiled sardonically, Rahel only with her eyes. The gay Duke of Coburg looked disdainfully upon the travelled *roturier* who brought such tidings. The beautiful Countess Fuchs left off eating *bons-bons*. The host himself, so Varnhagen, who was present, reports—"Gentz looked as if crushed by the weight of the subject, and alarmed as if high treason had been committed in his presence." Honest Bollmann had meant no harm, and was not in the least aware how he disturbed the digestion of his illustrious and beautiful listeners.

There were dinner-parties, high-tides, accidents, weddings, (Count Münster, for instance, got both thrown out of his carriage, and married)—and there were also deaths at the Congress. For like all life it was a scene

"Of joyances and high-tides, of weeping and of woe."

Early in September, while Vienna was

still busy ornamenting itself for the reception of its highest guests, a high guest out at Schönbrunn had been making her exit from a troublous world. Caroline of Naples died before Talleyrand's opportunity had come. When Maria Theresa gave two of her elder daughters to be spouses of Christ, and married her two youngest to earthly kings, devout Catholic though she was, still her motherly heart probably rejoiced most at the latter provision. Yet how much happier was the lot of the Abbesses of Klagenfurt and Innsbruck than that of the Queens of France and of Naples! Marie Antoinette was guillotined, and Caroline Marie, ever after her sister's cruel death, felt her own neck in danger, and lost the balance of her mind thereby. She had many reverses, many troubles, of her own; but she never gave in; always carried her head high, like a daughter of Maria Theresa's. She shunned no labor or personal exertion: roughed it with Nelson in ships of war, placed herself at the head of armed Lazzaroni to defend her kingdom against the invading French, after men had given it up as a bad job. She rushed to Petersburg to procure an army from Czar Paul; conspired with her Sicilians against the protecting English and Lord Bentinck's paper-constitution. Finally she left her island, amidst the tears of her peasantry, beat about the Mediterranean waters like a she-Ulysses, and wandering toilsome journeys through Turkey, Slavonia, Hungaria, had reached last year her maternal palace of Schönbrunn, where, in happier times, she used to play about her mother's knees; where her own daughter had lived, and died six years ago; where her granddaughter Marie Louise, Empress of the spoiler of her House, came to join her by-and-by, bringing her a great-grandson, ex-King of Rome! Here, waiting impatiently for the Congress, and appealing loudly meanwhile to God and man, she wandered about, in wild distracted moods, in the grounds and walks which had once resounded with her gay happy laughter; heard voices, saw visions, hands beckoning her, with "Hist, Caroline, hist!"—the vehement heart un-resting to the end. Till, at last, on the 8th of September, she found the long-missed peace, and was at rest. Queen Amelia, Louis Philippe's widow, and Christine of Spain are her daughters; King Bomba of Naples is her grandson;

and Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is her great-grandson.

The obituary of the Congress records another death, of a tragi-comic sort, which, though difficult to relate, must as a diplomatic *specialité*, not be quite passed over in silence. A worthy old diplomatist, grown gray in ambassadorial routine, and well versed in Vattel and Puffendorf, had been summoned to Vienna to assist with his diplomatic lore. One evening at a court party, amongst the sublimest company in the world, the poor old gentleman was suddenly taken unwell, and felt premonished by uncourtly nature to withdraw without much delay. Which premonition he was about to obey, when a most gracious summons to join the imperial card-table reached him. Here was a case! Was he to obey the call of nature, or of honor and etiquette? Vattel and Puffendorf could not serve; but his Excellency was, perhaps, acquainted with Kant's "Essay on the Power of the Mind over the Body;" or remembered the Duke de St. Simon's heroism under analogous circumstances; and, with fatal self-confidence, chose the valiant part. He had the unspeakable distinction of sitting down to a *partie d'hombre* with crowned heads; but, alas! he sat on thorns. Kant may demonstrate, and the Duke de St. Simon boast; the unfortunate, much-honored courtier discovered, in agonies, that though the spirit be strong, the flesh is weak. The high personages at his table, much discomfited, looked at each other, looked at the poor diplomatist, who tried to grin his politest but was changing color very fast, laid down the cards and left the table. The unfortunate gentleman hurried home, considered his case, and blew out his brains. He was, of course, much pitied, and the point was discussed in diplomatic circles, what *was* the correct course for a man and diplomatist to pursue in such conjuncture, and by what steps the catastrophe might have been obviated. Humboldt, in his cynical way, is reported to have said that, under similar circumstances, he would have quietly borne *his* part, and have left it to the other parties to bear theirs; but that he would in no case have shot himself for such reason; which opinion was thought to be very democratic, and gave offence in high quarters.

Somewhat later there occurred another

and more dignified exit from the Congress and the world. "*Le Congrès danse bien, mais il ne marche pas,*" was one of the Prince de Ligne's "last," and soon after followed his very last. Feeling himself indisposed, he predicted jestingly, that when the Congress should have exhausted all modes of entertainment, he would afford them the pleasure of a new spectacle—the funeral of an Austrian Field-Marshal. And he fulfilled his prophecy. Consistent dandy to the end, his will was found to be written upon rose-colored paper. He was the scion of an ancient house and had had an ancestor who was called "Big Devil," and on whom bluff Harry of England had conferred distinction. He had served in the Seven Years' War; had flirted with the Empress Catherine; had written a *Philosophie du Catholicisme*; and was the last extant specimen of the *beau* and *bel esprit* of a world that lies all submerged under the flood of the Revolution.

The month of January was the turning-point of affairs at Vienna. Matters had reached a height at which they could not continue long; the parties hostilely arrayed against each other began to grow alarmed at their own attitudes. Talleyrand and Metternich, strong in their secret alliance, soon bore down harder upon Prussia than Castlereagh had ever intended. So he had to check his secret allies: "Stop, gentlemen; not quite so fast, if you please. It is no interest of mine to weaken Prussia; all I want is to save a little of Saxony, with which to meet Mr. Whitbread in Parliament." Castlereagh now had other reasons for bringing matters to conclusion. Parliament was to meet soon; difficult questions were coming on—Corn Laws, Bank Charter; and he was much wanted at home to regain the ground which his colleagues had lost in the last session. The Duke of Wellington was to replace him at Vienna. But Castlereagh was unwilling to leave before some settlement had been arrived at. "The fate of Europe may depend on the conclusions of the ensuing month," he writes to Lord Liverpool, who pressed for his return. "You might as well expect me to have run away from Leipzig (if I had been there) last year, to fight Crecvy and Whitbread, as to withdraw from here till the existing contest is brought to a point."*

* "Correspondence," x. 235, 247.

And so, early in February, the "point" is brought about by compromise and general concession: Alexander yields a little more of Poland; Castlereagh is satisfied with a little less for Hanover in the north, and for the Netherlands in the west; Prussia, being unable to help it, accepts *part* of Saxony instead of the whole—accepts the Rhine country and the post of honor and danger on the French frontier, "for the defence and in the interest of Germany, not for any Prussian interests," the king declared solemnly. The question of the Netherlands was easily settled, most parties being agreeable, and Russia being made agreeable by a certain Dutch loan payable out of the English exchequer. An abstract declaration condemnatory of the slave trade, was also easily redacted, being abstract.* On the 3d of February the Duke of Wellington arrived; on the 6th, Castlereagh had the satisfaction of reporting home, that the Saxon question, and with it all other important questions (except the Italian), were settled; and on the 14th he finally left Vienna.

The German committee, enlarging itself into a sort of royal constituent assembly, composed of the representatives of the thirty-two sovereign princes and free cities, also resumed its labors, and was tending to that species of settlement which alone German affairs have for several centuries past proved capable of—a compromise. It resulted, finally, in the Act of Confederation, which broke down in '48; and which has since been set up again "provisionally," for want of any better possibility. And the great Barbarossa still sleeps on in the Harz mountain, unmindful of the cry of the ravens that flutter round his head.

The Duke of Wellington was at once discovered to be a considerable improvement upon his predecessor; his simplicity and decision impressing judges favorably, and being more helpful to forward business than Castlereagh's "long-windedness." The Duke made his first public appearance at a "*redoubt*," between the Ladies Castlereagh and Londonderry, when all three ran some danger of being crushed to

* At the Congress of Utrecht, England had gained the *right* of trading in slaves to the Spanish colonies. At the Congress of Vienna it gained with some difficulty Spain's consent to the above declaration. Here is another feature upon the dial-plate of history.

death by the pressure of the crowd, eager to get sight of the Peninsular hero. And he began his diplomatic functions with helping Austria to the acquisition of the romantic valley of the Valteline, the Alpine pass which Richelieu once took from the Pope, and, having procured the sanction of the Sorbonne, gave to the Grisons. And now all was in full sail, and port, such as it was, almost within sight. A statistic committee, a river-navigation committee, a redacting committee (for polishing the Act of Congress into seemliness) were at work; and business, and, of course, pleasure (which never flagged), were in full train. So the winter passed; the snow melted on the hills, the young green sprang forth in the meadows of the Prater, and the ladies began to suffer from the March dust heating their eyes. On the 5th of March there was an evening party at Court, and there were *tableaux vivants*. One *tableau* had been got up with particular study and splendor. It represented the meeting between Maximilian I., jolly Kaiser Max, and Mary of Burgundy, an historical scene memorable to the House of Austria. The picture was the gem of all that had yet been produced in that line. Persons, costume, accessories, every thing was perfect; gallant princes in knightly armor, Spanish mantles, waving plumes, and artificial beards; beautiful high dames with diamond-spangled stomachers, embroideries, gold chains and rosy cheeks, shone in medieval splendor. The company was charmed, entranced with admiration—when, in a distant part of the room, near the door, a whisper was heard, and then a low murmur pervaded the outer circles, spreading and gaining in depth as it spread in space; and heads were seen to turn, staring no longer at the *tableau*, but at each other. At last the *dramatis personæ* themselves took the contagion, looked agitated, fell out of the prescribed pictorial posture—and, in fine, the meeting between Max and Mary got broken off in the middle by the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba! It operated like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky, reports one witness: "it was not difficult to perceive that fear was predominant in all the imperial and royal personages there assembled,"* writes another. In France persons were known to die of

joy: poor Berthier lost his senses, ran away from Paris to Bamberg, and finally threw himself out of the high window of his father-in-law's palace there; and here at Vienna kings and kaisers turned pale; so electrical is the effect of genius on the world!

One of the first things that Napoleon, arrived at the Tuileries, did, was to send a copy of the Triple Alliance of the 3d of January, which Louis XVIII. in his hurry had left behind him, to the Emperor Alexander. Alexander sent for Metternich, showed him the document in Stein's presence, and then, throwing it into the fire, said: "Metternich, whilst we live, there shall be no more mention of this. We have other things to do now." Castlereagh also sent apologetic messages: the treaty is "purely defensive;" "it arose out of a most indiscreet declaration of Prince Hardenberg;"* and my following Metternich's and Talleyrand's lead. Fifteen years after, in Louis Philippe's time, he emerged again into the sunlight of diplomatic importance—not this time as the spokesman of legitimacy, but of "*quoi que*"—and assisted Castlereagh's Secretary-at-war, and successor at the Foreign Office, to undo all that great feat of English diplomacy, the union of the Netherlands; and to leave nothing of it, except the periodical pleasure of paying the interest of the Russo-Dutch loan! It was during this latter and last period of Talleyrand's political perihelium that Heine, in the character of "own correspondent," wrote from Paris to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*: "If an express should suddenly bring the news that Talleyrand had taken to a belief in accountability after death, the funds would at once go down 10 per cent." Talleyrand's soul and the funds, which again are said to be the barometer of the times, had grown into very close affinity in the period which followed and partly grew out of the work of the Congress!

But at Vienna measures of war have now to be taken in the midst of settlements of peace, and the Congress is getting beyond our limits. We must therefore leave it. On the 9th of June, 1815, the General Act of Congress was signed, which, with its one hundred and twenty-one articles, and "annexes" and "additional treaties," the curious may read in the third volume

* Clancarty to Castlereagh. "Correspondence," x. 264.

* Castlereagh to the Duke of Wellington. "Correspondence," x. 287.

of Flassan. We have only to notice that his Holiness the Pope and also Spain, the identical two Powers who, at the last great settlement of Europe, at the Peace of Westphalia, had "protested," protested also at Vienna—they two against the world. Cardinal Consalvi, the Pope's legate, whom we met on the Bastei, protested in Latin, in the very words of the protest at Münster, "*protestor, resisto et contradico*," in the name and interest of Holy Mother Church. May his Holiness protest evermore, *secula seculorum*!

Spain's protest were inviting to historical reflections, had we time. Ninety years previous to the date on which Don Pedro Gomez Labrador signed it, a predecessor of his, Don Ripperda, having concluded a treaty with Austria, wrote triumphantly from Vienna to his Court at Madrid: That France shall now be sacked, little Prussia annihilated in one campaign, the German Protestants crushed, the Dutch hucksters shut up in their cheese-shops, and the Hanoverians driven for ever from England. That was in April, 1725. And now, in June, 1815, Don Pedro Gomez Labrador, standing upon the floor of the Congress-room at Vienna, in the presence of all the above Powers, still unannihilated, solemnly protests about "Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla," and wraps himself in his cloak!

When "the noble Viscount in the blue ribbon," as Mr. Whitbread now face-

tiously called Lord Castlereagh, had resumed his duties in Parliament, he made his great defence of the Congress. Talleyrand congratulated him upon it in flattering terms: "*Je s'ays à présent et par vous, ce qu'il faut dire du Congrès*." "You have taught me how to speak of the Congress," writes the accomplished diplomatist. Anxious also to learn, one turns expectantly to the speech; but learns nothing, except the truth of Oxenstiern's famous lesson to his son. The substance of the noble Viscount's defence amounts to this: "Perfection belongs to no human work. It was the object of the Congress to carry into effect the Peace of Paris: we have honorably executed that." And this is intrinsically all he says. Of the kingdom of the Netherlands he speaks with a modest pride; and, on the whole, he is satisfied that "a great deal had been done for the happiness of mankind."

The minister, Stein, on the other hand, summing up, in a letter to his wife, *his* opinion about the Congress, says: "Dissipation and want of depth in one; obtuseness and coldness in another; meanness, dependence on Metternich, in a third; and frivolity in all, were the cause that no great, noble, beneficent idea could be brought to bear upon the work connectedly, and as a whole."

So differently will men judge of one and the same object, according to their several ideals.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

M O N T E I L.*

To struggle for literary fame; to devote forty years to the composition of an imperishable work; to toil amid pain and sickness, and the growing infirmities of age; never to be appreciated during all the period of that laborious existence, except by the chosen few; and finally to die in poverty, perhaps in want—and

then, when you have long been buried, and your name is nearly forgotten, your work to get slowly but surely into circulation, and to be pronounced a master-piece—this is the fate of few; but it was the fate of Amans Alexis Monteil, author of the *History of the French of various Conditions*—a book of amazing research, great skill in composition, picturesque, humorous, and characteristic, and now received as the sovereign authority upon

* *Histoire des Français des Divers Etats*. VICTOR LECOU, Libraire. Paris: 1853.

all the subjects on which it treats. The author was worthy of the work. Its object is to give a clear description of the French people as they presented themselves to their contemporaries during the five last centuries. Old cartularies are ransacked, baptismal registers consulted, manners and habits inquired into; the private life of the tradesman, of the merchant, of the laborer, earnestly investigated, and brought before us with the distinctness of a picture. And Alexis himself—he was more undecipherable than a charter of the time of Clovis, more dusty, begrimed, and antiquated than the records of a Benedictine monastery; nobody knew him; he breakfasted, dined (when he dined at all) and supped alone. Yet that man of parchment had a heart, loved passionately, mourned deeply, hoped ardently, and had such wit, such observation, such combination! Half of his qualities remind us of Dominie Sampson, and the other half of Sydney Smith. Let us dip into the contents of his volumes and the history of his life; and first of the man.

Poor old Alexis, amid the desolation of his later years, fled for consolation to the past. He revived the scenes of his youth, flew back to his native town, and gave daguerreotypes, in an autobiography which he never finished, of his father, his mother, his brothers, the people he had known, and the very stones he remembered in the walls. These reminiscences are very minute. Of course they are, for it was the habit of the man's mind to record the smallest particulars. He preferred them, indeed, to great ones. He would rather know the number of buttons on a general's coat than the battles he had won. So his father is brought before us in his habit as he lived. This worthy man had had losses, like Dogberry, and like that great functionary, had also held authority in his native town. The town was a very small town, and the authority was not great; but it was enough—it gave rank, it gave dignity; and the son records it as evidence that he came of gentle kin.

It was in the small city of Rhodéz, partly situated in Auvergne and partly in Rouergue, that Monsieur Jean Monteil, before the French Revolution, held the office of receiver of fines and forfeits. This does not seem a lofty post, but the worthy holder managed by a little ingenuity, and a law-suit which lasted six years, to get it recognized as one of the offices

of the crown, inasmuch as the fines were those levied by a royal court; and he was therefore as much a king's servant as the procureur himself. On the strength of this connection with the administration of justice, Monsieur Monteil wore a hat with a gold band, a gown also with a similar ornament; and on Sundays and fête days he had a right to march to the church, looking the embodiment of a beadle, and of sitting on a raised place near the altar, and being "incensed" by the officiating priests. His son dwells with filial pride on the noble figure his progenitor presented to the eyes of his fellow-townsmen, as he walked along the street with his gold-headed cane, and lifted his three-cornered hat in answer to the salutations of all who saw him. How long this went on we are not told; but one day the alarm-bell frightened the town of Rhodéz from its propriety. The Revolution had found its way to the deepest recesses of Auvergne, and the Reign of Terror began. The guillotine showed its hideous shape in the main street; war was declared against aristocrats; and who could be more clearly proved to belong to that doomed body than the portly gentleman with the gold-laced hat and the gold-handled ivory staff? John Monteil and the Dukes of Montmorency were equally worthy of death. There was no place left for De Grammonts or Monteils, and the servant of the king was no more saluted with respectful bows as he paraded his official costume on the first sound of the bell which called the faithful to church, and was no longer received with humble obeisances by the priests before the service began. In a short time there were no bells to ring—they were melted down to make soup-pieces by order of the Convention. Then there were no priests—they were all executed or banished, or had enlisted in the armies of the Republic; and finally there was no church—it was turned into a prison for the refractory; and John Monteil laid aside his gilded toga, and his cocked hat, and his cane, and hid himself as well as he was able in the dark parlor of his house. There he gave himself up to despair. And no wonder; the blow had fallen so unexpectedly, and death was on every side. He only waited till his turn should come; and at last it came. In the days of his grandeur he had taken into his service two of the boys of Rhodéz—one Jerome Delpech, who seems to have

had no family tree at all, and Jules Bauleze, the son of a poor seamstress. They had acted as his clerks, and were grateful to their old employer. They were now engaged in the public offices, and saw the whole tragedy as it went on. From time to time they slipped into the darkened parlor, and said, "Be on your guard"—"Fly"—"Save yourself." But John Monteil did not know whither to fly. All France was nothing but a scaffold, so he stayed at home.

The two clerks came near him no more. They were suspected. Jerome Delpech died of the jail fever, waited on in his illness by his old master; and Jules Bauleze, the son of the seamstress, he was accused of being an aristocrat; the fact could not be denied, and he was executed in front of the town-hall. Then the Committee of Public Safety began to tremble for the liberty and equality of the nation if such a very exalted personage as Monsieur Monteil were suffered to live. So the *ci-devant* beadle is dragged to prison—to the very church, the scene of his weekly glories, where he sat on the front bench, and white-robed choristers swung censors under his nose till he was nearly suffocated with perfume (and smoke); and here, at the eastern end of the melancholy ruin (for the windows were taken out, and the ornamental work all carried away), he saw the seamstress Bauleze kneeling in an agony of silent grief at the remains of the broken altar. She had been thrown into confinement as the mother of an aristocrat, and would probably on the following day be his companion on the scaffold. But before the following day, Robespierre's reign was over, and the two representatives of the aristocracy of Rhodéz were saved. What now is Monsieur Jean Monteil to do? He is nothing if not magisterial. Rob him of his robes, and what is he? A poor man indeed, more sinned against than sinning, reduced to leave the splendors of his native city, and like Diocletian, plant cabbages in retirement. He occupied a cottage, and cultivated a few fields. But there was still left to him, companion and soother of his griefs, the gentle Marie Mazet, whom he had married when they were both in the sunshine of prosperity—both distinguished for birth and station; for she was the daughter of a mercer who sold the finest cloths in the town, and claimed some sort of unknown kindred with the Bandinellis of Italy and the Maf-

fettes of France. But this lofty genealogy was due to the antiquarian zeal of her husband. She herself only knew that Italy was a long way off, and that the Bandinellis and the Maffettes were probably no better than they should be. So she did not keep her head an inch higher on account of her noble origin, but was the most sedate, quiet, economical, painstaking manager of a household that Rhodéz had ever seen. She sang, but only at church, or over the cradles of her children; she walked, but only to mass or vespers; she lived, as was the custom of good housewives then, in the kitchen, presided at table, helping the young ones, cleaning up the dishes, ironing the clothes, arranging, settling, ordering all—a charming picture of a good mother of a family; and no wonder her son dwells with affecting tenderness over the details of his early home. And the vintage! The labors of the whole house were suspended on that blessed occasion. The dry and dusty streets were left behind; old and young took their way rejoicing to the vineyard which Monsieur Monteil possessed a few miles from the town; and even Madame Monteil forgot her cares—forgot her economies, and renewed her youth in the midst of the universal joy. A harvest home is a delightful sound in English or Scotch ears; it recalls the merry dance, the rustic feast, the games in the barn, the ballad, the smoking bowl—but what are all these to the vintage? The harvest itself consists in wine. The children of the South kindle with enthusiasm at the very sound of the word; and Bacchus and the ancient gods seem once more to revisit the earth in a visible shape. All Rouergue was in a ferment of enjoyment the moment the grapes were ripe; but even then the mother of the future historian had hours of serious reflection. With her hand clasped in the hand of her silent, thoughtful little boy, she looked often, long, and in silence, out of the window of the summer-house, her eyes lifted to the sky, her mouth mantling with a smile, sunk in an ecstasy of holy contemplation, such as we see in Ary Scheffer's noble picture of St. Augustin and his Mother. "What are you thinking of, dear wife?" said Monsieur Jean Monteil. "On eternity," she replied in a soft voice, and gave her little boy's hand a warmer clasp. It must be from the maternal side Alexis derived his quiet strength and the exquisite

feeling of romance which enables him to realize the states of society, the sentiments and family connections so long past away. A mother like this would have been a fatal loss at any time; but happening when it did, the blow was irrecoverable. So good a manager might have restored the family fortunes; so loved a parent might have kept the sons united and respectable; "but she fell into the dust," says Alexis, seventy years after her death, "and our household was ruined for ever." These are strange revelations of the interior economy of an obscure family, in one of the most obscure of the provinces of France, before and during the Revolution; and the curtain rises and falls upon all the sons—for Alexis survived his brothers—and traces them with a light and graceful hand from the cradle to the grave. The eldest was old enough to know the distinction of his position as heir of the family name, when the Revolution broke out, and buried Jean Baptiste Jacques under the ruins of the feudal system. He had studied for the law—he had, in fact, had the honor of being called to the bar, and, by his great eloquence and knowledge, of getting his client—the only one he had—condemned to the galleys for life. But he, like his father, was forced to put off the gown, and, unlike his father, who staid to brave the tempest at home, he fled. Meanly, ignominiously he fled, and hid himself amid the retired valleys of the Gevaudan, where he thought nobody would find him out, and where he might boast of his loyalty and suffering without danger. But his boastings brought dangers from which greatness could not be exempt. A certain loyalist of the name of Charrie—a peasant who thought that a few of his fellow-laborers could restore the *fleur-de-lis* on the points of their pitchforks and other agricultural implements with which they armed themselves—heard of the exiled magnate who made the echoes of the Gevaudan vocal with his lamentations and cries for vengeance, and came to the gownless advocate and made him colonel of the ragged regiment on the spot! Here was a choice of evils. If he refused the colonelcy, he would in a few minutes be cut into many hundred pieces by the scythes of the furious Legitimists; if he accepted, he was certain in a few weeks to be guillotined for rebellion against the Republic. But as weeks are

better than minutes, he accepted the honorable rank, and Colonel Jean Baptiste showed himself at the head of his troops, and armed himself with a reaping-hook, which looked like a Turkish scimeter with the bend the wrong way. He armed himself also with a white cockade, which had the remarkable property of presenting the tri-color when turned inside out; and, prepared for either fortune, retained, as it were, on both sides, the colonel-advocate considered himself secure, whatever might happen. But Charrie was not so blind as was thought. The trick was found out, and the colonel fled: he ran, he climbed, he struggled over walls, he staggered across gardens—the scythemen, the pitchforkmen, the reaping-hookmen, the flailmen after him; and by dint of quick running, and artful turnings, and scientific doubles, he might have been safe; but a dreadful outcry in an outhouse—the infuriate babblings of turkey-cocks, the hissing of geese, the quacking of ducks—betrayed him. He had concealed himself in a hen-roost, and the denizens of the poultry-yard had regarded neither the tri-color nor the white cockade. In spite of his duplicity and cowardice, he got off. Happier than Charrie, who paid for his brief authority with his head, the eldest hope of the Monteils lived in peaceful obscurity, cultivating potatoes, both red and white, and brewing the best wine of the district, till, having planted and brewed all through the first wars of the Empire, he died at sixty, forgetful alike of his legal studies and military adventures, and only doubtful as to the superiority of the long kidney or the pink-eyed rounds.

The next was a wit—a *roué* to the extent of a few rows on the street, and a poet to the extent of a few lampoons on the respectable dignitaries of Rhodéz. He tore off the knockers of the street-doors, changed the sign-boards of different tradesmen, and went through the usual stages of a fast young gent's career. He proceeded to Paris, determining to be chancellor; he moderated his desires in a few years, and would have been satisfied to be a peer of France; he sank lower still, and would have accepted anything he could get, but he could get nothing, so he became a land-measurer of the humblest kind, retained his gayety to the last, sang his own little songs and repeated his own little epigrams, and died of corpulence and laziness at the age of eighty-two, as

happy, perhaps, as if his dreams of ambition had been fulfilled. The third and last brother was the black sheep of the flock. He enlisted in the hopeful time for any one who had courage and a sword, in 1793, and might have been a Soult, or a Ney, or Murat. Instead of that, he was an idle, dissipated dog, who sank from vice to vice, till, having some musical talent and great strength of wrist, which obtained him the situation of drummer in the regiment, he behaved so ill that some brother of the trade was employed to drum him out of the army, and he returned to his home, living at his impoverished father's expense—getting a dinner where he could—drinking when he could obtain wine—gambling when he could borrow a button to toss with—useless, shameless, heartless; and when the old man died, and the cottage passed to strangers, and his contemporaries had perished, and the new generation knew him no more, he found his way to Paris, wandered through the streets in search of an hospital, was so thin and worn and broken down that he was admitted without certificate, and lay down on a crib in the charitable ward and died: and this the result of the education and the example given by Monsieur Jean Monteil of Rhodéz, and the gentle Marie Mazet! Was it for this they were so strict in honor, so pure in heart, so tender in affection, only to produce a coward, an idler, and a beggar? The fate of families well and carefully brought up, circled round “by father's blessing, mother's prayer,” during all their youth, and giving way at once to the excesses of vice, and sinking into the abysses of shame, is one of the most curious of our every-day experiences. Are we to blame the parents? They have done the best they could; but Tom gets a commission, and is cashiered; Billy gets into a bank, and forges a draft; Harry goes to the bar, and drinks himself to death at the cider-cellar; and the proud and chivalrous old father, the soft and affectionate mother, after mourning for a few years in the small lodging to which the extravagance of their family has reduced them, die of broken hearts. But in the case of the Montells there was one redeeming point: one son was all they could wish in the way of affection, of uprightness, of quietness, and devotion to his books. There was Amans Alexis, studying from morn to night—very shy—very awkward—very

queer—caring nothing for society—knowing little of any thing that had occurred since the battle of Pavia—insatiate in his hunger after old scraps of manuscript—starting off, stick in hand, bread in pocket, if he heard that in some miserable valley among the hills there had been a demolition going on of a monastery, or rotten old chest discovered among the rat-holes of some tatterdemalion town-hall. The odd-looking youth, tired and travel-stained, saw at a glance if the muniment-chest was old and useless enough to be of any value; he opened the moth-eaten lid, and saw a file of moth-eaten papers. In a moment he ran over the hieroglyphics they contained. The language they were written in, though Latin in name, would have puzzled Cicero and the College of Angurs to interpret a syllable. Alexis read them off like round-hand, and bought them—sixpence—ninepence—a franc—and the treasure was his. He turned his heels on the monastery or the town-hall, and pursued his way to Paris. He goes to the Depository of the Archives of France. Do you want an original charter granted by Louis le Hutin to the Abbey of St. Bernard de Romans in Dauphiny?” “Certainly. It is worth its weight in gold;” and it is now a valued article in the Bibliothèque Impériale.

But old charters are not to be found every day, even if monasteries—which is greatly to be wished—were every day demolished; and yet the daily bread is to be procured. Bonaparte is in the first dash of youthful power. Nothing escapes him; no amount of bushels can hide any candles which can light his way to empire. The laborious student, the proper among old documents, the retiring antiquary, is discovered, and is installed Professor of History at the Military School. No man in France knew more of history than Amans Alexis Monteil; but it was the history of the citizen, not of the soldier. He knew what was the position of the grocer, of the shoe-black, of the petty tradesman, since grocers and shoe-blacks and petty tradesmen were created. He dwelt on the family circle gathered round the cottage fire in the year 1450. He could tell of every article of furniture in the castle of the noble, and also all the circumstances of the carpenters who made them. He knew the habits of the scholars of Amboise or of Paris in the days of Joan of Arc; but the wars of Frederick of Prussia,

the wars of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden—he hated wars—he was the biographer of the people, and did not concern himself much about the great ones of the earth. So his pupils were rather inattentive; they did not care much for the simple annals of workmen and laborers who had been dead four hundred years; and, besides, they were listening for the guns which were thundering all over the world. How could they hear a dissertation on the quarrels of the Benedictines and the Cordeliers, when they were in momentary expectation of a bulletin from the army of Italy? How could they listen to a description of the agricultural laborers of Provence on the day after the news of Marengo? They went off and were killed, or rose to be generals, governors, marshals. And Alexis plodded on. He gathered materials in all directions for the great work that was never from his thoughts—pondered, inquired, compared, and finally completed the most marvellous reproduction of the past which any country possesses. It is, in fact, a minute detail of the humble ranks in France, the inhabitants of obscure towns and farms and hamlets. What Monfaucon is to the nobility, with his fourteen folio volumes of emblazoned arms, and vivid representation of the life in hall and palace, the glitter of the tilt-yard, the mustering of knights and squires for battle, the gentle Alexis is for the peasant; for the roturier, the bourgeois, and the serf. He erects his tent in the market, in front of the monastery, at the great gate of the chateau, or in the fair, where he is surrounded by mountebanks and ballad-singers and jugglers, and writes down exactly what he sees. He sees a leper sitting at the gate, veiled and guarded. He meets a funeral—he meets a wedding; he accompanies the corpse to the church, and the bride to her chamber. He omits nothing; and he supports every statement by the most amazing array of documents. There are writings and inscriptions, and medals of brass, and carved pieces of stone, and fragments of chests of drawers, all giving confirmation strong to whatever fact he states. And this minute supervision he extends over four centuries. The tradesman is followed from the time of the domination of the English to the time of the domination of Louis the Fourteenth. The noble is seen, over all that lapse of time, governing, quarrelling, trampling, oppress-

ing; and you soon see that the Revolution of 1789 was a great revenge for centuries of wrong; that the guillotine of 1793 was built out of timber planted by feudal barons, when Francis the First was king; and you wonder no longer at the inhuman ferocity of a peasantry and a middle class, equally despised and equally hated by the spurred and feathered oligarchy who ground them to the dust, and insulted them in their dearest relations. Happily for us, feudalism died a natural death, or was put an end to like a gentleman in fair fight at Naseby and elsewhere, or scientifically bled into its grave by acts of Parliament, or John Bull would have torn it in pieces like a tiger; for the *History of the French of various Conditions* would apply equally well during the first century of the record (the fourteenth) to our English trades. But in the sixteenth the divergence is complete. Nobles in England are tyrants no more, nor the lower classes slaves. When Leicester was entertaining Elizabeth at Kenilworth, an Englishman's house was his castle. When Sully was raising adherents for Henry the Fourth, the French peasant had no property and no rights. Leicester would have been tried for robbery if he had taken forcible possession of John Smith's ox or cow. Sully would have passed scot-free if he had burned Jacques Bonhomme's cottage about his ears, and tossed that starveling individual into the flames on the point of his lance. There is such an impression of truth and reality about these revelations of Monteil, that we never have a doubt on the smallest incident of his details. If for a moment we pause in our perusal, and say, "Can this possibly be correct? Can such things be?" What is the use of further hesitation? You turn to the note at the end of the volume. You find voucher after voucher, from all manner of people, priests, lawyers, and judges. You might as well doubt your own marriage, with the certificate of that stupendous fact before your eyes, signed by parson, and clerk, two bridesmaids, and the best-man. It is better to read on with unhesitating belief. You will only get into a cloud of witnesses which will throw you positively into the dark ages, as if you had been a spectator of the scene. And the author all this time—is he a mere machine, a mill for the grinding of old facts into new and contemporary pieces of knowledge, as an old bronze statue may

be coined into current money? Alexis is married; Alexis has a child—such a wife and such a child no man was ever blessed with before. His father, our deceased acquaintance, the former aristocrat of Rhodéz, Monsieur Jean Monteil, married his student son, shortly after the tempest burst out upon the throne and nobility of France, to a charming creature, young, innocent, and an heiress, daughter of a gentleman who, long before this, had retired to enjoy his fortune with dignity—a Monsieur Rivié, a little man, but strong—strong as a blacksmith. And this was lucky, for he was a blacksmith by trade. Not a common blacksmith, be it understood, but so clever, so sharp, so knowing, and withal such a dreadfully hard hitter, that he was a very uncommon blacksmith indeed. Little Rivié was the name he was known by all over the part of the country where his anvil rung. But little Rivié rose to be great Rivié before long. He shod horses for great men; he shod a war-horse for the Prince of Conti; he shod a charger for Marshal Saxe; he shod a lame horse so skillfully for a certain colonel that the colonel got him the contract for supplying the regiment with its remounts. He bought lame horses, of course, cured them, and sent them capering and caracoling to the barracks. It was the best-horsed regiment at Dettingen, and ran away at the first fire. So the smith grew rich, and married, and retired, as was said above, to show his well-earned wealth and his delightful family to his admiring townsmen. As he rattled through the street, he became so inflated with pride and happiness that the axle of his carriage broke, and he was forced to alight. Luckily the accident happened just opposite a smithy. The mulciber was an old fellow-apprentice, but could not recognize his ancient comrade in the person of the great seignor who had crushed his axle-tree by the mere weight of his importance. He also could not mend the fracture. In a moment the noble stranger pulled off his embroidered coat, tucked up his fine-linen sleeves, seized the sledge, and, O heavens! wasn't there a din?—a hail of blows?—a storm of sparkles?—a rat-a-tat on the end, on the side, on the middle, and still the twelve-pound hammer went on. "By St. Eloi!" said the owner of the instrument, you are either the d—I himself or little Rivié." And little Rivié it was. And little Rivié he continued to the end, for

all his grandeur disappeared. That dreadful Revolution meets us at every turn. It broke the axle-tree of Monsieur Rivié's carriage, beyond the power of Vulcan himself to mend—it took off his embroidered coat, which nobody could ever restore—it tucked up his fine-linen shirt-sleeves, and nothing could ever bring them down again. In the days of his prosperity he had given his eldest daughter (and a dowry) to the Marquis de Lusignan—a nobleman who advanced claims to the island of Cyprus and the kingdom of Jerusalem, but was delighted to accept a few thousand francs as "tocher" with the daughter of a contractor. He borrowed a few thousands more on the income of the baronial estates of the Lusignans, besides a collateral security on the revenues of the Holy City when it was restored to its legitimate king. This mortgage was settled as the marriage fortune of the younger daughter, the sweet and excellent Annette. But the barony of Lusignan followed the example of Cyprus and Jerusalem, and vanished into thin air at a twist of the necromantic wand of Danton and Robespierre. Little Rivié was too old to resume the hammer. He retired, with his sons and daughters, to a small farm in the neighborhood of Rhodéz; and the ex-beadle and the ex-blacksmith arranged a marriage between the historian of the trades and the sister of the Queen of Cyprus. Her majesty had died, and her royal lord was flourishing a pair of scissors, and occasionally a razor, in the Burlington Arcade. Did the gentle Annette repine at her change of fortune? Did she mourn over the days of her father's grandeur, and despise the queer, learned, modest, loving being she had enriched with her first affection? Ah! never for an hour. They sometimes had a dinner, sometimes not; but always mutual trust, always perfect love. Occasionally, when fortune smiled more than usual, Alexis would address a letter to her as "Her Royal Highness the Princess of Lusignan, in her patrimonial realm of Cyprus;" but this was only when a manuscript had put them in funds. At other times they were sad enough. With the amount of their united fortunes they had bought a small cottage and garden near Fontainebleau. Here he resided, walking every day six miles to his class and six miles back. Annette regularly met him, on his return, a mile or two from home,

and, arm-in-arm, they reëntered their own domain. But the class disappeared, the chair of history was suppressed, and the house was offered for sale. A purchaser appeared, and Alexis, in the interest of some future antiquarian of two thousand three hundred and nine, preserved the "Agreement to buy." It was between "Dame Monteil and his Majesty Napoleon the Great, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine." It is a pity that the sum agreed on was not so magnificent as the titles of the buyer. It was only two hundred pounds—"a small price," says Alexis with a sigh, "out of the contributions of all Europe."

They now removed into a garret in a suburb of Paris, and day by day the husband put on his hat and traversed the great dark streets in search of something to do, but got no comfort from the interminable lines of narrow-windowed houses; for not a door was opened, not an offer was made, and, weary and disheartened, he found his way back to his attic, to the suffering smile of Annette, and the playful caresses of his boy. His Alexis was now two years old, and with these two the heart of the simple student was completely filled. There never had been such a child before, except among the cherubs of Murillo. He would make him such a scholar! such a Christian! such a man! but in the mean time their two hundred pounds (diminished by the expenses of the sale) were rapidly disappearing. The time of the green leaves was coming on. They heard birds whistling in the dusty trees on the road before their windows—they thought of the chestnuts, and limes, and hedgerows of Rouergue. "Come," said Alexis, "Paris has no need of such a useless fellow as I am. Let us go home." Annette packed up her small possessions, took the young Alexis in her arms, and away they go in the first sunny days of the month of May. Away they go on foot, Alexis generally bestriding his father's shoulders as if he felt Bucephalus beneath him, and through the smiling plains—through Nemours, Montargis, Cosne, Pouilly—lies their course, and Paris gradually is forgotten. They walked at a good pace, for they liked to have an hour or two to spare when they came to a shady place and a spring. Then they undid the knapsack, and bread soaked in the fountain became ambrosia, and they

did not envy the gods. Through Moulins, Clermont, Issoire, on they go, talking, arranging, hoping. And at last they see the chestnut trees, the limes, the hedgerows—they are in the paradise of their youth: they know the names of every field—they are beloved by all that see them—and they live on sixty francs (two pounds eight and fourpence) a month. The vegetables are delightful, the milk plentiful, the loaf abundant, and they never think of meat. Amans Alexis writes—writes—writes. Annette sits beside him, and listens with entranced ears as he reads to her, chapter by chapter, the history of her countrymen who lived, and worked, and hungered so long ago. His great book is now begun, and his life is happy. Scraps of paper with perfectly illegible lines furnish him with a hint, which he works up into a statement. The statement grows a story, the story grows a picture, and we become as familiarly acquainted with Friar John, Cordelier of Tours, and Friar Andrew, Cordelier of Thoulouse, as with any of our friends. And such a correspondent as Friar John of Tours has seldom been met with since he started on his memorable journey to Paris in the year 1340. Then all the personages introduced are as real as a lord mayor. Where Alexis got his knowledge of character, his sly observation, his exquisite touches of humor, is a puzzle to those who know his story. But it was not in Stratford that Shakspeare got his knowledge of the tortures of a successful usurper like Macbeth; nor in London that he repeated at second hand the wit of Benedict or Mercutio. Alexis found the grave dignity of the Sire de Montbason, the ill-repressed ardor of the soldier-monk Friar William, and the noble lessons in chivalry given by the Commander of Rhodes, in the same wonderful reservoir of unacted experience in which Shakspeare found the jealousy of the Moor and the philosophic wanderings of Hamlet. The family group in the Castle of Montbason is worthy of Sterne, and the warrior-coloring of Scott.

The book grows—it takes shape—visions of wealth and honor look out in every page; and again to Paris must they go. They go—and the same wretched life comes upon them again. They are again in a garret. Again Alexis walks through desolate streets; again his misery is cheered by his wife and the prattle of his son: but he does not see a hectic color

on Annette's cheek, or hear a cough which shakes her frame. She never mentions how weak she is growing, till at last concealment is impossible. She languishes in the town air, and pants once more for the fields and gardens. She sees, when lying on her sleepless bed, the whole district rise before her as if she were there. She sees the church, the farm, the cottage where they were so happy. Nothing will keep her in Paris; she must die in her native village. Alexis is broken-hearted. It is impossible for them all to travel so far; the journey by coach is too expensive, on foot too far; but Annette must be gratified in all. It seems a small favor to give to so good a wife—the choice of a place to die in.

"There are three spots," says Alexis, "which I never pass without thinking of Annette: the Rue de Seine, at the corner of the Rue de Tournon. It was there that she all of a sudden began to limp, attacked by rheumatism. 'Ah!' she cried, 'tis the last of my unhappy walks.' Another time, on the Pont Royal, a band of music passed, followed by the Imperial Guards. Annette said to me, 'I scarcely see them; there is a cloud before my eyes.' Alas, alas! my last recollection of her is at the coach office, where I saw her take her departure. 'Adieu, adieu!' she said to me over and over with her sweet voice—and I was never to see her again!" Alexis took no warning from the limping in the Rue de Seine, or the blindness on the Pont Royal. She staid with him, cheering him, soothing him, sustaining him to the last; and then, when she could only be a burden and a care to him, she unfolded her wings like a dove, and flew away and was at rest.

Alexis was very desolate now, but he labored on; he lavished on his son all the affection that formerly was spread over two. He educated him himself—made him the sharer of his studies, the partner of his pursuits. Brought up in such poverty, and accustomed only to his parents, he never was a child. At thirteen he was grave, thoughtful, laborious, and had the feelings of a man of middle age. The government did not altogether pass over the claims to compensation for the suppression of the Historic Chair which Alexis now advanced. He was made a sub-librarian at the school of St. Cyr, and ate his bread in faith; and he published his volume, but got nothing for all his toil. It

was in a style so new, and on a subject so generally neglected, that it had a small circulation, though highly esteemed by all who had the power to appreciate the skill of the workman and the value of the work. Still he toiled on, for he had his son to provide for; and the boy was now grown up a fine, stately young man, reminding Alexis of his mother by the sweetness of his temper and the beauty of his features. There were other points of resemblance which he did not perceive. The youth was his father's only companion, the father was the youth's only friend; and great was the pride of Alexis when he was told that his comrade was in love, was loved, and was soon about to marry. A bright prospect for poor old Monteil, who saw a renewal of his own youth, and the tenderness of Annette, in the happiness of his son and the attentions of his daughter-in-law. The son was admitted as clerk of the historical archives of France, and his salary was enough for his wants. The audience, fit, though few, which approved of the father's volumes, encouraged him to proceed. There was at last a prospect of a brilliant fame and a comfortable income. They could buy a small house at Fontainebleau; they would all live together: when children came, there would be new editions of the Fourteenth Century, to be a portion for the girl; the Fifteenth Century should educate the boy; the Sixteenth should go into a fund for saving; and the other Centuries could surely be a provision for the author's old age. Could any thing be more delightful or more true? But young Monteil grew weak, no one knew why. He walked home in the rain one evening, and dried himself at the stove; he shivered as he stood before it, and then went to bed—and then was in a fever—and in three days he died!

"I lost him," says Alexis, "on the 21st September, 1833, at eleven o'clock at night. I closed his eyes. Oh, misery! Oh, my child!—my second self! Hearst thou the cries and sobs of the wretched being who was once thy father? Dost thou recognize the voice of the poor old man whom thou so lovedst—who loved thee so? Thou leavest him alone upon the earth, and his hair is now white and his arms empty!"

And his house was empty, and his purse, but not his cup of suffering. Away went all his dreams of buying the little villa at

Fontainebleau, with its garden and paddock, its cow-shed and hen-roost. A vault was now to be purchased, and Monteil had not the necessary sum. But was his son, the hope of his old age, the tenderest and most affectionate of children, to be committed to the common grave, tossed in without a name, without a headstone, without a flower above his head? No! he would beg, he would pray—he would implore as a favor that a little spot of earth should be given him to be the resting-place of his boy till he joined him in the tomb—together the loving two, in death as in life. He wrote to the prefecture of the Seine with his simple request; but not a clerk in all that establishment had heard of his book. He got no answer. Still he did not despair. He left the corpse for an hour—he walked to the prefect—he saw him, he said to him, bare-headed, broken-voiced, “Monsieur, I am Monteil;” but a look at the dignitary’s face showed him that there was no response to the announcement. “Perhaps,” he said, “you never heard my name?” And it was too true. He turned away, staggered blindly down the stair, with his hand before his eyes. And he saw his son cast carelessly, disdainfully, into the vast ditch into which the penniless are thrown.

Amans Alexis Monteil wrote at his great work no more. Fortune so far smiled on him that he succeeded to a sum of £300. With this he bought a cottage at Cely, a pretty village near Fontainebleau, and lived on hermit’s fare. He wandered and mused in the Bois de Boulogne; he sat on the stone seats of the gardens of the Luxembourg; but he saw no one at home, visited no one abroad. He had ventured all the happi-

ness of his life on two frail barks, and both had foundered. Annette and Alexis, both had gone, and why should he labor more? The villagers saluted him as he passed, out of respect to age and sorrow, and he repaid them after his kind. He traced up their genealogies—discovered for them where their ancestors had come from, and finished by composing a veritable history of the hamlet where he lived. The historian of the commons of France became also historian of Cely, and more—he became its benefactor and friend. Just before his death, he founded recompenses for good conduct. He consented to the sale of a certain portion of his domain, and with the interest of the money so raised he ordered medals of honor—silver, with an inscription—to be given annually to the man who should drain a marshy piece of ground—to him who should plant the finest vine around his cottage—to the best laborer—to the village crone or washerwoman who should amuse her circle of listeners with the most entertaining (and innocent) stories—and to the shepherd who should show the kindest treatment of his flock, *remembering that all have the same Creator*. And thus, mindful of his poorer neighbors, and just and benevolent to the end, Amans Alexis Monteil closed his honorable life. His work has been twice crowned by the Institute of France: it is in its fourth edition; it has been eulogized by Guizot; it will be the delight of many generations. But what cares Amans Alexis for favor that comes so late? Sufficient for him is the neglected turf grave in the church-yard of Cely, with the short inscription of his name and the record of his seventy-five years of pain. “Requiescet in pace.”

From Hogg's Instructor.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

FIRST PAPER.

FREDERICK THE GREAT seems to us yet unknown in England. His extraordinary energy, his indomitable perseverance, and his striking military and practical qualities, are universally acknowledged; but his moral character is almost never appreciated. He is a demon incarnate, according to the prevalent notion; a man who delighted in wickedness for its own sake; who was malicious, spiteful, contemptuous, and diabolically tyrannical—a man who, in one word, was “without fear, without faith, and without mercy.”

We have no hesitation in pronouncing such an opinion rash and unfounded. Frederick is the hero of the Germans, and justly so. They have erected monuments to his honor; they admire in him the wise and noble-hearted man who labored his whole life long for the good of his kingdom, and they have conferred on him the well-deserved title of Father of his Country. This opinion, we may say, is universal among them; and they feel an attack upon his character as keenly as a Scotchman would feel indignation at contempt expressed for Wallace or Bruce.

In the following papers we intend to furnish a rapid sketch of the principal features of Frederick's character, drawing our information as much as we can from his own writings. We cannot, of course, do justice to him—that will be the work of a thorough biographer; but we shall have accomplished our object, if we succeed in attracting attention to the most remarkable king of modern times, and to one of the best men of a most degenerate age.

A chronological outline of Frederick's history may be given in a few words. He was born on the 24th of January, 1712, while his grandfather was on the throne. Before he was a year old, his father had become king, and young Fritz was looked on as the hope of the nation. In May,

1740, Frederick William I. died, and Frederick II., afterwards the Great, succeeded to the throne. Before the end of the year, Frederick had engaged in a war with Austria, demanding Silesia from the Empress Maria Theresa. After a conflict of two years, this was granted to him; but two years of peace had not passed, when he had again to take up arms, and was again successful. Silesia was secured to him by the peace of Dresden (December, 1745), and afterwards by the general peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (October, 1749). Frederick now applied himself to the internal government of his kingdom for twelve years. A storm had been threatening him for some time, and it burst upon him from all sides at the end of 1756, or rather in the beginning of 1757. Austria, France, Russia, Saxony, and Sweden had resolved to strip him of his power and his kingdom. The only aid which he received in the struggle was certain subsidies from England. Nevertheless, Frederick stood out against all; and, after a series of most extraordinary defeats, victories, calamities, and lucky occurrences, he came forth unscathed. The nature of the war may be inferred from the following calculations of Frederick himself, who can be thoroughly relied on in such matters. He says that the war cost him 180,000 soldiers, while the loss of the different powers that were opposed to him amounted together to 673,000. Prussia and Russia were the only two states on which the war had not brought a national debt. After this, Frederick had to restore his country from the misery into which this frightful war had thrown it. Whole villages had been burned or laid waste; thirteen thousand houses had been so completely demolished that there remained no traces of them. The fields lay uncultivated. There was neither grain for seed, nor horses for work. In many districts scarcely a

single man was to be found. There was dearth and desolation everywhere. Here was work for Frederick, and he did it thoroughly. He gave vast sums of money to the impoverished provinces; he encouraged agriculture; he recovered waste land; he established manufactories; he invited colonists; he watched over the administration of the law with jealous eye; and he soon brought back the country to a prosperous and contented condition. In the mean time, he entered on an alliance with Russia; one result of which was that he had to agree to a division of a part of Poland, he himself getting only a small share, and that composed of Germans. After this, he engaged in a war, called that of the Bavarian Succession, in which he defended a weak German state against the encroachments of Austria. Then he formed a confederation of the German States. By this time he had grown old, and on the 17th of August, 1786, early in the morning, Frederick died, leaving 72,000,000 dollars in the exchequer, and having added to his country, by conquests, inheritance, and treaties, 28,000 square miles. He was buried amid the regrets and profound admiration of his nation. His personal effects were worth almost nothing. His whole wardrobe was sold to a Jew for 400 dollars; and so torn were his shirts, that there was not one fit for his corpse, and that which was used belonged to a valet.

In trying to form an idea of the character of this illustrious man, it will be well for us to cast a glance at the very peculiar education which he received; and it is of prime importance to note the features of the age into which he was born. The influence of Louis le Grand was then paramount in all the courts of the Continent. The grandfather of Frederick was an imitator of that pompous and magnificent monarch; and his reign had been a continual exhibition of pageants and costly banquets. Even Frederick William, who prided himself on his opposition to literature and etiquette, was forced to yield to the power of French customs in some respects, and his court breathed a French atmosphere. At this time, too, France not only gave the law to the fashionable world, but it stood at the head of civilization; its literature was universally reckoned the richest production of the modern mind, and in many points superior to the classics; and conse-

quently every young aspiring mind turned to that land as the centre of the brightest attractions. Young Fritz drank in these influences unconsciously, and they are to be seen acting in him throughout the whole of his life. Their force was considerably increased by the circumstance that his first *gouvernante* was French; and the teacher who helped most to open up his mind, Dühan by name, belonged to the same nation.

Of course, it is the father and the mother whom we expect to see acting most powerfully on the young soul; and this we find was the case in the present instance. The mother, Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I. of England, has received a good deal of the French culture, has a taste for the fine arts, values highly a liberal education, and is naturally affectionate. If her face cannot be called beautiful, it is at least interesting; her blue eyes are full of life; her brown hair and pale complexion agree well; and she has decidedly a faultless figure—queen-like, though with a little too much of pride in her movements. Now, as our young Fritz was a delicate child, was moreover rather dull at his lessons, and could not stand harsh treatment of any kind, it was natural that he should take to this mother, and should learn much from her. And certainly he did learn some things from her—one or two of them very good and worthy of acquirement, and one or two quite of a different character.

Among the good things which he learned, was a taste for literature and the fine arts. Then his naturally benevolent disposition was fostered by this kind lady—for she made him her almoner, and it was he that was invariably the medium of the many gifts which she showered upon the poor. A beautiful instance of young Fritz's practice of benevolence on his own account has been handed down to us. While yet a child, he was taken with his father and mother to Hanover, to see his friends there. On the way they stop for about three hours at Tangermünde. Fritz goes to a confectioner's shop, buys all the sweetmeats and biscuit that his pocket-money will allow him, and with infinite delight distributes his purchases among the inhabitants. It was this, he often used to say, that first gave him a taste of the intense joy which arises from seeing multitudes made happy.

Sophia Dorothea's lessons, as we said, were not all good. She was proud, and Frederick was not slow in catching the infection. Besides, she was educated, and had rather a contempt for the ignorant and unpolished; and, above all, she had no great love for her unpolished, ignorant husband. Accordingly we find that her young boy and his sister Wilhelmine, who acted as Fritz's playfellow, soon came to know that the old fellow, king though he was, was a fool; and they now and then had small theatricals, in which, not without delight to the mother, they played off the weaknesses and foibles of their father.

Unfortunately, in their opinion of the king the young creatures were not far wrong; though this is no excuse for Sophia Dorothea. Frederick William, a small, red-faced, yet kingly man, was of head-strong temper, violent in his passions, and very barbarous in his tendencies and habits. His principal delight was in soldiery and gigantic grenadiers. A man was nothing, if he were not a soldier. And so, as the first part of Frederick's education, he must be taught soldiery. If Frederick is to have his father's approbation, he must glory in the military profession—his whole being must breathe the atmosphere only of a soldier. Next to this he must be taught religion—to obey God and his parents. And, last, he must become acquainted with the history of his own house—the house of Brandenburg; and with other histories also, since he may yet have to act an important part among the kings of the earth. But as to any other thing, such as Latin, or music, or painting, what use could a soldier make of these? Nay, they were unbecoming a soldier, unmanly, and consequently they are strictly forbidden—that is, they are strictly forbidden by the king; not by the queen, who encourages them. Which, then, is to have the guidance of our young pupil? Clearly, there is a family dispute here, and the woman, as being the cleverer, soon has it her own way. Frederick William's will and command are indisputable; the queen dares say nothing against that; but she gets instructors for Fritz, who give him private lessons; so private that the king must hear nothing of them, or there would be a certainty of a storm. Frederick is thus early initiated into the practice of dodging his father.

As Frederick grows up, however, the king begins to see that all is not right, that his young son is not a genuine soldier, is not altogether obedient to one parent, and that he has been learning the flute, dressing in French clothes, reading poetry, and doing other disgraceful things. Frederick William's temper was by no means a very pleasant one at any time, but now it burst forth into most ungovernable fits of fury against Frederick and his sister. He hated to see them; he could not pass them without bringing his stick down upon their heads; they were confined in lonely places; they were sometimes like to be starved; and he felt a joy in thoroughly embittering their existence. There are circumstances that may in part palliate the conduct of Frederick William. The Austrian diplomats, who had instructions to prevent two marriages which the dear proud maternal heart of the queen had planned—one of Wilhelmine with the English Prince of Wales, and the other of Frederick with an English princess—were continually whispering insinuations against the queen and the prince. Then the king was subject to the gout; besides, he had frequent attacks of hypochondria; and, perhaps, we may say, without far missing the exact truth, he was *mad*. The excessive wretchedness of the young prince's life, and a little insight into the world which he had got at the court of one of the most licentious kings that ever reigned, Augustus II. of Poland, led him into a vicious life. He had his mistress; he borrowed money, and got into bad company; and through one of them (Katte) freed himself of a conscience by the doctrine of necessity. His life now was a life of vice, relieved by poetic, philosophic, and musical studies, but reckless, indifferent, and defiant. He did not care for the king; he would not resign his claim to the throne, however much the king might urge it; he was proud of his blood, and he would yet sit on the Prussian throne. The king became worse and worse; he had now good reason. Frederick thus described to his sister one of the scenes between himself and his father: "People are for ever preaching patience to me, but no one knows what I must endure. Daily I receive strokes; I am treated as a slave, and have not the slightest recreation. I am forbidden reading, music, the sciences; I am allowed to speak almost with no one;

I am continually in danger of my life, surrounded only by spies; I have not even sufficient clothing, still less other necessities. And what completely overwhelms me, is the last scene which I have had with the King of Potsdam. He sends for me this morning. As soon as I enter, he seizes me by the hair, throws me to the ground, and after he has tried his strong fists on my breast and every part of my body, he drags me to the window, and puts the curtain-rope round my neck. Happily, I had time to recover myself and seize both his hands; but as he pulled the curtain-rope to him with all strength, and as I felt myself choking, I cried for help. A valet hurried in, and freed me by force from the hands of the king." After this, Frederick resolved to escape, wrote a letter to Katte, who was to accompany him, and made preparations. But the king discovered the project by means of spies with whom he had environed his son. Moreover, the letter to Katte, having been carelessly addressed, went to the wrong person, who sent it back by special messenger to the king. The upshot was, that Frederick, after having had a personal interview with his father, who struck him on the face with his stick, and nearly killed him, was thrown into prison, and kept in the closest confinement. Such was the inordinate rage of the king, that, contrary to the decision of the judges, he condemned Katte to death, and he was going to execute his son also, had not foreign governments interfered. These terrible occurrences produced a strong impression on the mind of young Frederick. The death of a companion whom he ardently loved, the probability of his own execution, his previous misdeeds and irregularities, his contempt of his father—all brought on a deep melancholy, and a consequent submissiveness. He was now willing to resign even his right to the throne. A Calvinist minister attended him, and at that time there is reason to believe that he was rather favorably inclined to Calvinistic opinions, though he soon after shook them off. His father gradually became pacified. Frederick was made to study law at Küstrin; then he was allowed the privilege of becoming a soldier, and had a regiment at Ruppın; and though his father never was fond of his philosophic tendencies, he did not now prohibit his studies.

So obedient was Frederick at this time, that, giving up all idea of the English princess Amelia, for whom he had a genuine attachment, he was willing to take the bride his father should offer. In reference to this marriage, he writes to a confidential friend: "No woman for me in the government of any thing whatever in the world! I think the man who suffers himself to be governed by woman the greatest coward in this world, and unworthy to bear the worthy name of man. For this reason, if I marry, I shall marry as a gallant man—that is, leaving madame to act as she thinks fit, and doing for my part just what I please." And again: "Judge, then, if I am of the wood that good husbands are made of. I am enraged to become such, but I make a virtue of necessity. I shall keep my word: I will marry, but afterwards, now the thing is done, so good-day, madame, and a good journey to you."

These words were written while Frederick was yet a reckless youth in the warmth of his vigor, and tell what afterwards he had the power and the will to conceal. They are important for two reasons: First, they throw light on his conduct towards his wife. For several years after he had married, he lived on terms of intimacy with her, was kind to her, and apparently contented. But no sooner did he ascend the throne, than he assigned to the queen a separate palace, and saw her only on great gala-days. She was never invited to his favorite palace, Sans-Souci, and there was scarcely any intercourse between them, except that the queen sent her husband evangelical books which she had translated, while she received his infidel productions in return. At the same time Frederick frequently professed a warm attachment to her, and occasionally showed it in deeds. One time he heard that she was indisposed, and he immediately wrote a note to his physician in Berlin, concluding with the following words: "Recollect that the object of its exercise (the queen) is the person most beloved and most necessary to the state, to the poor, and to myself." He likewise ordered that all the respect due to the wife of the King of Prussia be paid to her, that a proper establishment should be kept up for her, that she should regulate the court fashions, that foreign ambassadors and such like should wait

upon her as a queen; and, finally, at his death he left her with a handsome pension. The motives of this peculiar conduct he himself never revealed. Stories floated about in reference to it, which are now known to be purely fabulous; and perhaps the true account is to be guessed from the extracts we have made. He had loved another, and had been compelled to marry her. She had loved another, and had been compelled to marry him. They were entirely different in disposition and habits; and for the good of each other they chose each to walk his own way. Besides this, Frederick had seen in the previous reign the sad results that followed from a queen's interfering with public affairs; for in reality there had been two sovereigns, Frederick William and Sophia Dorothea, opposed to each other, and each guided by unworthy favorites. Frederick, no doubt, from his earliest years, determined to rule alone.

The other reason for which these extracts are useful is, that they show thus early an aversion to women, which caused Frederick the greatest troubles of his life. He was, indeed, always respectful to women, when he had to deal with them. Thus, when he intimated to his cabinet secretaries the answers which they were to write out to letters he had received, he very frequently remarked, in refusing a petition to a woman, "She is a woman, and must be answered with politeness." But he took no small pleasure in cutting up their foibles, especially if the subject of his satire happened to occupy a very prominent position in the world. The consequence was, that he soon became an object of intense and settled dislike to several queens. Now it happened at that time that these queens had considerable power, and they let the force of that power fall upon Frederick's devoted head. This was the proximate cause of the terrible Seven Years' War. Elizabeth, a woman notorious for her amours, sat upon the throne of Russia, and as she had felt the sting of Frederick's wit all the more keenly that he only gave point to the genuine truth, she was resolved to have her revenge. Then the Empress of Austria, Maria Theresa, felt much aggrieved that Frederick had been the first to attack her. Moreover, being a very devoted Roman Catholic, she hated a man who was an avowed infidel and a supporter of Protestants. It is but fair to say, how-

ever, that Frederick had a high opinion of this empress's character, and expressed genuine grief at her death. "Though often engaged in war against her," he said, "he had never been her enemy." Then at this time the government of France was in the hands of a butcher's daughter, who in her lifetime bore three names: first, Mademoiselle Poison, then Madame Etioles, and, finally, in virtue of her being mistress and procuress of Louis XV., Marchioness of Pompadour. It was at a ball that this abominable woman gained the notice of the wretched, lazy, and amorous monarch. Her mother had resolved that she should be one day mistress of the king; and when the news was brought to her on her death-bed that her daughter had been successful, she declared that all her desires had been fulfilled, and that she died happy. Surely a strange glimpse into human nature is this! The successful lady leaves her husband, Monsieur Etioles, nay, even gets him banished, and devotes her whole attention to keeping the mind of the helpless Louis amused. Accomplishing this, she may do with France as she likes, and so she is recognized on all hands as the real governor. Foreign states bow to her, foreign ambassadors wait upon her, Maria Theresa writes to her as her dear cousin. Frederick alone expresses contempt; the Prussian ambassador alone is absent from her levees; and her character, as well as that of Louis, are the subject of unlimited scorn at the Prussian king's table. Of course, the Marchioness of Pompadour knows all this, and hates Frederick with a perfect hatred. She, too, will help to overthrow him. In addition to these, he has an irreconcilable enemy in the Queen of Saxony, who is described as "ugly beyond painting, and malicious beyond expression." Four women against one man—women, too, that can array against him Russia, Austria, France, Saxony, and Sweden—surely this was one of the greatest broils women have ever raised, since Helen set the Greeks a-fighting.

After his marriage, Frederick received from his father the palace of Rheinsberg, which he converted into a regular palace of pleasure. It was here that he lived before he assumed the reins of government. To all outward appearance, life in that secluded spot was a continual round of festivities. The gay ladies and gentlemen, who had been invited to the estab-

lishment, did nothing but pic-nic in the neighboring forests, sail on the lake, and attend concerts, balls, and theatricals. Frederick had his share in these. If we were admitted to the concerts, we should see our prince-royal playing on the flute, and we should pronounce his *adagio* undoubtedly a wonderful performance, especially for an amateur. Or, if we could manage to procure an invitation to the ball, we should find our prince there again, dressed in a green coat and silver-embroidered vest, tripping it gayly with his lady, who, not having been taught dancing properly when a child, had received very careful instructions, before she could marry such an expert dancer as Fritz. Or, if we were privileged to witness the theatricals, we should meet with our prince there again, acting some important part in the play of Voltaire that has been got up.

Rotten opinion would write down this young man, according to his seeming, as altogether very unlikely ever to become a great king, and rotten opinion actually did write him down so. But a more minute observation of his character would at once have given the lie to such suspicions. The rough treatment which he had received from his father might be expected to embitter his paternal recollections. But no. Not one disrespectful word will occur henceforth in Frederick's writings, much though he has to speak of his father; while his virtues are held forth and exhibited with true filial affection. If he thus takes to his father, will he not keep up a grudge against his mother? No. Frederick is thoroughly devoted to her, often goes to see her, and makes her in every way comfortable. And, however much he may despise other women, his affection for his sister is strong. He sends them money, has frequently borrowed money for them, when the father was too greedy to relieve their wants, writes poetical epistles to them, and delights to show them any token of respect. This is so far a good sign.

Then, again, Frederick devotes a good deal of his time to hard study. His French teachers have given him a decided taste for French. That language comes more naturally to him than his native German. And so all the books he reads are in French; all his own writings are in the same language. To such French literature as exists, he applies himself with

heart and soul, and finds in it his mental food. At the head of the *litterateurs* of the day stood Voltaire; and accordingly Voltaire becomes our prince's literary hero. Homer was nothing to him; his "Henriade" is full of the most noble sentiments; every line of it is instinct with true poetry and high morality. Voltaire himself is a kind of god. Such wonderful genius was never before seen on earth. Accordingly, Frederick must write to him; he must consult his great ideal; he must question him on poetry and philosophy. Thus arose a long correspondence between Voltaire and Frederick, which has been preserved; and thus arose also a friendship which lasted, with numerous interruptions, to the end of Voltaire's life. At his death the Prussian king wrote a warm *éloge* on his character.

It is worth while to glance at the history of this friendship, especially as it has been very much misrepresented. Frederick at first, then, believes Voltaire to be perfection. He has read his works with the greatest interest. They have exercised the power of a most wonderful spell on him. He sees him in the far distance, as we all see our literary heroes, the perfect embodiment of what he has written, the perfect model of virtue, which he has so often painted. On nearer approach, however, the ideal conception of Voltaire vanishes. The real is not so studded with virtues, as the young disciple had supposed. There are not a few stains visible enough in his moral character. Nevertheless, his superb genius is acknowledged and respected. This is the result of a visit which Voltaire makes to Frederick in 1743.

The Frenchman comes again, after the second Silesian war has drawn to a close; is received munificently by Frederick, and enlivens the society of the palace by the stimulus of his genius and the productions of his pen. But, unfortunately, things do not go very smoothly. Voltaire has shown the most extraordinary meanness and avarice in a law-suit which he has with a Jew. He gets entangled in stock-jobbing, and, what is far more annoying to Frederick, he has too many interviews with foreign ambassadors. He does not give entire satisfaction either to Frederick or to the court; until, at length, an occurrence takes place which raises the smothered flame into a grand conflagration. Voltaire was a mixture of the high-

est intellectual powers with the lowest and meanest vices. One of these vices was envy. He could not bear that any one should approach the high position in public esteem which he himself held. Now at this time Maupertuis is at the head of the Berlin Academy, over which the king watches anxiously, as the nursery of future German scholars and authors. He is next to Voltaire in intellectual power—next, but at a very great distance. Nevertheless, an innocent remark of Maupertuis whets the jealousy of Voltaire, who determines to have his revenge on him.* In one of his orations, Maupertuis claims for himself the discovery of a certain physical law. One of the academy members maintains that this law had been previously expounded by Leibnitz. A contest arises. Now is the chance for Voltaire. An anonymous letter from the hand of the great satirist appears. Frederick is afraid that the academy will suffer by this publication, and writes himself a defence of the president. Then Maupertuis publishes another work, very open to attack; upon which Voltaire, seizing the opportunity, launches forth one of his most powerful satires, called “*Dr. Akakia*.” Frederick gets a sight of it before it is published, and, of course, relishes the exquisite jokes; but he perceives likewise that the ridicule heaped upon the president will fall on the academy; and, by dint of entreaty, he prevails on Voltaire to forego the publication of the work. Notwithstanding this promise, the satire appears, and Frederick takes it so keenly, that he orders Voltaire’s production to be burned publicly. Voltaire is nettled, and resigns the offices Frederick had given him, but is soon prevailed on to accept them again. He sees, however, that it would be impossible to remain longer in Potsdam, and asks leave to journey for his health. He obtains it, retires, firing paper bullets at his kingly friend, and for a long time after, vents his rage against

the King of Prussia in language full of spite and lies. They were afterwards reconciled, and carried on their correspondence, but it is probable that Voltaire never forgave Frederick. His memoirs are a tissue of misrepresentations of the king. From beginning to end they are incorrect, and the mistakes seem intentional. He has accused Frederick of the most abominable vices, without a particle of truth, and he has given rise to a strong prejudice against him in many minds. Macaulay seems to have derived his antipathy to Frederick from this polluted source.

Voltaire was Frederick’s principal director in his literary pursuits. He was fond of writing verses, had read some books on the Art of Poetry, and had done his best to acquire fluency in French. Only he could never attain the accuracy of a Frenchman; and so Voltaire had to correct his rhymes, and give him hints. Frederick continued his poetical attempts almost to the end of his life. He did it principally, we believe, on utilitarian grounds. He found the exercise a pleasant mode of unbending his mind from the cares of state. Even in the frightful distresses of the Seven Years’ War, when he was surrounded by enemies on every side, when he had to lie encamped in positions as bad as those in which our men have been at Sebastopol, sleeping on a straw couch, and with streams of rain flowing plentifully beside him, Frederick can turn his mind away from the distresses around him, and forget himself and his wretchedness in verse-making. His mind was certainly not a poetical one; he was himself well aware of the fact—he would never have consulted Voltaire so much as he did, if he had had much confidence in his poetical powers. His talents were the practical. And so we find that a good many of the verses which he wrote are, as he tells us himself, mere bagatelles. Occasionally, however, there are genuine poetic touches. Frederick had a true patriotic heart, and when he comes to speak of his beloved Prussia, his heart warms, his imagination bursts out, and we have the genuine expressions of a noble patriotism. Frequently, too, in the poems written in camp during the wars, there is a strange melancholy, which affects the mind deeply. It is a man struggling with might and main for his kingdom, resolved to fight to the last, and yet longing with intense ardor for his happy home, for his

* Macaulay attributes the quarrels of these two men to Frederick’s meddling. We have given the account of Thiebault, who adds: “The king, who himself was so fond of sarcasms, might well find amusement in those directed by Voltaire against Maupertuis; but he wished to prevent their coming to an avowed and disgraceful rupture. He accordingly more than once endeavored to effect a reconciliation between them; but the most he could obtain was a dissembled good understanding, or rather a silence, the principal feature of which was resentment.”

fair Sans-Souci, for his gay intellectual friends, for the laurels of gentle peace, and for the deathless victories which a hero gains, not over heaps of dead fellow-mortals, but over wretchedness and misery.

His prose productions are numerous. Before he quitted Rheinsberg, he had published his "*Antimacchiavel*," and in his posthumous works we have not a few essays on politics and religion. We think their style is masterly. It may not be so pure in its French as Voltaire's; it is not so brilliant; but it is more manly, more vigorous, and more concise. His *éloge* on Jordan is exceedingly interesting; his review of D'Holbach's "*Système de la Nature*" is done with clearness, impartiality, and vigor; and the histories of his Silesian wars and the Seven Years' War are admirable. He at once sees through the characters engaged, describes them with great power, has an eye for characteristic incidents, and at the same time he is thoroughly impartial, narrating his own faults with a *sang-froid* that is seldom found in autobiographical attempts. The only fault that can be found with them is, that he is too minute and circumstantial. These literary efforts, too, were often carried on during his campaigns. He wrote his "*Reflections on the Character of Charles XII.*" when other men would have given themselves up to utter despair; and after the wars, when he was thoroughly engrossed with the cares of an extending empire, he found time for composition.

It may be noticed, that Frederick remained a slave to the Voltaire school to the end of his days. Though a thorough German at heart, he yielded to the French dominion in his youth, and when he was old he could not wrench himself from it. The absurd notions which prevailed in reference to poetry he kept up to the end; the laws about the unities on which Voltaire dogmatized were sacred in the eyes of Frederick; and he had a thorough contempt for all that seemed irregular, and that was not patronized by the civilized *litterateurs* of France. This was the reason that he had no sympathy with the literature of Germany. In his youth it was undoubtedly meagre, but before he died the brightest stars had appeared. Klopstock, Wieland, Lessing, Goethe, had written, but they all passed unrecognized. In an essay written in his later years for

the Berlin Academy, on the Literature of Germany, he bewails the want of a German classical literature, and he proposes means for supplying this defect. He is now rather old, and so, having been long accustomed to wield authority, he is too dictatorial in his literary advices; nevertheless, the essay is interesting in some points. At the very time he was writing, the Germans had begun to rise; the people heard Shakspeare with delight. Goethe's "*Goetz von Berlichingen*" was attracting numerous audiences, and Frederick knew well of this. Yet what is his judgment? An undoubted proof this, according to him, of the German people's uncultivated taste. To listen with delight to the "abominable pieces of Shakspeare, ridiculous farces that were unworthy of the savages of Canada," and that rebelled against the unities and the probabilities—it was frightful. But Shakspeare might be pardoned: he was an ignorant man, having been unfortunately born before Voltaire's instructions could direct him. But then, to think that "*Goetz von Berlichingen*," a detestable imitation of the wretched English pieces, should draw applause! There could not be a more certain proof of German barbarism. Nevertheless, old Frederick has bright hopes for his country. His last words in this essay are full of radiance. "Sometimes," he says, "those who come last surpass those who went before them." So it will be with Germany, he hopes. "These good days of our literature are not yet come; but they approach. I announce them to you; they will appear. I shall not see them: my age forbids the hope. I am like Moses: I see from a distance the promised land, but I shall not enter it."

Frederick's literary pursuits were always secondary to his royal duties; and in almost all cases they are connected with these. They are helps to him, that he may see more clearly what he can and ought to do; or they are outpourings of his soul, that he may get free from the load that oppresses him. His letters to Jordan and D'Argens are of the latter stamp; both were his intimate friends, and so he speaks unreservedly. They are exceedingly interesting, show a warm, honest, friendly soul, sometimes struggling with doubts, sometimes in the midst of the most complete despair; and yet ever firm, faithful, and manly. Now and again,

too, they are witty, often contemptuous to his antagonists, but as often lighted up with playful, trusty, genial humor.

In religious matters Frederick paid less respect to Voltaire than in literary. On these he thought for himself, and his philosophical letters to the French philosopher seem to us more straightforward and more thorough than those of the Frenchman. Frederick, like Voltaire, rejected Christianity. There can be no doubt of this sad fact. His "Thoughts on Religion" is an attack on the Evidences of Christianity. And so far does he go, that he maintains Christianity to be detrimental to the interests of society, because, by inveighing against riches, it puts an end to commerce, "the soul of society;" by declaring marriage less honorable than celibacy, and representing all the instincts of the flesh as devilish, it opposes itself to the preservative and beneficial arrangements of God in the world; and by fixing the eye too intently on the world to come, it depreciates the importance and blessing of the life that we now enjoy. We feel a pang of sorrow that a mind so essentially practical and benevolent should be so very much closed to the nobility of thorough religious devotion. Cromwell, with him, for instance, was a pure fanatic; Puritanism, pure fanaticism and nonsense, even though he acknowledges that England was most prosperous during Cromwell's government. So also Voltaire adduces, in a letter to Frederick, the conduct of the Covenanters of Scotland as a proof of how priests invariably set the people at variance with the sovereign. The blasting mildew of his age was on Frederick's soul. And intensely sad is it to find him indulge in lightness and irreverence, passing jests on that which has been regarded sacred in the eyes of the great and the good. We have no excuse for this; and yet we should deprecate a harsh judgment. There was much in Frederick's education and circumstances to lead him astray. We have but to remember that the forms of Christianity with which he came into most frequent contact, were the petrified dogmatism of his mad father, and a licentious, luxurious, and abandoned Roman Catholicism, and we shall see the obstacles that lay in the way of Frederick's seeing the truth. Notwithstanding, we find him sometimes veering towards the Christian religion, and not unimpressed by its sublime morality. Thus, he remarks in his

critical examination of the "System of Nature:" "Had there been in the Gospel only that one precept, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do to you,' one would be bound to agree to it that these few words contain the quintessence of all morality. And were not the forgiveness of offences, and charity and humanity, preached by Jesus in his excellent Sermon on the Mount? The law must not be confounded with its abuse, the true Christian morality with that degradation of it which the priests have brought about."

For men of his own day who were earnest in their religious principles, he had always a profound respect, and when he began to banter such an one on his convictions, as he sometimes did, a single serious word or look was enough to silence him. In his early days he projected a rather chimerical plan for causing a greater liberality of Christian sentiment. Thiebault thus describes it: "He conceived to this effect a project that appeared to him infallible—that of constructing a Pantheon in his capital similar to that formerly erected by the Romans. This Pantheon was to be consecrated without restrictions to all religions, in which every sect might come at its separate hour and exercise its form of worship. The better to insure the success of his plan, he resolved that this temple should be one of the most perfect monuments of modern architecture; that each sect should find in it all that their religious ceremonies might require; and that even the ornaments it contained should be remarkable for their magnificence. He persuaded himself he should by this means succeed in dismembering the other receptacles for religious worship, and thus accelerate the progress of brotherly love. It was with these views that he chose the form of a rotunda for his temple, as that which was best calculated for placing his altar, tabernacle, communion-table, and sanctuary in such different points of view as might suit the particular usages of each sect, and that these might be distinguished and surrounded without inconvenience."

Frederick thus sums up his own creed: "Mine it is to adore the Supreme Being, alone good, alone merciful, and who by this alone deserves my worship; to sweeten and console, as far as I can, the mortals whose miserable condition is known to me; and as to the rest, to bring myself

into unison with the will of the Creator, who will dispose of me as will seem good to him, and from whom, come what will, I have nothing to fear." We have seen that at one time he was almost an orthodox Calvinist; part of this creed clung to him. In opposition to Voltaire, he maintained that God had foreordained all things. His proof was the following: "God must be wise and powerful. As wise, he has devised in his internal intelligence the plan of the world; and as all-powerful he has executed it. From this it follows necessarily that the Author of the universe must have had an end in creating it. If he has an end, then all occurrences must tend to this plan; and if so, then men must act conformably to the design of the Creator, and all their acts must be determined only according to the immutable laws of their destiny, which they obey, while ignorant of them; otherwise God would be an idle spectator of nature; the world would govern itself according to the caprice of men; and he whose power had formed the universe would be no longer useful, after that some feeble mortals had peopled it."

Frederick could not reconcile with this doctrine that of the freedom of man's will. He appealed to the actual facts of experience in proof of his belief. He affirmed that the temperaments, the circumstances and fortunes of men were the work of God; and that the liberty which man has, consists in using the temperament and ability which Providence gives him to seize the favorable conjunctures and opportunities presented by the same almighty Providence. This was the doctrine of Frederick's life—the grand idea which regulates his own conduct, and moves him to do what he does. Providence has assigned him a certain sphere of action; he is too brave to retreat from it; and whatever be its difficulties he will surmount them, and do his duty. In the midst of his distresses during the Seven Years' War, when he had suffered two very serious defeats, when his patience and endurance had been taxed to the utmost, and his life was wearisome, he writes to D'Argens: "Epicurus is the philosopher of humanity; Zeno is that of the gods; and I am a man. For four years I have been in my purgatory. If there is another life, the Eternal Father will necessarily pay regard to what I have suffered in this. Every age, every condi-

tion, experiences changes and misfortunes. I, too, must bear my own burden (though a very heavy one) like another person, and I say to myself, 'this will pass away, just as do our pleasures, our tastes, our pains, and our lucky destinies.' " And again: "You speak always of my person; you ought to know that it is not necessary that I should live; but it is necessary that I should do my duty, and that I combat for my country to save it, if there still remain the means."

Frederick thus presents to us the spectacle of a heathen hero. Of course, he has been benefited by Christianity. He was well acquainted with the Bible; he had made a study of the French sacred orators; he had talked frequently with clergymen; and we find him reading Fleury's "Ecclesiastical History" in the camp, just before the termination of the Seven Years' War. But his favorite writers and characters are those of the Roman republic or empire. He admires Cato; he draws his consolation from Cicero; he speculates on the soul with Lucretius; he steels his mind with Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus; and his ideas of a future life are just the same as those of Socrates. He has nothing to fear; he looks forward to repose in a quiet grave. At an early period of his reign he wishes to build a palace; so he selects a beautiful district. Then he chooses a fair spot in it, and prepares it for his tomb. He writes upon it, *Sans-Souci* — "without care." When Frederick shall be there, he is to be free from cares. And so his palace is built looking out upon this remembrancer of his mortality. The idea is continually present to him in his campaigns. "If I had been killed at Kollin," he writes, "I should at present be in a port where I should no longer be afraid of storms. I must still sail over this stormy sea, until a small corner of the earth procure me the good which I have not been able to find in this world." The same sentiments continued with him to the end. In his last illness, when he was sitting out on the terrace at *Sans-Souci*, and the sun was beaming pleasantly, Frederick looked up, and, alluding to the fancy of which Jean Paul has made such beautiful use, that the sun or some star may be the abode of the blessed, he addressed the great luminary: "I shall soon be nearer to thee."

How would such a king act in reference

to religion? Frederick adhered to the principle that no one should interfere in religious matters. "Every one might go to heaven in his own way," as he once said. During his reign there was perfect toleration for all creeds. Of course, he was more especially the protector of Protestants; he sympathized with them; he believed the Reformation to have been a progressive movement. But he was equally fair to Roman Catholics: prevented Protestants from persecuting them; and he was so generous, that, when the pope issued a decree against the Jesuits, and Roman Catholic monarchs exiled them, they found a resting-place in Prussia. He once or twice interfered with the Roman Catholics, but in such circumstances that he cannot be blamed. Thus, on one occasion he prevented the bishops from selling *agni dei*, which were said to be a specific against disease, because the whole affair was a gull. On another occasion he defended the rights of the Hungarian Protestants, and secured to them complete toleration, by threatening to take from the Silesian Catholics the liberties he allowed them. Stories of his thus interfering in behalf of Protestant individuals are numerous. A Hungarian student, who had been at the University of Halle, wished to see the great Prussian king, and for this purpose had made several trips to Sans-Souci, but without success. At last he was so lucky as to attract the attention of Frederick, who became interested in him, had a long conversation with him, and offered him an appointment in Prussia. The student declined. "Can I do any thing for you, then?" said Frederick. The student replied, that he had some theological and philosophical books, which he was afraid the Jesuits at Vienna would not let him take into Hungary. Frederick told him by no means to leave his books behind, and directed him, when the Jesuits seized them, to go to an hotel, and live there sumptuously until the books were sent back. The student did as he was ordered; his books were prohibited; and the Prussian ambassador showed him to the best hotel in Vienna. Word was sent to Frederick. He immediately ordered the library of the Jesuit College of Breslau in Silesia to be shut up and sealed, and the priests to pay for the trouble of sealing, besides four dollars a day for certain commissioners that were required. The Jesuits were utterly

amazed. They went at once to Potsdam, but had to wait a month before they were admitted. Then Frederick informed them that the Prussian ambassador at Vienna could give them the clue to the mystery by which they were so much puzzled. Off they set for Vienna. Here again the Jesuits met with difficulties. The Prussian ambassador did not know much about the matter; he had heard only of a young man whose books had been taken from him. The Jesuits were keen of scent; in a few hours the Protestant student had his books. The Roman Catholic fathers had to pay his Vienna expenses; and they were held bound for any injury that he might receive in retaliation for the king's conduct. The Jesuits, depend upon it, were a little more tolerant of Protestant books for the future.

Frederick sometimes liked to carry out a joke against the Roman Catholics; and now and then he made them swallow the incongruities of their creed. One of his soldiers stole some diamonds from a Virgin Mary. He was discovered, but maintained that he had done no wrong. He was old, and could not support himself by labor; so he prayed the Virgin to relieve him, and she very kindly took three jewels with her own hand from her dress and gave them to him. A court-martial was summoned; the Lutheran soldier was condemned to die. The king had always a strong dislike to inflict capital punishments, and he now wished to save this man's life. So, meeting a Roman Catholic bishop of the highest reputation, he asked him if miracles were still possible. The Roman Catholic could not deny that Mary might give away the jewels. The king, in accordance with this, wrote underneath the sentence, that as the soldier was a man of honest character, and as a very learned Roman Catholic bishop asserted that the miracle was possible, he must be released. But in order to prevent imposition henceforth, no such prayers were to be offered to the Virgin. "If any soldier," he wrote, "should hereafter be convicted of having received a present from the Virgin Mary, or from any other saint, he shall run the gauntlet thirty-six times through two hundred men."

We may add, while speaking of Roman Catholics, that Frederick once saved his life by acting as a monk; that afterwards, on hearing that a lady promised a cloak

to the Virgin Mary, if the Austrians were successful, he sent a superb vestment himself, assuring the priests that he hoped the Virgin would never suffer by his successes. And he concluded his connection with the Roman Catholics by becoming a saint. The Bavarians placed a lamp under the images of St. Corbinian and St. Frederick; the one being their saint and protector in heaven, as a peasant said, and the other their protector on earth.

Frederick's earliest works are devoted to political subjects; and his opinions on the forms and conduct of government do not seem to have changed materially after the time of his studies in Rheinsberg. They are clear, and were, though quite simple, rather astonishing to the continental kings. These men believed that the hard toil of their subjects was intended to replenish their exchequer, to help them to procure mistresses, and to deck out for them gay fairy palaces, in which they might wanton. They were "the states," and very pretty states, forsooth! Frederick, who had studied closely the history of his times, proclaimed the frightful mistake before he had yet become king. "Behold," he says, "the error of the majority of princes: they believe that God has created expressly, and by a particular attention to their grandeur, happiness, and pride, this multitude of men, whose safety is committed to them, and that their subjects are destined only to be the instruments and ministers of their irregular passions." Frederick maintained, and he deserves great praise for doing it at that time, that the king was for the people; not the people for the king. The king was the representative of the state. "He and the people," he says, "form one body, which can be happy only as long as concord unites them. The prince is to the society which he governs that which the head is to the body: he ought to see, think, and act for the whole community, in order to procure for it all the advantages of which it is susceptible." Or, as he says in another place, "the prince is just the first servant of the state, obliged to act with probity, wisdom, and with entire disinterestedness, as if every moment he had to render an account of his administration to the citizens." Only, of course, as being a despotic monarch, he in reality is not responsible to any earthly tribunal. Frederick had his notions about

liberty, too; but he honestly believed, with very many ancient writers, that monarchy, when the monarch was good, was the best form of government.

These ideas of Frederick quite agreed with his philosophy of life. We are here, he thought, for the good of each other. All our actions ought to have, as their fundamental motive, the support of society and the good of the whole human race. In this mode of thought he resembles many of the ancient philosophers. Individual beings pass away; the species remains. The particles that compose the body politic change, and are insignificant; the body politic itself is always alive, ever moving, and all-important. Man is thus, as it were, born for the state, or, in the wider way in which Frederick sometimes puts it, for humanity. The state is not an organization adapted to confer benefits on individual men; but individual men are born to support and benefit the state. Consequently, all are bound to consecrate their lives for the common weal.

No one could be a more thorough example of this devotion to the state than Frederick himself. He believed that God assigned to all men their destinies—to him, in particular, the destiny of a prince. The good of the state thus became his life-principle, his grand idea; to carry out his destiny as representative of the Prussian state was his great aim. In all his acts we find reference to it. It is the motive that leads him into his wars; he scrims his own purse that he may fill the treasury. A woman comes to him, and he finds that she really deserves a pension from the state, but the pension-list is full, and rather than encroach on the public money, the king orders a dish less to be brought to his table, and the price of it to be given to the woman, until a vacancy occur. His presents to foreign sovereigns are snuff-boxes, because they give employment to Berlin jewellers. Afterwards, when he has got a national porcelain manufactory, all his gifts proceed from it. A royal palace catches fire; all are in confusion; Frederick alone is quite cool, rather pleased, as he says that the Berlin masons will have a good deal of work to do. Such acts are innumerable, and the motive of them is seen in the reply he made to the people of Greiffenberg, in Silesia. In 1783 their town was burned to the ground, and all

the families became homeless and destitute. Frederick heard of the calamity, and supplied them with large sums of money for rebuilding their houses. The town speedily rose from its ashes; and a deputation was sent to Frederick, who happened to be not far off, to thank him for his kindness. Tears started into the king's eyes. "You need not thank me,"

said he; "it is my duty to help my unfortunate subjects; *it is for that I am here.*"

It was this sense of his duty that led Frederick into the various wars and political movements in which he was engaged. It is only with a full appreciation of his views of his kingly position, that we can properly understand his first Silesian war.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LOVE AND THE OLD NOVELISTS.

WE believe it has never been satisfactorily ascertained how it happened that the goddess Minerva suffered herself to be persuaded, much to the damage of her reputation for good sense, to preside over the book manufactory kept in Leadenhall street in the time of our forefathers by Mr. Newby—no, we beg pardon, Mr. Newman. We will not quote a Latin saying to indicate our sense of the inconsistency of invoking the goddess of wisdom to take such an establishment under her protection, because it is just as easy to express the same thing in English. Unless the character of Minerva has been much misrepresented in the mythology, she was clearly out of place when she was appointed a titular publisher of novels and romances.

Yet the inconsistency may not be quite so flagrant as it appears at first sight. There is some wisdom, and certainly a great deal of stratagem and cunning, in novels and romances. The works which appeared under the *imprimatur* of Minerva in Leadenhall street were distinguished, no doubt, by an enormous preponderance of the latter qualities; but there is something to be learned even from the discourse of serpents; and until the great problem shall have been solved as to whether a knowledge of the follies, wickednesses, delusions, and willful perversities of mankind is desirable for the rising

generation, by way of buoys and beacons to guide them through the navigation of the shoals of life, we cannot be morally sure that the goddess, notwithstanding appearances, was not the right person in the right place after all.

But did these novels and romances faithfully reflect the follies, wickednesses, and perversities of mankind? Were their pictures of the world true or false? Were their characters drawn from life, their incidents reconcilable with experience, their views of society capable of practical application? In short, were they real or imaginary, copied from nature, or mere fancy-pieces, having nothing more in common with the actual scenes passing around us than the incoherent medley of a dream? If we are compelled to answer this series of inquiries to the disadvantage of the majority of the books from which our grandmothers extracted so much pleasure and so little profit, we should not forget that the same books furnished at all events one source of speculation from which their readers, were they so disposed, might have derived a salutary moral. In proportion as the novel itself was unlike the humanity it professed to delineate, the more exceptional must have been the habits of mind and general notions of the writer. Here, then, was a character not only more original, but infinitely more suggestive, than the characters we ordinarily meet with in

works of fiction. The least thoughtful reader could scarcely avoid being carried away by a story made up of abstractions and nonentities, to the consideration of the manner of man by whom it was conceived. Where could he have lived? In what class or condition of society could he have acquired his singular class of men and women, and their modes and ways of conducting themselves towards each other? Or, if the reader possessed a little critical discernment, he would perceive that the writer had not acquired his ideas from observation of men and women at all, but that his creations were entirely composed of shreds and patches and scraps, which he had gathered here and there and everywhere, and put together without giving even a passing consideration to probability; just as gardeners make hideous resemblances of men to frighten off the birds, by placing a cocked hat on the top of a pole or a pitchfork, with a cabbage leaf for a feather, a wisp of straw to imitate the 'human face divine,' and a costume of miscellaneous rags and bits of tin. As in the one case none but birds could be deluded into a supposition that this horrible phantom was really a human being of flesh and blood, standing stock still in that spectral manner in the middle of the fields, so none but very shallow and frivolous people could be deceived by the novel. The train of reflections, therefore, to which it would actually lead could not fail to eliminate an excellent moral upon the vanities of authorship, and the folly of wasting time and some executive capability, which might be rendered useful in other directions, upon a pursuit for which neither nature nor study had provided the requisite qualifications.

A floating reminiscence of some of the items in the once famous Leadenhall-street Catalogue will convey a general notion, sufficient for our present purpose, of the range and aims of the novels and romances of sixty or seventy years ago, or rather of that mixed form of fiction which included the special characteristics of both, and enjoyed at that time, the widest popularity. Take the following as specimens: *The Tears of Sensibility—The Castle on the Cliff, and the Cottage in the Vale*; or, *Pride and Loveliness—The Midnight Assassination*; or, *the Spectre of the Cloisters—The Mysterious Visitor*; or, *One, Two, Three!—The Bloody Brothers*; or, *Love, Hate, and Revenge—The*

Bell of St. Anselm; or, *the Priest and the Penitent—Fashion and Frailty*; or, *Motes in the Sun—Infatuation*; or, *a Bandit's embrace on the Grave!* We do not pretend that all these names are strictly accurate; but upon the whole they fairly represent the spirit of the class of fictions to which they refer—so far as their spirit was expressed in their titles.

There can be no difficulty, with the help of this skeleton key, in getting at the kind of material of which these works were composed. We have at once brought before us a few of the leading ingredients—dungeons and daggers; midnight adventures and delicate distresses; convent bells, ghosts and friars; impenetrable strangers, social feuds, and secret assassinations. We discern outlines of plots in which young ladies are depicted flying from their ancestral halls, and taking long journeys alone, without a change of wardrobe or a penny in their pockets to pay their expenses; an unknown crime, supposed to be a murder, pervading the whole story; and a tall, dark cloak, surmounted by a stiletto hat, seem occasionally vanishing in the moonlight, and supposed to be the ghost of the murdered man, or the murdered man himself, or the murderer, as it may happen to turn out. In another we see plainly that there is a lovely girl, of ancient family, shut up in a castle by a mercenary guardian who has designs on her property, and who pays her a solemn visit, generally about twelve o'clock at night, at regular intervals, for the express purpose of informing her that if she does not consent to marry a certain Baron, who bears a close resemblance to Blue Beard, she shall be consigned for the rest of her days to bread and water in an *oubliette*, where no human aid can reach her. The heroism of Adelgitha under these circumstances furnishes a powerful example of the firmness and *clairvoyance* of her sex; she is ready to go down into the *oubliette* at once, rather than marry the Baron, whom she never saw, and, probably for that very reason, abhors with a depth of aversion not very easy for common minds to comprehend; she is triple-armed in the righteousness of this virtuous resolution, for she has an innate conviction that there is another person in the world, who is also unknown to her, whom she has never seen, and of whose name and quality she is totally ignorant, who will certainly come to the

rescue at the last moment, and, baffling the guardian and the Baron, or, perhaps, vanquishing them by a more open and summary process, carry her off to that distant elysium described in the Christmas play-bills as the "regions of bliss." And in due time, accordingly, under her barred window she hears a horn or a serenade, which she recognizes at once, although she never heard it before; and a handsome but ambiguous stranger appears, from whose avatar the discerning reader, familiar with the shoals and quicksands of tender woe, sees land afar off; but his intense interest in the navigation of the vessel suffers no diminution on that account.

It is evident that narratives constructed on these principles proceeded upon the assumption that the reader was prepared to grant certain indispensable conditions to the author in the first instance; such, for example, as that the functions of the Courts of Chancery and Common Law, and the surveillance of the police, should be understood to be suspended during the course of the action; that the feudal system should be supposed to be still in full force; and that the common impediments which the existing arrangements of society throw in the way of intercourse between persons who have no legitimate or apparent opportunities of meeting each other and falling in love, should be wholly removed, for the artistical purpose of advancing the final objects of the story. Granting these trifling concessions to the author, it will be admitted that all the rest follows naturally enough. There is nothing in these romances that might not have obviously happened under such a constitution of things; and as it was not a very practical age of the world when these books were in vogue, we can readily understand that easiness of faith which enabled their public to relish them so highly—much more highly, we suspect, than any of the present race of readers relish the novels of our day.

Love was, of course, in these, as in most works of fiction, the staple article of consumption. And if we admit the premises, we must also admit that the passion was dealt with in an ingenious and consistent manner. It was generally treated as a sort of inspiration, which it clearly must have been under that peculiar state of circumstances which absolutely precluded the possibility of generating it in the ordinary way. It is un-

questionably a fine stroke of art, and of nature, too, to describe a young lady who has no means of holding commerce with persons of her own age of the other sex, as becoming conscious of an affection for somebody whose existence at the time is a matter of pure speculation to her, and to represent her as feeling a strong presentiment that he will come at the right moment to claim her. An incident of this kind must be regarded as the vehicle of a much-neglected philosophical truth—that love is a necessity of the human heart; and that, even before the object has been, so to speak, identified, the want has, as it were, set up its own ideal. The young lady, without being aware of it, was thus fulfilling the theory attributed to Plato—that every human being is at first only a moiety of the perfect creature, wandering over the earth in search of its other half. The lives of the majority of these heroines are passed in that occupation.

Apart from such profound psychological considerations, there were specialities connected with this branch of literature worthy of being remembered. Mr. Newman, according to the tradition which has come down to us, is said to have purchased his MSS. by weight; which may help to account for the fact that many of his novels ran into four, five and six volumes. In such transactions, quantity was the visible and paramount element. But there were writers, nevertheless, who achieved a current reputation in the circulating libraries which rendered them independent of the specific gravity of their books. They are now all forgotten, and a glance at two or three of the most distinguished may help us towards an estimate of the peculiar attractions by which the largest amount of success was obtained.

Perhaps the most popular novelist, *par excellence*, of her day, was Maria Regina Roche. Her great work—she wrote others, but they were of minor celebrity—was *The Children of the Abbey*. There was no fiction of its class so much read. The test of its circulation was simple enough. When you wanted to get it at the circulating library it was always "out;" and when at last you did get it, it was the most dog-eared and thumb-smirched book that ever was seen. You could not probably find one person in a thousand of the miscellaneous

reading population who had not read *The Children of the Abbey*; and it was only reasonable to infer that that person was inexcusably ignorant of contemporary literature. The Waverley novels have had a sale exceeding that of *The Children of the Abbey* by tens of thousands; but while it was in vogue it was read by a greater number of people than any one of the Waverley novels for a like term. The book was perpetually referred to in conversation; its heroine was the model of grace, refinement, and romantic enthusiasm, subdued by feminine delicacy; its hero was a pattern for all lovers and noble-hearted gentlemen; and the soliloquy of Amanda, on her return to the honored roof of her ancestors, was as frequently quoted as Burke's apostrophe to the Dauphiness at the Versailles, or the eloquent tribute of Junius to the virtues of Chatham.

That there was an express merit of some kind in a work so extensively applauded, may be taken for granted; that it was admirably adapted to the age in which it appeared is attested by its popularity; and that it did not possess sufficient vitality to survive its own day is shown by the oblivion into which it has since fallen. What were the elements to which it was indebted for its great temporary success? A soft and flowery style, poetical idealization of passion and character, and a story turning on the distresses and difficulties of two ardent lovers, dextrously sustained throughout at the height of suspense by a variety of incidents. It is nothing to the purpose that the characters had no prototypes in real life, or that the occurrences were extremely improbable in themselves, and all but impossible in their relation to each other. It was not by the truthfulness of the portraiture, or the likelihood of the plot, that this novel drew tears from myriads of bright eyes, but by the art with which it intensified a class of emotions which, however exaggerated in their development, touched a corresponding chord in the hearts of most readers. That art harmonized with the taste of the day, and thus, seizing upon a theme of universal interest, secured a fleeting triumph. There is a fashion in novels as in dress. The fashion regulates the cut, the tone of color, the embroidery, the ornaments; and when fashion works with favorite materials it is sure of a rapid sale, although the next season may pro-

nounce its productions obsolete. All writers who have delineated the vicissitudes of love in the style and spirit of their own time, have succeeded in their generation, more or less; they alone who have depicted the passion in its depths as it affects mankind in common, without reference to extrinsic or accidental circumstances, survive to all time. And this is one of the reasons why the love that is described in novels so rarely maintains a lasting influence over the sympathies of readers. It is love draped and attitudinized in the tastes of the day, and it perishes with them.

Mrs. Roche, who wrote these fascinating stories, appears to have been distinguished by good sense and simplicity in private life. We were told by a lady who knew her towards the close of her career, that there was not the least air of authorship in her manners or conversation, and that she was the last person who would have been suspected of having produced such sentimental narratives. At that time she was past the "grand climacteric," used to dress with remarkable neatness and plainness, and seems to have borne some sort of resemblance to Mrs. Opie.

The name of Charlotte Smith is familiar to our public; but she is remembered for her sonnets, and not for her novels. If her sonnets, as a whole, are not likely to be preserved in our standard collections of English poetry, some of them will always be admired for their delicate sweetness and tender refinement. Her novels are no longer extant, except in remote nooks and country houses, where *Ethelinda*, or *the Recluse of the Lake*, is still taken up in the intervals of harsher and more practical reading, just as an Æolian harp is sometimes placed in the window of a summer's evening, as a relief from the eternal piano. The comparison is tolerably accurate. Charlotte Smith's novels bear about the same relation to novels of the Burney and Austen schools, as the low wailing strains of the Æolian harp bear to the firm notes of the violin, or any other scientific instrument. They are essentially melancholy, dreamy, vague, and suggestive. They seem to come from the spheres, and to have nothing in common with surrounding life. In this peculiarity lay the secret charm of Charlotte Smith's fictions. The figures that moved in them belonged to a world of her own creation. With the forms of

men and women, and subject to most of the ordinary conditions of sublunary existence, they talked, acted, looked, like inhabitants of the moon. The social atmosphere in which they moved was different from our own; it was more aerial, more brilliant, more buoyant. There seemed to be no necessity for doing things in this planet of Charlotte Smith's, as they are done on earth. The same causes did not produce the same effects. The laws of nature were occasionally abrogated for the purpose of carrying on divers eccentric operations which could not otherwise be satisfactorily accomplished; and those traits of character and conduct which, in our mundane life, would be considered decidedly exceptional, were here common to the whole population. There were hardly any individual distinctions except such as were produced by broad contrasts between vice and virtue, the villain and the protector of innocence, worked out after the allegorical manner of the malignant and good genii in the fairy tales. The good were all good; the bad all bad. There was no possibility of mistaking their attributes, or feeling any doubt whatever as to what they would do in any perplexity in which they might be placed. The cause of innocence was always vindicated in the end, and the machinations of wickedness defeated. Virtue and innocence were convertible terms. The oppressed were always virtuous, and the virtuous always oppressed. There were no shades of character or mixture of qualities, such as we see in our daily experiences, upon which a question could arise as to which category, the vicious or the virtuous, this or that individual belonged. Every body spoke the same ornate language; and every body exhibited a genius for polemics, in a style suitable to the ethereal region in which the action took place. The conversations were frequently prolonged into disquisitions full of descriptive sentiment or moral reasoning. The grand topics were love, friendship, and duty, discussed through a tinted medium, like light shedding its rays from a colored lantern. An ineffable spirit of politeness pervaded these conversations. It was not possible for one speaker to tax too heavily the endurance of another. An observation, slight enough in substance to be dispatched in a couple of lines, might be expanded into a couple of pages; but you found the interlocutor waiting pa-

tiently to the end, and replying in the same manner with the utmost urbanity, ultimately extending the dialogue over an indefinite surface by the exercise of a kind of angelic courtesy. Never were there such gentle, generous, trusting, and refined beings. The contemplation of their mode of existence lulls the understanding, and opens a perfect paradise of repose to the imagination. The events of one of these novels pass before us like changes and transformations in a vision, and every person concerned in them impresses you with a notion that he is in a state of beatitude. It is needless to say how exquisitely the most trivial and familiar circumstances are evolved under these skyey influences. The ladies swoon with a spirituality we look for in vain amongst our acquaintances; their sensibility belongs to an organization adapted only to the empyrean; and their capacity of love—the only human weakness which detains them in the lower world—is an absorbent of incredible nervous energy.

Totally unlike either of these classes, and inferior in literary skill and homogeneity of design to both, are the novels by the lady who wrote under the fantastical *nom de plume* of Ann of Swansea. Her works deserve a word of recognition as the types of an order which may be presumed to have circulated largely, and chiefly among the least educated, but, perhaps, the most constant, supporters of the circulating libraries. They resemble a masquerade, in which a variety of different costumes are collected promiscuously to furnish an entertainment, without combination, progress, or result. Attention was diverted from the want of unity of plan in these narratives by unexpected adventures behind the scenes of the story, and a constant succession of interlopers on the stage. This diversity of movement looked like fertility of invention, although it proceeded in reality from the lack of that quality. It was the most hackneyed of all expedients in those days (an expedient rarely resorted to by the present race of novelists), when a story was growing dull, to start off into an episode, for the purpose of escaping the impending dreariness; as voyagers on a sluggish river sometimes run their boat ashore to vary the monotony by an excursion on land. There are no such novels now as those which were produced by Ann of Swansea, but in her time they were legion; all containing sim-

ilar trains of incidents, altered, transposed, re-set, and new-labelled; and the more they resembled each other, and the more faithfully they followed the beaten track, the better chance they had of being called for at the libraries. The ascendancy she acquired over her contemporaries in this well-worked line of fiction, may be attributed to the facility and adroitness with which she re-cast, over and over again, the stock materials, contriving always to give them something like an aspect of novelty.

Ann of Swansea really lived in the sulphureous town from which she derived her fantastical appellation. She was a literary lion in a small way in that unpoetical neighborhood; and her industry and personal respectability, in a comparatively humble sphere, secured her many friends among the surrounding gentry. It is not generally known that she was as distinguished by her birth as she was famous among the disciples of Minerva for her writings. Ann of Swansea was a Kemble, a sister of the Siddons; and was prouder of that distinction than of the reputation she enjoyed as an author—a reputation bounded by her own circle; for the public at large were ignorant of her real name—a mystery which helped to heighten the interest attached to her works.

The difference between the novels of the last twenty years and those which we have thus hastily indicated, is wide and striking. The romantic element has nearly disappeared altogether. Pure romance is extinct. The last specimen of that form of composition appeared upwards of a quarter of a century ago. It was written by Mr. Mudford, who had been for a considerable period editor of the *Courier*, and who threw off, in *The Five Nights of St. Albans*, some of that superabundant imagination for which there was no vent in the columns of the newspaper. The story was constructed with remarkable skill, and displayed vigor and ability of a more masculine order than was probably ever before employed upon a work of that nature. But the day was gone by for such productions; and a narrative which would have thrilled tens of thousands of readers in the speculative age of the Radcliffes and Reeves, went down into oblivion at once in the practical age of Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation.

Whether the novel of to-day is an im-

provement upon the novel of the Minerva dynasty, is not so much a question of positive as of relative merit. They both reflect the spirit of their own times; and it is extremely likely that half a century hence Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Trollope will be considered as antiquated, and, in some points of view, as unreal as we now consider Mrs. Roche and Charlotte Smith. But our business does not lie with the general structure and *vraisemblance* of these works, but with their mode of treating a single passion. And here we shall find a common agreement. They all treat of love as the mainspring of human interest in fiction; and they all exhibit the same peculiarities of method, modified by circumstances, not only in the aspects which they select for illustration, but in the conditions and states of the passion which they ignore.

A writer who always contrives to charm and instruct his readers at the same time, has recently said this true and fine thing about the universality of the interest awakened by all narratives, however feeble, or trivial, or otherwise, in which love forms an ingredient:

"The imperishable, inexhaustible, unapproachable nature of love is shown in this—that all the millions of stupid love stories that have been written, have not one whit abated the immortal interest that there is in the rudest and stupidest love story. All the rest of the wretched thing may be the most dismal twaddle, but you can't help feeling a little interest, when you have once taken up the book, as to whether Arabella will ultimately relent in favor of Augustus; and whether that wicked creature, man or woman, who is keeping them apart, will not soon be disposed of somehow.*

This is the whole case. Every story with love in it is popular. The popularity might be put in another form—there is no story without love in it. It is the only ingredient that enters into every dish. In the composition of the novel it answers to the garlic of the Spanish *cuisine*—whatever else may vary the flavor, love is indispensable.

It is proper to interpolate, however, that in our English literature we have one illustrious exception. There is no love in *Robinson Crusoe*. De Foe does not appear to have laid much stress upon love in any of his stories; but it should

* Friends in Council Abroad. *Fraser* for February, 1856.

be remembered that he did not begin to write them until he had passed the period when men are usually moved by tender emotions. In his advanced years he could not exclaim with Dryden:

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflamed my blood, and now inspires
my wit."

Even in his *Roxana, or the Fortunate Mistress*, where he dwells in ample detail upon the coarsest indulgences of passion, there is not a solitary hint of a purer feeling. But he has shown, nevertheless, a noble capacity for portraying it had it come naturally within the design of any of the subjects he adopted. Robinson Crusoe was not in love, but he had a wife; and when she dies, the expression of his grief, simple, earnest, and profound, has more true pathos in it than we shall find in scores of volumes of modern sentiment. After describing her as having been the stay of his affairs, the centre of his enterprises, whose prudence restrained his erratic tendencies, and adding that she "did more to guide his rambling genius than a mother's tears and a father's instructions, a friend's counsel, or all his own reasoning powers could do," he concludes his affecting apostrophe to her memory by saying: "I was happy in being moved by her tears, and in listening to her entreaties, and to the last degree desolate and disconsolate in the world by the loss of her. *When she was gone, the world looked awkeardly round me.*" It is needless to observe how this matter would have been treated by most modern writers, and what efforts would be made to "pile up the agony," which is here dismissed in a few words heavily laden with a sorrow that goes straight to the heart.

Fielding entered fully into the passion, and is the only writer who has undertaken to trace it through the double action of the heart and the senses, the whole theory of which he lays down with his customary mixture of philosophy and wit, in the introduction to the sixth book of *Tom Jones*. Undoubtedly, the humanity of love was never so wonderfully anatomized as in that most wonderful of all stories. But Fielding's mode of treatment was better suited to his time than to our own; and although the essential truthfulness of the delineation is independent of all social mutations, the broad

utterance of it is distasteful to the decorum and reserve of the present age. That Fielding was master of all the springs of the passion—notwithstanding that he fails conspicuously wherever he attempts to move them in his farces—cannot be doubted by any reader of *Tom Jones*, or of another novel, less widely known, but not less remarkable for its power and completeness, in which he has portrayed it with consummate success in its highest and purest form, relieved of all sensual accessories, and existing only in the sweetness of its trust, its fortitude, and patience.

It may be here remarked that all novels, with such rare exceptions as that just alluded to, represent only one section, so to speak, of love, stopping short at marriage, as if the whole business ended there. Now the supposition of the novelist must be, either that there is no love after marriage; or that its subsequent existence is like a retirement into private life, where the public have no right to follow it; or that it becomes so flat and uneventful, and so much a mere emotion of routine, as to possess no interest whatever outside the family circle. It would be a bold thing to affirm that the novelists are not right, although the reasonableness of this practice is by no means apparent. But as the instincts of a whole class are generally accurate, we must conclude that the external or popular interest in the fortunes of the heart becomes seriously diminished, if it do not cease altogether, the moment all obstructions are overcome, and Arabella and Augustus have entered upon their honeymoon. And it must be confessed that most people care very little about Fielding's *Amelia*. All well-disposed minds cannot help admitting that she is a pattern of domestic virtue and conjugal endurance; but for all that they have a secret misgiving that she is dull and insipid, and that her patience is rather wearisome and provoking.

If the usage of novelists, established by common assent from the earliest times, be founded on a just principle of art—and we apprehend it would be difficult to prove that it is not—the theory lately advanced by a thoughtful critic, that the true test of a novel is its approximation to the singleness and unity of a biography,* must be rejected. There are

* *Cambridge Essays.*

more arguments than one against that theory, in relation to this special element of the subject. In the first place, love is not only indispensable in a novel, but generally supplies the principal and almost exclusive source of interest. No biography was ever constructed upon this plan, nor could it be so constructed, without an entire abnegation of the graver affairs which constitute the true value and importance of all biographies. Indeed, the space assigned to love in the memoirs of a man's life—unless the hero be such a man as De Grammont or Rousseau—bears about the same proportion to the rest of the narrative, as the grain of bread to the ocean of sack; and we seldom even hear of the wooing, until it is all over. In the second place, the interest of the novel terminates with marriage, where the real interest of the biography usually begins. It is from this point that the grand struggle of life opens in a vast majority of instances; that the tracks of experience

become deeper and more clearly defined; and that the individual qualities which have rendered the life worth recording, are called into activity, and developed for good or evil.

It is true that in giving so overwhelming a predominance to love, novelists are amenable to the charge of misrepresenting the world as it is, although, even as it is, it would be difficult to fix a limit to the actual influence of love over human affairs. But novelists treat it as if it were the sole business on earth. This is, no doubt, a manifest error. Even people in love, much as they are absorbed by it, have something else to do, and are obliged to do it; and this the novelists do not show; therefore they exhibit not only an imperfect picture, but a picture that by this very imperfection falsifies its original. The only excuse to be made for the novel is, that it does not profess to be a microcosm of human life, and that it must be accepted for what it is worth, as far as it goes.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE OFFICIAL CAREER OF HUMBOLDT.

FROM AUTHENTIC AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

DURING the nine months which Alexander von Humboldt spent at Freyberg he succeeded in acquiring all the information and experience necessary for the superintendence of mining operations. In March, 1792, immediately after leaving the Freyberg Academy, he was appointed assessor to the mining department of the government at Berlin. This was the first official post intrusted to Humboldt, and he felt agreeably surprised at being thus early thought worthy of the appointment.

Here, as throughout Humboldt's career, we perceive how happily independence of fortune freed him from those cares and anxieties which absorb so large a share of the time and efforts of men less fortunately circumstanced, and which have acted so prejudicially to the independence and real success of many most gifted men.

Humboldt never experienced the misery of being obliged to seek and strive—like most other German scholars and men of science, especially in the times here alluded to—for an appointment as a means of subsistence. His high-mindedness was never subjected to those humiliations and self-sacrifices which have frequently degraded, and not seldom induced the voluntary debasement of even the greatest minds. Humboldt gratefully and truly acknowledges these unusual advantages.

"It is unreasonable," he writes to Frey-
esleben on this occasion, with a most agreeable absence of pretension, "to make me thus early an assessor, when there is in existence such an army of mining cadets; especially as my literary efforts produce no profit. I have expressed this publicly, but have been answered in reply,

that I have been preferred to no one in the Berlin department; and this is true." How well he merited the appointment in question, and how greatly he must have surpassed the expectations entertained of him, may be inferred from the circumstance that he was only a few months subsequently—in August of the same year—made chief mining master (*oberbergmeister*) in the Duchies of Anspach and Bayreuth, lately acquired by Prussia.

In order to realize to the mind of the reader in some measure the importance of this position, it is necessary briefly to allude to the circumstances of those times, and to the men who developed their talents and perseverance simultaneously with himself.

Von Hardenberg, who became subsequently so celebrated as State Chancellor of Prussia, had, shortly before the cession of the Duchy to Prussia, left the service of the Duke of Brunswick, and entered into that of the Elector of Anspach, in 1791. By the Prussian government, the independent government of that country was intrusted to him in the same way as that of Silesia, and subsequently that of Prussian Poland, was exercised by Count Von Hoym; but while this last filled the country with creatures of his own, and by mismanagement excited the hatred of the people against the government, Hardenberg brought at first only two Prussian officials with him, and these were men of great merit. He was always most careful and judicious in making changes in the form of government, and in increasing the number of officials from the older provinces. These last comprised many men subsequently celebrated, and first among them stands Alexander von Humboldt. He was intrusted with the duty of governing and reorganizing the mining department. This post was not only well calculated to please his active and vigorous mind, but his fondness for natural history and physical science was further stimulated by the sympathy and coöperation of his official colleagues. Moreover, the war had sent numerous refugees from Southern and Western Germany into the Duchies. Numbers of French emigrants constituted there at that time the "Foreign France," and made Anspach a most agreeable residence. Among the more intimate acquaintances made at this time we may mention an officer of the garrison, Lieutenant Von Haften, with whom he

then undertook a journey to Switzerland, and entered subsequently into still closer relation.

The connection between Humboldt and Hardenberg was, above all, a most intimate one. The friendship then commenced was continued and renewed for many years subsequently, and never interrupted. Humboldt says of Hardenberg: "It is most wonderful that there existed no liberal great idea which had not already found an abiding place within him, and which needed only to be touched to reverberate harmoniously." That the minister entertained, in return, the highest opinion of Humboldt's talents and trustworthiness is proved by his admitting him to his confidence in even the most secret of his diplomatic affairs.

Humboldt's perfect happiness in his position is expressed in a letter to Freyesleben: "All my wishes," he writes to his friend, "are now realized. I shall devote myself entirely to practical mining and mineralogy." And he did indeed display the greatest capacity as a miner. He entirely reorganized, with almost unparalleled industry, in a few months, the entire mining system of the country, and he renewed successfully, although they were subsequently again allowed to lay idle, the ancient mining works at Goldkronach, which had been carried on there as early as the thirteenth century. The district of Naila has to thank him alone for the prosperity which, to a certain extent, it enjoys up to the present moment. Humboldt prepared the plans and methods of working still in use. He supported with solicitude a free mining school, founded by him at Steben, in 1793. The miners were, besides writing and arithmetic, to be instructed in all those branches of physical and mechanical science which have a connection with mining; he himself wrote a short book of instruction for the purpose. The instruction was indeed confined to afternoon and evening lectures, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The attraction of these lectures was, however, so great to teachers and pupils, that they were obliged to be prolonged, in the winter of 1793, until ten o'clock at night. Humboldt's studies at this time are characteristic of the leading idea with which he always endeavored to embrace in the object of observation its historical aspect, in order to compare and combine the facts and appearances of the remote past with those of the

present. While engaged with the labors of his practical administration, attracted by the charms of scientific pursuit and of a spirit of discovery, he labored at the same time among the musty deeds of the archives at Plaszenburg, which went far back into the sixteenth century. The results of this labor were, however, never published.

In spite of all this we find him, now on excursions to retired districts, and now on distant journeys, as well as in personal communication with celebrated men of science: and each of these changes in his pursuits was followed by some new and corresponding work.

Thus did a visit to the Bavarian and Austrian royal salt-works lead to the production of a chart of the German salt courses, and a treatise about the anger experiment on brines, which Freyesleben regrets not having been printed. Soon after this, in the August of 1792, we find him again at Vienna, in communication with the celebrated Jacquin. On his return from thence, through Silesia, with the minister, Count Rheden, he was occupied with mountain researches and the completion of various plans and drawings; and he availed himself of the opportunity afforded him by the stay of a few weeks at Berlin, at the end of the same year, to publish his *Flora Fribergensis subterranea*. This classic production first appeared in Latin, and was immediately translated into German by the Russian state counsellor, Fischer von Waldheim. The botanists hailed this work enthusiastically; princes and scholars vied with each other in the expression of their acknowledgments and appreciation. The Elector, and subsequently King of Saxony, honored it by a gold medal specially struck for the occasion; and the botanist Bahl crowned the youthful author with an entire species of a splendid East-Indian laurel which he called in honor of him, *Laurifolia Humboldtia*.

The practical official duties to which Humboldt returned in the spring of 1793, had, in the mean time, not become less attractive to him. "The great confidence," he writes at this time to Freyesleben, "which the common miners repose in me on all occasions, endears my labors to me; otherwise my position is curious enough, for I discharge in reality rather the duties of a juryman than those of the chief of a department.

His mining operations resulted most successfully, for he succeeded in 1793, with the aid only of about three hundred and fifty hands, to raise from the previously miserable district, iron, copper, gold, and vitriol, amounting to 300,000 florins. For many years subsequently he was fond of reverting to the days of his practical life, and he attached great value to his occupation.

In Humboldt's career we have a striking illustration of the truth, that all precepts, excepting those of religion and morality, are only relatively true; nothing has generally been found more detrimental to the success of individuals in almost every calling of life, than the want of definite purpose, the want of devotion to any one pursuit, and the want of concentration on any given object: Humboldt has been peculiarly versatile both in his studies and his pursuits: no place could retain him for any length of time, no occupation engross his efforts to the exclusion of others; thus we find him in 1793 engaged in various scientific pursuits, and in 1794 deeply immersed in botanical and geognostical labors, and not very long after engaged as *attaché* in diplomatic affairs on the Rhine and in the Netherlands. If these continual changes of occupation had been indulged in by a man dependent on his exertions, by some one who had his fortune to make, who after accomplishing any thing was not sure of securing an audience, or of obtaining the means of publication, and who was obliged to wait upon fortune, not for what he wanted, but for what she chose to let fall to his share—they would inevitably have resulted in failure and disappointment. But through Alexander von Humboldt's possession of independent means and great connections, of free access to every pursuit upon which he desired to enter, and of health, and a very prolonged life, they led to the development of perhaps the greatest universality of knowledge and mental powers ever acquired by any one man.

The hope of finding a field of usefulness in foreign politics led the minister Von Hardenberg, in June, 1794, to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, at that time the headquarters of the king of Prussia, who took a personal part in the war with France. His appearance at the royal camp was somewhat delicate, for he arrived there, without order, and on his own responsibility; and the position of Prussia was at

that time a most unhappy and critical one. It evidences, therefore, great esteem on the part of the minister to have selected Humboldt as his most immediate confidential companion.

The affairs of Prussia had within the preceding two years undergone a change scarcely compatible with honor, and certainly inconsistent with her reputation. By the Haager subsidizing treaty, of the 1st of April, 1794, she descended from the lofty eminence to which the great king had raised her, and degraded herself by becoming the paid vassal of war to England and Holland. Hardenberg brought about the breach of this treaty. On the 21st of October the army re-crossed the Rhine, and the separate peace of Basel was being negotiated.

We are unacquainted with the particular duties which devolved on Humboldt at this time, but we possess the following fragment from a letter of the 10th of September, 1794, written at the head-quarters near Uden in Brabant; it runs thus:

"Never was my existence more varied than now. I have been long taken away from my calling, overwhelmed by labors in connection with the diplomatic commission intrusted to me by the Minister von Hardenberg, mostly accompanying Field-Marshal von Moellendorf at his head-quarters, and remaining now by order here in the camp. I shall leave Uden on the 14th for the county of Altenkirchin, and from thence to the camp near Kreuznach and back to Frankfort. Thus it proceeds continually; I have not been much amused, but rather too distracted, yet travelling continually in mineralogical interesting parts has assisted me to a book on stratification."

The succeeding period Humboldt again spent at Bayreuth, occupying himself with practical mining and astronomy, and with sketching out the plans of his future journeys, amongst which there was one to the North. These intentions led him to resign his post at Bayreuth, and to decline also the appointment of the mining direction in Silesia. He, however, accepted, in May, 1795, the post of supreme mining counsellor in the department of mining, manufacturing, and commerce, under the minister of state, Von Hardenberg, and lived, after that time, alternately at Bayreuth and Berlin.

About this time, on the 15th of June, 1795, David Veit, the subsequently cele-

brated physician at Hamburg, writes from Jena, to Rahel: "This Alexander has been made supreme mining counsellor, has, at a very small expense, founded such institutions at Bayreuth, and with such *frightful honesty and wisdom*, that the mines now produce as much in one year as they used to do in fourteen, and that a simple practical miner can now sustain them. He is positive in refusing any salary; therefore, he can leave when he pleases. He intends to be in Switzerland next summer, and proposes to go to Lapland or Hungary the succeeding year, on account of his discoveries."

Humboldt writes to Wildenow, on the 17th of July, 1795, about his occupation and journeys from Bayreuth: "I desire and would like to tell you a great deal about my scientific labors—about an army of books, which is all at once to be brought to light by me, but human events occur here." . . . The conclusion of this letter runs thus: "I have been interrupted in my Swedish-Laplandish journey, as the king has filled my post so late. I, therefore, only go on a geognostic tour to neighboring Switzerland. I start to-day from here for Venice (through the Tyrol), over Vicenza, the Euganean mountains, to Milan and Switzerland. I have given up my great book about the stratification of Central Europe until I return from the journey."

On this occasion, he was accompanied, as already mentioned, by Reinhard von Haften. Although it is to be wished that this journey had been extended to a visit of Southern Italy, and especially the districts of Vesuvius and Etna, the renewed hostilities rendered it impossible; the return was accordingly commenced through a portion of Switzerland, as far as Schaffhausen, where Von Haften, whose leave of absence had expired, left him.

Shortly before commencing this excursion, Humboldt wrote the first portion of a work, which gained him new honors, in relation to the animated dispute which was then raging between naturalists. Aloys Galvani, professor of anatomy at Bologna, had skinned some frogs. Accident brought them in contact with an electric machine, and he noticed a passing movement about them. Galvani concluded from this phenomenon—while the frog lives it moves when it wills; now it moves when electricity is operating in its neighborhood: therefore, it follows

that that which enabled it to move while alive was of electric nature, and electricity is the cause of life. And as artificially-produced and natural electricity gave the same results, when he hung some frogs with copper hooks on an iron rod, he believed that electricity was not on the outside, but in the interior of the frog—that it was a portion of animal nature, and required only metal conductors, in order to set it in motion. This animal electricity seemed to him the key and explanation of the wondrously vital principle.

Alessandro Volta, professor of physics at Pavia, was the only one who opposed this theory; he maintained that the phenomenon was not confirmed in the organic body, but in the application of the different metals. "What is your frog," he asked, "but a damp conductor? Look here: I supply its place with a damp rag, and produce the same result." The voltaic column was discovered. Galvani replied to this: "The motions are brought about by one metal alone, and even without any metal at all, if the muscle is only brought into contact with an exposed nerve. He held, therefore, the brain to be the most important segregating organ of electricity, the nerves the communicating organs, and the muscles the repository of the same, similar to the Leyden bottles—positive on the inner, and negatively electric on the exterior surface."

To this Volta replied again: "That even one metal operates, owing to the heterogeneous nature of its different component parts; the current without metal is the consequence of the contact of heterogeneous fluids, analogous to the existing phenomena through opposite metals." And he demonstrated his theoretic assumption by practical experiments.

This was the position of the opposing parties, when a new combatant entered the arena, and devoted himself to the elucidation of the subject with all the ardor of his youthful energies, his all-embracing knowledge, and his personal untiring investigation and experiments. Humboldt had already, during his stay at Vienna, become acquainted with these discoveries; since then he had made various experiments, not confining himself, however, to the hitherto selected object, the frog; but, on the contrary, experimentalized with such devotion, even on his own body, that he injured his nervous

system to an extent which was not only momentarily painful, but caused him, subsequently, long and frequent suffering.

"I must here only allude to one experiment," he writes to Blumenbach, in June, 1795: "I had two drawing plasters applied to me, covering the *musc. trapez* and *deltoïd*, and I felt, when touched with zinc and silver, a violent painful beating; yes, the *musc. cucullar* swelled very much, so that its throbbings extended themselves upward to the back part of the head, and a touch with silver gave me three to four simple strokes which I could distinguish plainly. Frogs hopped on my back, though their nerves did not even touch the zinc directly, though removed half an inch from it, and only touched with silver alone. My wound served as a conductor, and then I did not feel any thing of it. My right shoulder was, up to this time, most irritated. It pained me severely, and the lymphatic serous fluid which was now more frequently drawn towards it by irritation, became red-colored, and like in an angry boil, so vicious that it inflamed the back in stripes in whatever direction it happened to run.

"The phenomenon was too remarkable not to be repeated. The wound on my left shoulder was still filled with colorless fluid. I then ordered that place to be more strongly irritated with metals, and in four minutes strong pain, inflammation, redness and stripes made their appearance. The back looked, cleanly washed, for several hours like that of a person who had run the gauntlet."

From a second letter written at Milan, we see that Humboldt, although engaged in his work on the stratification and arrangement of mountainous formations, did not forget his experiments of the nerves. He made the acquaintance of Volta in Pavia and on Lake Como, and enjoyed the most instructive intercourse with him and Scarpa.

The experiments were renewed with increased ardor on his return; and the wounds on his back, as also several on his hands, were used for many other investigations. In the hollow of a worn tooth repeated trials were made, in order to arrive at a deadening of the irritated nerves, which, however, did not succeed, as the pain became each time more intense. We have said enough on this point to show the self-sacrificing devotion with which

Humboldt carried on these experiments. His really great work on this subject deserves separate treatment.

We now take Humboldt up again at Schaffhausen. After the separation from Von Haften, he continued his journey from the 20th September until the beginning of November, with his Freyberg friend Freyesleben, through the most interesting districts of the Jura, and the Swiss and Savoy Alps, up to the Italian part of Switzerland.

The object of these wanderings was mostly geognostic. The observations were chiefly directed to the stratification of the different mountain formations. Humboldt believed that he would find in these investigations, already commenced during his stay in the "Fichtel and Erzgebirge" and in the mountain districts of the Rhine, a natural law which would establish a correspondence in the falling of mountain masses, from the light-house near Genoa up to the coast lands of the Baltic, and which would prove that this fall has no connection with the form and situation of the mountain chains, but depends upon an unknown power of attraction in the interior of our globe. He arrived also at the conclusion that the line of fall of all the older mountain strata on the whole surface of the globe, was kept by a natural law in a uniform direction, from S. W. to N. E., and afterwards he laid down this principle—that the strata of mountains form a certain constant angle of about fifty-two degrees with the meridian.

This fact seemed to be fully confirmed on the continent of Europe in journeys through a considerable portion of Germany, France, Switzerland, England, Italy, Poland, and lastly, also, through Spain. The desire to ascertain whether this law repeats itself also on the continent of the western hemisphere, was, as he distinctly expresses it, one of the inducements which decided him upon commencing his voyage to America, and postponing for the present the publication of his then numerous observations.

"In all these journeys," says Freyesleben, "he was chiefly occupied with observing the stratification and the vegetable kingdom; but no other object which could have an influence on the physics of the earth, atmosphere, and natural history, lay beyond his reach. And when I consider that we visited, mostly on foot, within seven and eight weeks, the mountains

from Schaffhausen, Zurich, and Berne, beyond the valley of Chamouni, and at last from Altdorf over the Gothard to Ariolo, I am still pleased with the good use of our time—an art which Humboldt especially understands. His ardor for science, and his unexampled industry, have prompted him from his earliest youth to spend every moment instructively; even his nightly rest is always limited to only a few hours."

On his way home, Humboldt went to Rastadt, where the congress was just opening, which engrossed universal attention; he went there, less indeed on account of the diplomatists, than in order to seek the French mineralogist Faujas. "Certainly," reports a satirical diplomatist of that celebrated assembly, "certainly Humboldt never experienced such a fright in the storms of the ocean, as the Count von Goerz, the Prussian minister, *plenipotentiaire* to the (*Reichsfriedenspacificationsverhandlungstractate*)* experienced at his own table, when Alexander von Humboldt, the invited, besides being heated, and in travelling coat and boots, arrived a whole hour beyond time amongst the assembled diplomatists; but the Count knew how to set them very soon *au fait* through the gently uttered apology, 'It is a scientific man.'"

After his return home to Bayreuth, in the winter of 1795, he was chiefly engaged with the Minister von Hardenberg. Besides this, he was greatly occupied in experiments as regards lighting, and on physiological researches about the vital process, in animals and plants, of different kinds of gases. Already at that time was his glance all-embracing; even then he wished, like an unlimited ruler in the kingdom of science, to establish through the whole of Europe endymetric stations, and only the newly commenced hostilities prevented the accomplishment of this design.

These warlike commotions caused, in July, 1796, a new interruption to Humboldt's scientific pursuits, in consequence of his undertaking a diplomatic mission to the Prince Hohenlohe at Ingelfingen, in order to secure from the French commanders, Moreau and Desaix, near Kannstadt, the neutrality of Franconia, and to divert the march of French troops from passing through that portion of the coun-

* This is ironically retained as one word.

try. Circumstances had, however, in the mean time, arrived at a point when it was impossible to attain the object in view by means of diplomatic representations. Considering his personal simplicity, Humboldt appeared to himself very strange in being marshalled into the French camp by hussars and sound of trumpet: this is expressed in his letters of that time.

In the autumn of 1796, he again commenced his inquiries relating to the subterranean gases. The immediate inducements to this undertaking were the noxious vapors which increase the great dangers encountered by the miner: the number of human beings inclosed in narrow chambers, the great exertions required by their occupations, their strong and quick breathing, the smoke from the lights, the generation of injurious gases from various fossils, the dampness of the rooms, the air-vitiating plants, and a variety of other causes, which increase the dangers of the miner, and whose chemical nature, at that time unknown, had to be considered. Humboldt entered, armed with all the weapons possessed by the science of that day, against this enemy; the vapors were chemically analyzed, and their component parts examined as regards their local origin. These investigations led him to the invention of four different lamps, for maintaining the lights burning in the mines; he also invented a respirating machine to render breathing possible in a bad atmosphere. During a trial with one of these lamps, on the 13th October, 1796, in the Bernecker alum-works, he went alone into a place containing foul air, in which neither paper nor light would burn for even a single second. Suddenly he was overcome by the miasma; he lost consciousness and fell fainting to the ground by the side of his burning lamp. By a mere accident he had been followed by one of the miners, who hurried to his assistance, and drew him, perfectly inanimate, by his legs some six or eight fathoms backwards out of this dreadful place. In the alternation from terror to delight, no one, however, felt happier than Humboldt, that he had in himself experienced how utterly irresistible the gases were in which his lamp would still continue to burn.

These experiments have more than once, and especially in the before-mentioned works, nearly cost Humboldt his life. Space prevents our alluding further either to these dangers or Humboldt's other efforts in the various branches of natural science. Sufficient has been said to exhibit the extent of his labors, and the all-extending grasp of his observations. The vastness of his plans, the profoundness of his method, and with it all, his amiability and unassuming nature, may be inferred from a letter written to Professor Pictet, at Gené, in January, 1796.

"C'est depuis six ans (he writes) depuis le voyage que je fis en Angleterre avec George Forster, philosophe aimable, enlevé trop tôt à l'humanité égarée, que je n'ai cessé de m'occuper d'observations physiques. J'eus le bonheur de parcourir en mineur une grande partie des montagnes de l'Europe, j'étudiai la nature sous les points de vue les plus différens; *je conçus l'idée d'une physique du monde*; mais plus j'en sentis le besoin, et plus je vis que peu de fondemens sont encore jetés pour un aussi vaste édifice. Quelque mérite qu'il y ait à réduire des expériences connues à établir l'harmonie parmi les phénomènes, qui, aux premier coup-d'œil, paroissent incompatibles, je me bornerai cepedant à vous communiquer les faits qui ont échappé jusqu'ici aux naturalistes. Car de tout ce que la physique nous présente, il n'y a de stable et de certain que les faits. Les théories, enfans de l'opinion sont variables comme elles. Ces sont les météores du monde moral, rarement bien-faisans, et plus souvent nuisibles aux progrès intellectuels de l'humanité."

In the midst of a life of such arduous devotion to science, he was overtaken by the news of his mother's death; she died at Berlin on the 19th of November, 1796. The news possibly did not, however, come so thoroughly unexpected, for Schiller had already, as early as July, written to Goethe: "Humboldt's mother is dying, and that no doubt detains him at Berlin." While in the house of Wilhelm von Humboldt, at Jena, Bugadorf writes to Rahel: "They would not lightly retire to bed without having once more prayed for the life of the beloved mother at Berlin."

From Chambers's Journal.

BRIDES FOR SALE.

WE have heard it said that there are to be no more slaves in Egypt—a pleasant piece of news, if true. Mr. Breakchains has already commented on the circumstance, and told us that, “for the first time since the Nile began to deposit its sediment, the pellucid stream reflects the beauteous countenance of freedom,” and so forth. This is not the first time there has been talk of this kind. Ten years ago, it was solemnly decreed by that “very magnificent Bashaw”—this is the true Egyptian pronunciation—Mohammed Ali, that in Alexandria, at least, conscientious residents and missionary gentlemen bound for India should not be shocked by the sight of flocks of human beings exposed for sale in public places. This was the result of a movement something analogous to that against Smithfield. The slave-markets were complained of as a nuisance, not as a system. They were ordered to disappear. Accordingly travellers fresh from London or Paris, who wished to convince themselves that such things could be—that boys and girls and grown persons were actually to be seen for sale—at least, such was the reason given for the eagerness with which the sight was sought—were compelled to hire a guide acquainted with the back-slums of the city. They then learned that the trade, instead of being carried on in the open street, was confined to certain small houses adapted for the purpose—ranges of rooms or cells round low courts. It was not customary, even for natives, to visit these places: a man in want of a slave used to send for four or five specimens, male or female as the case might be, and examine them deliberately as he sat smoking his pipe in his own divan; the jellab, or dealer, squatting by, ready to answer all questions as to age, temper, or origin. Europeans, however, obtained admission into the private slave-markets with tolerable ease. There was always some grumbling and affectation of resistance, but a few piastres smoothed all

difficulties. It was worth while going once or twice in order to appreciate the vulgar reality of the scene. Whilst passenger-philanthropists were praising the great step towards emancipation taken by Mohammed Ali—supposed to have repented of his slave-hunts—here was evidence that not the slightest real change was contemplated. Serving-men and serving-maids, of all classes and degrees, were constantly on hand, constantly coming or going. In most cases, they were fresh from Soudan, clothed in a single rag, with their hair in a thousand plaits. It is not from avarice that the jellabs make their slaves preserve this miserable dress, but because they well know that new arrivals are most prized. Families like to educate them in their own way. It is not uncommon for girls already well civilized to be compelled to reësume their native dress, pretend ignorance of Arabic, and affect pristine stupidity.

We have glided into the use of the present tense, because the same observations still apply. Indeed, in speaking of Eastern manners, the past tense is almost superfluous; and, for that matter, perhaps, so is the future. Nothing seems to change there but names—there is no progress, no development. When we hear, therefore, that slavery is to be abolished in Egypt by the will of that new jovial pasha—that man-mountain invested with authority, and besieged by rival influences—we remain perfectly unmoved. The statement has the appearance of a contradiction in terms. Abolish Egypt you may; but not slavery in Egypt, for many a long day. The whole of society is conducted on the supposition that in every family above the position of a common laborer there shall be, at least, one bought assistant. Take away the slave-girl, and who shall grind the corn, or pound the coffee or the meat, or blow the fire with her breath, or turn the kababs, or wash the floor, or carry master's dinner to the shop in the bazaar? Who shall light the pipes of the great, or

bring their slippers, or watch over the women, if there be no more memlooks or eunuchs? We will not absolutely despair of the future: but change must come by slow degrees.

What, too, would the rich Turk, or the merchant who cannot afford to take a wife from among his own people do without Abyssinian or Georgian slaves? Let us not have false ideas on the subject. In most cases the Orientals do not buy odalisques, but housewives. When white or bronze-colored ladies are introduced into a harem, the transaction very much resembles a matrimonial one. The victims, as we are accustomed to call them, are very willing parties in most cases. They are eager to obtain an establishment. We remember once—during the time when it was said that no more slaves were to be publicly sold in Alexandria—being told that there was a Georgian girl to be disposed of in the Broker Bazaar. We went to see her. The poor thing sat a little back in a shop, closely wrapped up in a white woollen mantle, and only allowing her dark glancing eyes to be seen. Her owner was not then present, but the master of the shop, Sidi Abn Hassan, sat smoking his pipe before her, dilating, from imagination, on her innumerable perfections. The moon, the palm branch, the pomegranate, and the gazelle were, as usual, brought in as comparisons for her face, her figure, her form, and her eyes. The chief thing on which he dwelt, however, was the fact that the ornaments of her person were worth three thousand piastres (thirty pounds). We saluted him at the first period, and he made way for us by his side, jocularly informing his auditors that we should be the successful purchaser. Two or three scowled tremendously; but the rest laughed, saying that the Frank was very unfortunate that he could not buy so beautiful a companion. We learned that the girl's name was Nazlet; and it was added that she was fresh from her mother's side in Georgia. This we knew to be untrue, and having shown our incredulity, we gradually ascertained that she had been lately sold out of the harem of a Turk. When the crowd had dispersed, we tried to talk to the girl, but she did not understand Arabic, and Abn Hassan was a poor Turkish scholar. She contrived, however, to ask whether the Frank intended to purchase her, and said—interested flatterer—that she had always

desired to be the slave of a Frank. Her voice was sweet, and her gestures were pretty and expressive; but when, in accordance with the usual coquetry of Eastern women, she allowed us to take a rapid glance at her face, we discovered that care or sickness had made surprising inroads on her youth. We shall never forget that anxious and pallid countenance, lighted up for a moment by a fascinating smile—we fear not genuine, for it was expiring before the veil rapidly returned to its place. Her master, a surly Turk, coming up to take her home, put an end to the interview. Next day we heard some bidding for her; but the report had got abroad that she was thin and sick, and very low offers were made. We had resolved not to go and see her again; but she beckoned to us in passing, and we could not resist. Her first words, as interpreted, were: "Nazarene! cannot you find a substitute to buy me for you?" That is to say, a Mohammedan to become the nominal purchaser, we infidels not being allowed the enviable privilege of possessing slaves in our own right. She seemed really to anticipate being left on the hands of her master, who, we are told, attributed her meagreness either to ill-humor or to the effect of the evil-eye. We did not attempt to explain to her that Christians abhorred slavery, and were liable to a fine imposed by the consul of an hundred pounds sterling (ten thousand piastres) for encouraging it in any way. We thought it best to affect poverty. That was decisive. Her manner changed like that of a young lady who learns that some impassioned suitor is dreaming of love in a cottage, because he has no expectations. She looked over our shoulder at a huge greasy Turk who was waddling that way. A short time afterwards, she was parted with for about seventy pounds, ornaments and all.

White slaves are kept at Cairo, in Wakalfahs, specially devoted to the purpose, but under the superintendence of the common sheikh of the slave-dealers. They were brought there generally from Constantinople some half a dozen at a time, but almost always receive additions from the harem of the place, for there are always "a few fine young ladies" for sale, forming part of the fortune of some deceased Turk. In the best houses, each has a separate apartment, and a separate duenna, or attendant—facts which we

might have learned from report, but which we happen to know from positive experience. We were some years ago at Cairo, in the heyday of youth and spirits, and chancing to hear of the existence of these curious hotels, as well as of the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of penetrating into them, determined, at any rate, to try. Had we been better acquainted with Eastern manners, we should never have exhibited the blind obstinacy which in such a case can alone insure success.

We started one day, a party of four, mounted on donkeys equally spirited with ourselves, and dashed into the narrow, tortuous, thronged alleys of the city, loudly informing our guide that we never meant to return without having seen a *dépôt* of white slaves. The fellow's single eye glistened with wonder, but he put his hand to his head and exclaimed: "Trader—ready!" and trotted on before us, stopping to whisper to all his numerous friends and acquaintances as he passed, informing them, as we afterwards learned, that he had four mad Franks in charge, whom he was resolved to lead a tremendous dance, in order to tame down their absurd curiosity. In the first place, he took us straight to the other extremity of the city, near the Bab-el-Zontona, where are the black-slave bazaars. We inspected them rather hurriedly, being already acquainted with that sort of thing, and then turning to our one-eyed cicerone, who pretended to forget what we really wished, said rather sternly: "Well, sir?" He apologized, and when we had satisfied the greedy demands of the *jellabs*, trotted away to the other side of the Bab-en-Nasr, where we saw some ladies from Abyssinia of various degrees of bronze color, and a few Galla girls, black as a coal, but wonderfully lovely in feature. This was not what we wanted, and some of our party began to talk of the propriety of cudgeling our guide. He understood the pantomime, and requesting us to mount again, promised with many a solemn asseveration to take us to the *therkh* of the slave-dealers; and so we rode about a couple of hours, having interviews occasionally with several grave old white-bearded gentlemen who were always at first introduced as the *skeikh*, and who were then admitted to be only deputies. They all made long speeches to us, which we partly understood, beginning by expatiating on the impropriety

of our wishes, and ending—when it was evident that we were perfectly inaccessible to reason—by referring us to a man in the next bazaar.

We had started very early in the morning, and it was not until an hour after noon that we began to suspect that we were being merely played with: that is to say, that our guide was in league with everybody to prevent us from seeing these mysterious white slaves. We had learned one fact, however, namely, that a good number of Georgian and other beauties were lodging in a vast house in one of the principal streets—a continuation of the *Goreeyeh*, if we remember rightly—of course, under the care of a merchant. After a serious consultation, therefore, we gave Mohammed—he must have been named Mohammed—the slip, and resolved to do business on our own account. At that time of day the streets of Cairo are very quiet and lonely. Every body is taking his siesta after dinner, and even the coffee-houses are empty. There happened to be one of these establishments exactly opposite the great house in question. We entered and called for pipes and Mocha—paid extravagantly for the first supply, and ordered a second. The *kawajee* was delighted, and gave a ready ear to our confidences. We told him what we wanted. That great wall, striped horizontally with red and white, rising to the height of some twenty feet without windows, and then having only a sort of range of bird-cages projecting, but jealously closed, stood between us and a mystery which we were resolved to investigate. The worthy coffee-man, whose countenance was as brown as the berry in which he dealt, grinned and winked, but at first uttered that same absurd word which had annoyed us all day. It was impossible, he said. The only means of entrance was that narrow thick door opposite. There was a wicket in it. If we showed our Frank faces and pleaded for admission, we should be laughed at. That was indeed probable, but we did not give up in despair. We waited for events, smoking and drinking coffee, to the imminent danger of our nerves. At last the *kawajee*, who really took an interest in us, drew our attention to a great brawny *fellât* woman, who was coming down the street on the sunny side, with a great pitcher on her head. She was going, he told us, into

the sealed house, being a servant thereof; and if, he added, retiring with a cunning look towards the back part of his shop, we chose to go in with her, why we should find only a decrepit old porter, and a lot of women, to resist us. We thought not a moment of the disagreeable consequences the act suggested—which had somewhat of the character of a burglary—might entail. All means of satisfying our legitimate curiosity appeared to us legitimate. The door was opened. The brawny fellât woman entered. We made a rush across the street—a hop, step, and a jump—and before the old porter had time to understand what had happened, were scrambling up a long flight of narrow, dirty, shattered steps, as fiercely as if we were taking a town by storm. Where they came from we did not know, but by the time we had reached a broad gallery on one side, overlooking a vast court-yard, we were surrounded by a number of women, not the beauties we were in search of, but old ugly women of nondescript appearance. How they screamed, and shouted, and gesticulated, and threatened, and put their half-veiled faces close to ours, and asked what we wanted and where we came from, and where we expected to go! Our answer consisted of handfuls of piastres and paraahs, which produced a most complete effect. Their gestures calmed down, their voices became gentler, they began to understand our curiosity. After all, what was the harm? The merchant and his men were away—the old porter, who at length came up, had received a dollar in the hand that had been stretched out to grasp one of our throats—order was restored, and then came explanations and a sort of bargain. By this time we had made out an individual figure in the crowd of our quondam female assailants. It was that of a round little old woman in a white woollen mantle, with a muffier wrapped all round her head, above and below her eyes; she was the chief duenna, and when her avarice was satisfied, professed perfectly to appreciate our feelings, and agreed, if we would only make haste, to exhibit her caged beauties.

There were seven or eight of them, each occupying a separate apartment opening into the great gallery which we had reached by our first effort. The doors were opened one after the other. After crossing a small ante-room, we found our-

selves in each case in a nice chamber furnished with a divan, on which the slave sat or reclined, whilst an attendant woman squatted near at hand ready to serve her. The first lady we saw received us sulkily and pulled on her veil. The second—extremely handsome, by-the-bye—greeted us with shouts of laughter, made us sit down, and affected to coquette with some of us. On being rebuked by the duenna, she laughed still more immoderately, and offered us coffee and pipes. A serious quarrel ensued, during which we left, after making our present—for we had begun to suspect that the least interesting specimens alone were exhibited to us. It was evident that these two ladies, though richly dressed and attractive in person, were not fresh arrivals. They had most probably been already in some Cairo harem, and were for sale either as a punishment or on account of the poverty of their masters. There was a certain reckless, vicious look about them that suggested the former to be the case—told stories, in fact, of incompatibility of temper, which low feeding and the whip had not been able to overcome.

The third door had been passed over, which of course roused our curiosity. In the other apartments we saw one or two young girls, very innocent-looking and quiet, with several dames, evidently well accustomed to that transition state; but we did not note them much, being too occupied in thought with the mysterious third chamber. At length, after a good deal of parleying, in which promises were not spared, we succeeded in procuring admittance, and understood at once the reason of the hesitation which had piqued our inquisitiveness. Here was the gem of the exhibition—for in that light we regarded the place—a magnificent young woman, with dark, dreamy eyes, arched eyebrows, smooth, low forehead, rich lips and dimpled chin. The purple blood came to her cheeks, and went and came again rapidly in the first flutter caused by our intrusion. She was dressed in the usual embroidered vest, with a many-folded shawl round her waist, and loose trowsers, as we are accustomed to call the oriental jupe, because it is fastened round below the knee, and falls in double folds to the ankles. The lady wore a small red cap, from beneath which her immense profusion of small tresses, increased in volume by braid, and spangled with gold ornaments, fell over her shoul-

ders. Her unstockinged feet were partially covered by bright yellow inner slippers, as they may be called. When the first surprise was over, she received us in a courteous and lady-like manner, but still seemed puzzled to know what we could want, and why she was made a show of to Europeans. The dignity of her appearance checked our somewhat boisterous gayety, and we remained gazing at her in silence—a circumstance that did not seem at all displeasing; for she smiled approvingly at us and at herself, glancing down over her splendid attire, of which she was evidently very proud. All our ideas of slavery were at once confounded; and it was not until some time afterwards that we understood the difference between the purchase of human beings to put them to hard labor, and the purchase of them as members of a family.

* We might at last have had some conversation with this bride for sale; but suddenly a tempest of human voices again whirled along the gallery. We were unceremoniously hurried out of the boudoir just in time to find ourselves in the midst of a dozen fierce-looking jellabs, armed with clubs and headed by an old man with a

white beard, which he accused us of defiling. He was the master of the place; and a mighty rage he was in. The scene that ensued was so confused—so many people spoke at once—that we could not make our apologies appreciated; and, though we distributed small pieces of money right and left to the whole garrison, and thereby warded off some of the blows aimed at us, yet we could not, in any degree, pacify the old gentleman, who, being past the age of action, offered us his beard to pull, slapped his face, took off his turban and threw it on the ground—all to denote that we had unjustly violated his domicile—and so we had. Mingling, therefore, entreaties with counter-thrusts, opening a way with piastres when we could not do it with blows, taking the bruises we received as good-humoredly as possible, we managed to scramble down the staircase and get into the street, where our donkey-boys, who had heard of our danger, were beginning to whimper and collect a crowd. Getting into the saddle as fast as we could, we galloped off towards the European quarter, where we related to many unbelieving Franks the story of our visit.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE STRANGE ACQUAINTANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM "GRAZIELLA," BY LAMARTINE.

WHEN I was eighteen years old my family intrusted me to the care of a relation whom business called into Tuscany, whither she was accompanied by her husband.

It was an opportunity for me to travel, and to shake off that dangerous idleness engendered by the quiet of a father's house and of country towns, where the first passions of the soul grow corrupt for want of employment.

I departed with the enthusiasm of youth when about to see the curtain rise on the most splendid views of nature and life.

The Alps, which since my childhood I had seen from the summit of the hill Milly, in the extreme horizon, brilliant with eternal snow; the sea, of which sailors and poets had filled my mind with glowing images; the Italian sky, the heat and serenity of which I had already, as it were, experienced through the verses of Goethe and the pages of "Corinne"—

"Knowest thou that land where the myrtles flourish?"

The yet remaining monuments of that

Roman antiquity, of which my recent studies had filled my thoughts—in short, liberty; distance, which gives enchantment to scenes far removed; the accidents, certain in long journeys, which, foreseen by the imagination of the young, adds the zest of anticipation to present pleasure; with the change of language, of faces, and of manners, which seems to open to the mind a new world—all fascinated me. I lived in a state of constant excitement during the long days of expectation which preceded our departure.

This delirium, renewed each day by the magnificence of nature in Savoy, Switzerland, on the lakes of Geneva and Como, on the Glaciers of the Simplon, at Milan, and at Florence, lasted till my return.

The business which had brought my companion to Leghorn, being indefinitely prolonged, she proposed to send me back to France, without having seen Rome and Naples. This was to deprive me of my dream at the moment of possession.

I inwardly revolted against such an idea. I wrote to my father to obtain his permission for continuing my journey into Italy alone; and, without waiting for the answer, which I could scarcely hope would be favorable, I determined to forestall disobedience by action.

"If a refusal arrives," I said to myself, "it will arrive too late; I shall be blamed, but pardoned; I must return, but I shall have seen."

I reviewed my finances; they were slender. Knowing, however, that a relation of my mother was established at Naples, I trusted that he would not refuse me money for returning, and started one beautiful night by mail from Leghorn to Rome.

I passed the winter there alone, in a little room of an obscure street, at the house of a Roman painter, who took me to board in his family.

My appearance, my youth, my enthusiasm, my isolation in the midst of a strange land, had interested one of my fellow-travellers on the route from Florence to Rome, who united himself to me with sudden friendship.

He was a handsome young man, about my own age, and appeared to be the son or nephew of the famous singer David, then the first tenor of the Italian Theatre. David, already an old man, travelled with us on his way to the San Carlo Theatre,

Naples, where he was to sing for the last time.

He behaved like a father to me, and his young companion loaded me with kindness and attention; I responded to his advances with the simplicity and confidence of my age; before our arrival at Rome we had become inseparable.

The mail then took not less than three days for its journey from Florence to Rome. In the inns my new friend was my interpreter; at table, he served me first; in the carriage, he reserved for me, beside himself, the best place, and, if I slept, I was sure my head would have his shoulder for a pillow.

When I left the carriage at the foot of the steep ascents of the Tuscan or Sabine hills, he joined me, explained the peculiarities of the country, named the towns, and pointed out the monuments; he even gathered lively flowers, and bought fine figs and grapes upon the road—with these he filled my hands and my hat.

David appeared pleased with the affection his companion showed for the young stranger, and sometimes exchanged smiles with him, as they glanced kindly yet significantly at me.

Arriving at Rome, at night, I naturally took up my residence in the same hotel.

I was conducted to a room; next morning I did not awake, till the voice of my young friend, who rapped at my door, invited me to breakfast.

Having dressed hastily and descended into the saloon where the travellers were reunited, I turned to clasp the hand of my intimate, but looked for him in vain among the company, from whom proceeded a general burst of laughter.

Instead of the son or nephew of David, I saw by his side the charming figure of a young Roman girl, elegantly dressed, and whose black hair, arranged in plaits round the forehead, was fastened behind by two long golden pearl-headed pins, such as are still worn by the peasant girls of Tivoli.

It was my friend, who, on arriving at Rome, had resumed her costume and her sex.

I ought to have surmised it, from the tenderness of her regard, and the grace of her smile, but I had no such suspicion.

"Dress does not change the heart," said the young Roman, blushing, "only you will no longer sleep on my shoulder,

and, instead of receiving flowers, you must give them; this adventure will teach you not to trust to those appearances of friendship shown you for the future, which may be something very different."

She was a cantatrice—a pupil and favorite of David; he took her with him every-

where, and dressed her as a man, in order to avoid remarks on the road.

He treated her more as though he were her father than her guardian, and was in no degree jealous of the sweet and innocent familiarity which he had allowed to be established between us.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE MOURNFUL MARRIAGE OF SIR SAMUEL MORLAND.

ONE of the stock characters of our last age comedy, was the morose, suspicious, and with all, gullible old bachelor, the standing jest of his younger associates, the dupe of intriguing maids and their designing mistresses, who generally ended a life passed in abuse of the fair sex, and dread of the "holy estate of matrimony," by running his head into the noose of some equivocal or unequivocal jade, and the curtain usually dropped before a laughing audience upon the head of the wretched misogynist, in the first agonies of discovering that, after a long and lonely course of suspicion and wariness, he had been trapped, and was destined to pass the remainder of his life under a petticoat despotism of the most despotic and degrading kind.

These things don't happen now-a-days; hence, doubtless, this character, in its broad features, is no longer reproduced in modern comedy; and it may be taken as an illustration of the world-wide inspiration with which Shakspeare describes the stage as marking "the very age and body of the time," to note how Congreve's "Crusty old Bachelor" refines into his modern counterpart in the *Sir Peter Teazle* of Sheridan, just as the grossness of the stolen or tricky Fleet marriages of the days of "handsome Fielding" are refined into the completeness with which the modern trip to Gretna at once satisfies decorum and defies pursuit. Times are changed, habits altered, and the stage

mimicry of life follows suit and changes also.

The story of "real life" I am about to tell is exactly one of those which, if *now* produced on the stage, would be pronounced exaggerated and improbable, though in its own day it would have been received as a natural and not out-of-the-way incident. A grave, staid personage, with a place on the page of history; a name widely known in connection with events of historical interest; a man of mark, a "ripe scholar," a courtier, all in one, and yet with an underplot in his private career, marking him out for the original of the duped hero of a low-comedy intrigue, the jeer of a merry audience, and the standing laughing-stock of all his private acquaintance. Pity that our narrative should date in the brief reign of the saturnine James, instead of that merry monarch his brother Charles, to whom, and to his gay courtiers, it would have been a reality far better than any "play ever enacted by his Majesty's servants," affording them "laughter for a week and a good jest for ever."

Going back into the protectorate of that stern "Oliver" who, if he gained his power irregularly, yet confessedly used it so as to render the name of Englishman dreaded, hated, and respected in equal proportions through Europe, we find one of the incidents of Cromwell's brief rule on which Englishmen love most to dwell, in his bold interference on behalf

of the persecuted Vaudois. Not only by remonstrance and protest, but by stern and unequivocal threat of armed aid and reprisal, did the Protector interpose between the bigot policy of the House of Savoy and its own Waldensian subjects. Nor was his sympathy limited to words, or even warlike demonstrations; a grant of thirty-eight thousand pounds*—a vast sum for those days—was distributed to the plundered and persecuted people of the valleys; and this princely benevolence was ministered to the sufferers by the hand of "Samuel Morland," then a young man and accomplished scholar, who, called from a Cambridge fellowship into the office of Secretary Thurloe, was selected to dispense England's brotherly aid to persecuted fellow-Christians, and this, doubtless, not without a regard as well to his high personal character, as to his ability to record the events of his mission in that narrative which is ever since referred to as a text-book by all writers on the affairs of the Waldenses.

This is the first mention we meet of Samuel Morland; the next, while it lays open a painful spectacle of the private treachery which may pass current for public virtue in days of civil warfare or commotion, must lower our hero in esteem, just as the favor of his prince was elevating him in the scale of worldly honor.

The memorable "twenty-ninth of May," 1660, came, and with it came the Second Charles to "enjoy his own again," riding from Dover to Whitehall through such an avenue of welcoming subjects as gave him occasion to say—in his own happy manner—"that it must have been his own fault not to have come *home* long ago!" This public entry to his capital took place, as we have said, in the end of the month; but even at the beginning of it Charles had begun to dispense his royal favors to those who had contributed to his "Restoration," and among those whom "the king delighted to honor," we find from Pepys' gossip, that he "knighted Mr. Morland, and did give the reason for it openly—that it was for giving him intel-

ligence all the time he was clerk to Secretary Thurloe."

This debasing avowal seems to me to humiliate the bestower and receiver of honor alike, and leaves a revolting impression of the effect of civil convulsions in sapping the very foundations of truth and trust among men. Here we have The King—"the very fount of honor"—rewarding a course of service to him, which was in effect treachery to Morland's own trusting employer, and proclaiming his new knight to his assembled court as one who had bought his favor by such systematic breach of faith and honesty, as in ordinary relations between man and man would expel the traitor from decent society. No doubt Charles was neither of character nor in circumstances to look too nicely into the moral features of any means which helped him to his throne; yet he must have been devoid of the commonest moral perception if, in his secret soul, he could look upon his new-made knight without loathing.

The acknowledgment of Morland's services did not rest in a paltry knighthood. He shortly after received a life-pension of five hundred pounds per annum, charged upon the Post Office revenue; and when, a little later in the year, the king was scattering honors over the land with lavish hand, we find among them "Sir Samuel Morland, of Southhamstede Bannister, Berks, *Baronet!*" Nay, further still, we find him obtaining from his reckless master not only this honor for himself, but a "*blank baronetcy or two!*" to dispose of for his own private advantage. It would be a curious piece of secret history if we could trace out among "The Order of Baronets" the individual who bought his honor "*bon marché*" from this baronet-broker of baronetcies!

We learn this fact, as before, from the gossip of Pepys. Pepys had, it seems, been Morland's pupil at Cambridge, and had formed so low an estimate of his former tutor's judgment and common sense, that he avows his surprise at finding him so well able to make his way at court in the new world just then beginning. On the 14th of August, 1660, Pepys makes an entry, in his *own* style, as follows:

"To the Privy-seal Office, and thence to Mr. Pym, the tailor's, and I agreed upon making me a velvet coate; thence to

* Morland's Waldensian narrative contains a minute account of the distribution of this sum among the "poor Vaudois" to the amount of 21,908*l.*, and closes with a "*balance in hand*" of 16,333*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.* Query: What became of this balance? Did the "merrie monarch" find it still "*in hand*" when he came to Whitehall?

the Privy-seal againe, where Sir Samuel Morland came with a baronet's grant to posse, *which the king had given him to make money of.* Here we staid with him a great while, and he told me the whole manner of his serving the king in the time of the Protector, and how Thurloe's bad usage made him doe it; *how he discovered Sir Richard Willis,** and how he had sunk his fortune for the king; and that now the king had given him a pension of 500*l.* per annum in the Post Office for life, *and the benefit of two baronets!*—alle which doe make me begin to think *that he is not so much of a foole as I took him to be.*"

Poor Morland, while opening his heart to his former pupil, little thought that he was confiding his secrets to a "chiel takin' notes" to be "prented" for the edification of generations yet unborn—as little did good Doctor Gilly (the modern historian of the Waldenses) suspect what a "by-way *exposé*" of character he had passed over in Pepys' pages, when he sketched

* The case of Sir Richard Willis, here alluded to, is detailed at large by Clarendon, in book xvi. of his History; and Clarendon fully gives Morland the credit which he thus claims, of having been the discoverer of the double-dealing of Willis, who appears to have gone here and there, from one party to another, in the civil wars, but who ultimately, for a large pension, became the "*spied spy*" of Cromwell, inasmuch as all his discoveries were re-conveyed, as soon as made, by Morland to Charles. This business is no further connected with our present subject than as it exhibits another phase of that queer, loose morality which characterized the intrigues of that period. Willis was a traitor, but he wore his mask "with a difference." If he betrayed the king's agents and partisans, he did so with as little damage to the king's cause as he well could. He spared the "good men and true" as much as possible, but gave up the doubtful and moderate without hesitation. "It was soon noted," observes Clarendon, "that he (Sir R. Willis) seldom communicated any thing in which there was necessity to name any man who was of the king's party and had *always* been so reputed; but what was undertaken by any of the Presbyterian party, or by any who had been against the king, was poured out to the life. . . . If at any time he named any who had been of the king's party, it was chiefly those who were *satisfied* with what they had done, how little so ever, and resolved to adventure no more."—Clarendon, b. xvi.

The whole "secret service" of that period was a perfect network of intrigue. Cromwell and Thurloe had in turn their spies in the very king's chambers, who were in like manner detected; for an instance of which, see "Maning's treachery," as narrated by Clarendon in same book. On the whole, I think it probable that while Cromwell was served with more ability, Charles found more *fidelity* in his agents, and that the Protector felt that he was walking over mines and pitfalls at every step of his reign.

the following glowing portrait of Cromwell's almoner and accredited agent to the proud Duke of Savoy." "Cromwell (writes Doctor Gilly) could not have chosen a man better qualified to discharge the duties of such an embassy than Morland. Young, ardent, full of courage, and conscious of the dignity of the character which he had to sustain as the representative of the Commonwealth of England, he procured an audience at Rivoli, where he addressed the Duke in a Latin oration, which, after a few customary expressions of courtesy, containing truths which none but a *stern republican* (!!) could think of sounding in royal ears."

After the extracts we have given, Morland disappears from Pepys' graphic memoranda for a number of years, with the exception of an occasional dash of the pen, sufficient to show us that he very soon became one of those hangers-on of the court who, no longer needed, was no longer noticed. We can see, as if with our living eyes, that Sir Samuel had, to use an expressive phrase, "worn out his court welcome at Whitehall," and was become a kind of "Sir Mungo Malagrowler" among the reckless courtiers of Charles the Second. The royal gratitude which in its first fervor had flung him baronetcies to dispense, and assigned him an ample pension on the public revenue, in time began to cool, and, cooling, to collapse! So that, after an interval, we find, first, "the lord treasurer," with a *Joe Hume austerly*, "curtailing his pension," and presently the curtailed pension falls into arrear to a formidable amount; so that, at the end of a quarter of a century (1684-6), we trace the King's knight and baronet to a small house at Vauxhall, where he employed himself in scientific and mechanical experiments,* which classed him with the persons known in that age as "projectors"—men out of place in the pleasure-seeking court of Charles, but who would have been more duly estimated in our day, when speculation periodically combines itself into

* Upon looking into Evelyn's graver "Diary," running parallel with the gossip of Pepys, we find frequent mention of Morland, and his ingenious contrivances and inventions. Some annotator has "made a note" confounding Sir Samuel Morland, our hero, with his son, who died unmarried and childless in 1716; but there can be no doubt that Sir Samuel the elder, who survived to the year 1695, was the person mentioned in these Diaries, and the "Master of Mechanics" to Charles and James the Second.

"Lunar Railway Companies," "Timbuctoo Mining Associations," and other provisions for evaporating the extra energy and capital of our countrymen. Assuredly, Sir Samuel Morland, had he now lived, would have written himself down X. Y. Z. and A. S. S., &c., &c., and have held high place in the "directorships" and "management" of the "joint-stock bubbles" of our day.

"Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood." Sir Samuel Morland was in the sixty-first year of his age, when, notwithstanding his experience, his erudition, his converse with courts, and the craft which his own practice in the ways of deception should have taught him, he fell into as shallow a pit-fall as ever snared a schoolboy. It is impossible to consider his mishap without seeing in it something at once of the pitiable and ludicrous, and, above all, some *judicial* infusion of that treachery which he had long before prided himself upon practising upon others. If the comparison may be used without profaneness, the case seems to resemble that of Jacob, who, having in his youth beguiled his aged father, was himself in his own old age made by his own children the subject of continued frauds, which well-nigh brought his "gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." But Sir Samuel Morland must tell his own sorrows, which he introduces, strangely enough, in an *official* communication to his quondam pupil, now the prosperous and powerful Secretary to the Navy, upon the subject of some projected improvements in the construction of "gun-carriages."

"SIR SAMUEL MORLAND TO MR. PEPYS.

"Sat., 19 Feb., 1686-7.

"SIR,—I went about three or four daies since to see what the Commissioners of the Navy had done upon the order you sent them relating to the new gun-carriages, &c., but met none but Sir John Nareborough, who told me your order respecting a trial of shooting to be made like that at Portsmouth, which was impracticable at Deptford, because shooting with powder only was no trial, and shooting with bullets too dangerous; and therefore his opinion, which he did believe would be the opinion of the whole board, was, that to each new carriage should be the addition of a windlass, and also the false truck at the end of the carriages; and that all the other things, as eye-bolts,

tackles, &c., should be left as they are on the old carriages till such time as a full trial be made of the new way, both at sea and in a fight, and then what shall prove to be useless in the old way may be wholly left off and laid aside.

"I could have waited on you with this account myself, but I presume you have by this time heard what an unfortunate and fatal accident hath lately befallen me, of which I shall give you an abbreveiate.

"About three weeks or a month since, being in very great perplexities, and almost distracted for want of moneys, my private creditors tormenting me from morning till night, and some of them threatening me with a prison, and having no positive answer from his majesty *about the 1300l. which the late Lord Treasurer cut off from my pension so severely*, which left debt upon me which I was wholly unable to pay, there came a certain person to me whom I had relieved in a starving condition, and for whom I had done a thousand kindnesses, who pretended in gratitude *to help me to a wife*, who was a very virtuous person and sweet dispositioned ladye, *and an heiress* who had 500*l.* in land heritage per annum, and 4000*l.* in readie money, with the interest since nine years, besides a mortgage upon 300*l.* per annum more, with plate, jewels, &c. The devil himself could not contrive more probable circumstances than were lay'd before me; and when I had often a mind to inquire into the truth I had no power, believing *for certain reasons that there were some charms or witchcraft used upon me*, and withall, believing it utterly impossible that a person so obliged should ever be guilty of so black a deed as to betray me in so barbarous a manner. Besides *that, I really believed it a blessing from Heaven for my charity to that person*; and I was about a fortnight since led as a fool to the stocks, *and married a coachman's daughter not worth a shilling, and* And thus I am both absolutely ruined in my fortune and reputation, and must become a derision to the world.

"My case is at present in the Spiritual Court, and I *presume that one word from his majesty* to his proctor, and advocate, and judge, would procure me speedy justice. If either our old acquaintance or Christian pity move you, I beg you to put in a kind word for me, and to deliver the inclosed into the king's own hands, and with all convenient speed, for a criminal

bound and going to execution is not in greater agonies than has been my poor active soul since this befel me; and I earnestly entreat you to leave in three lines for me, with your own porter, what answer the king gives you, and my man shall call for it. A flood of tears blinds my eyes, and I can write no more, but that I am

"Your most humble and poore distrest servant,
"S. MORLAND."

On the stage, this would be the point in the duped old bachelor's case on which the "*Deus ex machina*" would descend and either deliver him from the noose into

which he had run his silly head, or leave it an indissoluble knot, the pressure or torment of which would be left to the imagination of the audience; but in our *true tale*, the pitiful sorrows of the silly old man are *but beginning*. He had heavier and more protracted punishment to undergo for the senile self-love in which he allowed himself to be persuaded that a "virtuous and sweet-dispositioned ladye," with an heirship which would have made her a "cynosure" for the gallants of the court, had become *engouée* of a starving sexagenarian. We can find no parallel for such a case of infatuation nearer than that of Malvolio.

From the London Review.

THE PENINSULAR HEROES.*

FROM time immemorial it has been the favorite maxim of great leaders, that the bravest man is the best man. With the Romans, *virtus* meant "valor," as well as that habitual disposition of the soul, or mind, to follow good and avoid evil. "In the day of battle," exclaims Xenophon, "he who least fears men is the one who most reverences the gods." A man who was not much less of a heathen than Xenophon, although he lived in Christian times—namely, Lord Peterborough—has put the bare principle of fighting on somewhat better ground. We do not remember the precise words in which his maxim is reported, but, substantially, it runs to this effect: that *they* are only serfs who fight for the sake of a single man; but they are freemen who fight for the welfare of a nation. Frederick, whom it is still the custom to call "the Great," pronounced war to be the grand art of defending kingdoms. At this definition D'Alembert

laughed, and said that it was the cruel art of destroying man. That it is an art there can be no doubt, and a man can no more be born a warrior than he can be born a statesman or a poet. But he who exercises this terrible art out of mere love for the art itself, is assuredly a stranger to the noblest sentiments of his kind, and an enemy to the cause of virtue and religion. Lucian remarks, in his terse way, that, in civil wars, victory itself is defeat. We may now say, that all wars between civilized nations are civil wars; and the victory is dearly bought which is purchased by the blood of Christian men, and the tears of Christian survivors. Let us add, that the art of war does not lie entirely in fighting. War is sometimes like that human affection called "love," touching which it is said in the Italian proverb, that flight is often victory.

At each improvement in this dread art, there have never been wanting conservative spirits to declare that such innovation was tantamount to ruin. When Archidamus, the son of Agesilaus, first saw an arrow shot from a newly-invented Sicilian

* *Memoirs of British Generals distinguished during the Peninsular War.* By J. W. COLE, H. P. 21st Fusiliers. Two Vols. London: Bentley.

machine, he thought it was all over with archers and their sinewy arms, and he exclaimed: "O Hercules! the valor of man is at an end!" So, some one who saw the effects of the first shot fired from a gun or cannon, cried out in despair, that the villainous powder would annihilate bravery. Nevertheless, there have been "bold fellows" since, as well as "before, the days of Agamemnon."

Montluc was especially singular in his dislike of newly-invented engines of war. He was, at one time, captain of a troop of arbalestiers, before arquebuses were known in the French army. The effect of the latter, however, had been seen, felt, and execrated, by Montluc. They had been invented, he said, that cowards might slay brave men at a distance, whom the former would not dare to look at near. These pieces, carrying balls, he gravely set down as the discovery of Satan, because they slew so many men. But Montluc lived at a time when men's lives were thought nothing of; and he remarks that Francis I., on being remonstrated with at sending men on a service in which they were almost certain to perish, only answered, that if he were to burn such fellows alive, he would have more profit than loss.

There was one thing which especially annoyed Montluc—the bravery of the English. In one part of his Memoirs he altogether denies the fact. Forgetting that he had done so, he subsequently lauds their valor. He acknowledges their right to credit for vast courage, from the circumstances that all the English carried *short* arms, and that they ran close to the enemy in order to discharge their arrows. Still he is much perplexed touching this same undeniable valor, till he stumbles upon a discovery which renders him perfectly ecstatic. "Take my word for it," he exclaims, "that the English who beat the French in bygone days were half Gascons; for they married in Gascony, and thus became fathers of good soldiers." In the volumes before us, Mr. Cole gives us a record of the great deeds in war of fourteen Peninsular Generals. The record is one of great interest; and there is something in it of greater importance than mere interesting biographical details. We learn from it the sad fact, that experience has done nothing more for us than the sternlights do for a ship, according to Coleridge's illustration—namely, light up

the way we have passed. In our case, it has not even served us to that extent; and we have not profited by looking along past tracks in order the better to avoid peril before us. In the Peninsula there was a bad system which worked evilly. In the Crimea we adopted the system, and made it work still worse. The men who fought the nation's battles at the commencement of the present century suffered terribly, sometimes unavoidably; but, even then, there is no instance of those who could be traced out as the causes of such suffering, being decorated for their achievements. In later days, we have acted differently. We have detected more grievous offenders, to whose indolence, indifference, or incapacity may be traced the unnecessary and cruel sacrifice of thousands of valuable lives. In the East thousands have perished, not by the sword or might of the enemy, but by the guilty negligence and fatal incompetence of some of those who should have been their chief protectors. Men patiently perished of cold or lack of nourishment, while clothing, food, and drink were within their reach, but withheld from them. They did not rise up in despair to seize on what was denied them, or to strike down those who refused to cover and to feed them; they patiently perished, and their place knows them no more. When the indolence and inertness of Varus made of the Roman legions an easy prey to Arminius, the proconsul, ashamed to look Augustus in the face, slew himself; and his chief officers followed the example. According to the opinions which then prevailed, this was a decent, dignified, and pious process. Varus was well aware that he would receive no crown at the hands of Cæsar. Augustus reserved his decorations for the vanquishers of the enemy, not for the destroyers of his own men; and the bones of Varus mingled with those of his victims, buried by Germanicus at Teutoburgium.

Mr. Cole furnishes us, as we have said, with fourteen biographies; some incidents of these we will now deal with, for the profit, we hope, of the reader. The author commences with Moore.

Sir John Moore presents us with the grateful portrait of a Christian soldier. He did not, perhaps, pray so ostentatiously, nor fight so frantically, as some of those ill-understood and ill-appreciated soldiers, the "fifth-monarchy men;" but of his religious sincerity and his brilliant courage

no man, not even his enemies, doubted. His name is still fresh in our memories, although very nearly a hundred years have elapsed since his birth, and nearly half a century since his soldier-like death at Corunna. He was born in 1761, the son of a Glasgow physician, who is remembered for a novel which very few living persons have read, "Zeluco." The son was, as a child, quick-witted, high-spirited, self-willed, yet tender-hearted. It is this last quality which gives a charm to all children who, therewith, possess the other characteristics named above. If impulse betray them into offence, an appeal to their good feeling or good sense at once recalls them; and in circles of home there are few more touching, perhaps few more pleasant, spectacles than those little scenes of reconciliation between children and parents, effected by mingled resolution and love, and concluded amid an accompaniment of smiles and tears.

From the age of fifteen, when Moore entered the Fifty-first Regiment, to that of forty-eight, when he fought his last battle, and died a victor, he may be said to have lived among his troops. Sprung from the middle classes, he had had no aristocratic leisure wherein to mar his youth; and at fifteen, the ensign had to fight his way to distinction, with no aristocratic influences to help, but with not a few to obstruct him. But the young soldier was also a young but good scholar; and young as he was, he had scarcely any soldierly duty to learn, when he was first called to perform it. When summoned to the practice, he had not to learn even the theory, of his profession. There are many, even in these days, in the latter helpless condition. They remind us of those persons noticed by Bacon, who remarks, that they who visit foreign lands before mastering the languages thereof, go to school, and not to travel.

We need not recapitulate the history of the wars in which Moore was engaged during the thirty-three years of his service. The handsome officer did credit to his country, in three quarters of the globe; and it may be said of him that when he was unsuccessful, he was so more through the imbecility of controlling powers at home, than through the superiority of his enemy, or any short-coming in his own person. He loved punctuality, that "politeness," not only "of kings," as George III. called it, but which we all, as denizens

of a busy state, owe to one another. Once, to a very young officer, whom he had invited to dinner, and who came late, he said, with a reproving smile: "Young gentleman, do you carry a note-book in your pocket?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "Then out with it, and write down, *Never be too late to dinner or parade*; and remember to whom you are indebted for this good advice."

His zeal was most unselfish. Thus, in a critical service which he was performing well in St. Lucia, he sent to Abercrombie, for the personal assistance of General Knox. Sir Ralph rode up to him, and, conceiving that Moore had erroneously imagined he had committed some fault, declared that he had no wish to place a senior officer over him. Moore's reply was heroic: "I have asked for another General, because another is requisite for the numerous duties. I ventured to propose General Knox, because he is a man of good sense, and an excellent officer; *for it is of the utmost consequence that the services should be well conducted, but of none which of us commands.*" At a later period, when the incompetent Burrard, and still more incompetent Dalrymple, were placed above him in the Peninsula, he remonstrated, indeed, against the injustice, but he did not fling up his command.

The fact is, that he loved and understood his profession. He was an admirable practical soldier. In the camp at Shorncliffe, in 1803, when the nation generally, and, as Sydney Smith imagined, the wives of Sussex incumbents particularly, were alarmed by threats of invasion, he instituted and superintended the Light Infantry system, beginning with his own Regiment, the Fifty-second, "thus forming the nucleus of the unrivalled Division which, not many years afterwards, in the Peninsula, excited equal admiration from friends and enemies." He had more trust in well-trained men than in the half-trained militia, even with a Prime Minister at its head. Thus, Pitt, who commanded two battalions of a thousand men each, often visited Moore at Shorncliffe; and on one of those occasions he remarked: "Well, Moore, but as, on the very first alarm of the enemy's approach, I shall march to aid you with my Cinque-Port Regiments, you have not told me where you shall place us." "Do you see," said Moore, "that hill? You and your men shall be drawn up on it, where you will make a most for-

midable appearance to the enemy, while I, with the soldiers, shall be fighting on the beach." A similar disposal, six years before, of some scarlet-cloaked, round-hatted Welchwomen had frightened fourteen hundred French invaders out of Pembrokeshire. Moore may have had the remembrance of this in his mind; or he may have recollected Pitt's own remark to a body of gentlemen, offering to enroll themselves into a Militia Regiment, on condition that they were not called upon to leave the country,—that "they should never be so called upon, *except in case of invasion.*"

Moore lived in a transition time, but in his own person he anticipated many of the reforms introduced into the army. Thus, for instance, while he was absent, with a force under his command, to serve that worthless Queen of Naples whose vices rendered her odious in the eyes of Moore,—

"A decree had gone forth for the abolition of pig-tails throughout the British army. It bore date the 24th of July, and was hailed with universal delight. Sir John Moore's contingent had no sooner arrived in the Downs, on their return, than a signal was made for all haircutters to proceed to head-quarters. . . . As soon as they had finished on board the head-quarter ship, the Adjutant, Lieutenant Russell, proceeded with them and a pattern man to the other troop-ships. The tails were kept till all were docked, when, by a signal, the whole were hove overboard with three cheers. The General himself, long before, as far back as 1800, had been remarked for what was thought by his elders the unsoldierlike innovation of giving up the time-honored powder and queue, and wearing a crop."

Such a scene as that above described had, probably, never been witnessed since the period when Bishop Sirron, of Sééz, was horror-stricken at the appearance in France of our Henry I. and his army, all in long, curling locks. The bishop, it will be remembered, preached against the wearers as *pervicaces filii Belial, capita sua comis mulierum ornata*; and he preached to such effect, that the king ordered "crops" into fashion. The bishop clipped the king's own head, as Henry sat meekly at the door of his tent; clergy hardly less dignified cut close the curling hair of the nobles; and, at the same time, inferior ecclesiastics put their shears to the heads of the grinning soldiery, and left nothing thereon but the very stubble of their crops.

It is the remark of Quintus Curtius, in the romantic novel which he calls "the Life of Alexander the Great," that a man's age is not to be calculated by length of years, but by amount of deeds accomplished in it. According to this calendar, Moore, when he fell, at the age of forty-eight, was an old man. His deeds, in the vocation to which it had pleased God to call him, were very many—not a few glorious, none discreditable. He had not had leisure, in his busy life, to nourish the tender sentiment of elevated human love; but his dying exclamation to his aid-de-camp, "Stanhope, remember me to your sister," has induced some few to imagine that his heart was occupied with the image of the eccentric Lady Hester. For such a surmise there is no foundation. As little is there for the tradition that he was buried "uncoffined." His great antagonist, Soult, who, for the first time, received defeat from an enemy, at the hands of Moore, commemorated the spot where Sir John fell, in a Latin inscription cut in the rock, and which simply states that "Here fell General John Moore, on the sixteenth of January, 1809, in a battle against the French, led by the Duke of Dalmatia." Soult lacked the chivalrous candor to confess in this simple registration, that General John Moore was the vanquisher of the Dalmatian duke. The latter, however, repaired, in his private letters, the lack of courtesy visible in his public record.

There was one heart on which the death of Moore fell with crushing force, as an irreparable calamity; and that was his mother's. Some months after his death she wrote to her daughter: "I am endeavoring, as far as I am able, to submit to the will of God, and to trust in his mercy, that it is for my dear John's eternal happiness that he has been snatched from this world; but my feelings are too strong for my reason, and I cannot bring my mind to be reconciled to his loss."

At the battle in which Moore lost his life, at Corunna, there was serving under him an officer, older than himself by four years, and who had entered the army at the same early age of fifteen. That officer was the gallant and ill-requited Sir David Baird, the captor of Seringapatam, and the recoverer of the Cape to the permanent sovereignty of England. Baird, like Moore, was a Scotchman. He saw most

of his service in India. His first voyage thither occupied nearly a year, so slowly did we plough the deep in those otherwise active days. The young soldier was at once flung into the bloody struggle against Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo. He was one of the army which fought against those savage leaders till their ammunition was expended, which withstood some dozen and a half of assaults, till their strength could no longer reply to the impulse of their hearts, and which surrendered upon terms which were shamefully broken—the Mysore chiefs slaughtering the defenceless men, or consigning them to a long and terrible captivity.

In this captivity Baird was a sharer. Many of the prisoners were coupled together by heavy chains; and Baird and another were thus fettered to each other's side, day and night. It was on hearing of this system of cruelty, that Baird's mother, who knew the impatient temper of her son, exclaimed: "The Lord help the poor man that's chained to my Davie!"

The chief incident of interest to the general reader, in the life of Baird, is that which shows him in connection with Colonel Arthur Wellesley, whose fraternal relationship with the Governor-General procured for him the then unmerited favor of being placed over the senior officers; among others, over Baird. In connection with this matter, and with a defeat sustained by young Wellesley, the following extract will be found of considerable interest:

"The Saultpettah Tope, or thicket, being a second time occupied by the enemy, and affording a convenient cover, General Harris ordered the Thirty-Second Regiment, under Colonel Wellesley, to expel them. The attack was made in the darkness of the night. The enemy opened a heavy fire of musketry and rockets. The assailants fell into disorder and retreated, having lost several killed, and leaving behind twelve grenadier prisoners, who were afterwards cruelly murdered by holding them, and twisting their heads forcibly round, until their necks were broken. Colonel Wellesley, who, with Captain Mackenzie of the Light Company, was leading the column, finding themselves deserted by their men, retired, and endeavored to regain the division. In the intense darkness they lost their way, and, after wandering through strange ground for several hours, reached the camp alone. Colonel Wellesley then, with deep mortification, proceeded to head-quarters to report what had happened; but finding General Harris was not yet awake, he

flung himself, in his full accoutrements, on the table of the dinner tent, and, worn out with fatigue and anxiety of mind, he fell asleep. Until he aroused himself, it was unknown where he was or what had become of him. In the meantime, General Harris ordered another detachment to be formed, consisting of the Ninety-Fourth Regiment, two battalions of Sepoys, and five guns, to make a fresh attempt upon the Tope. Colonel Wellesley was again to command. As the Ninety-fourth formed part of General Baird's brigade, he accompanied it to parade, where he found General Harris walking about. All was ready, but Colonel Wellesley had not yet appeared. Harris became impatient, and ordered Baird to lead. He mounted his horse, and called his aide-de-camp; but a generous feeling induced him to pause, and, turning back to General Harris, he said: "Sir, don't you think it would be fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving his misfortune of last night?" The General listened to this kind and considerate proposal. Colonel Wellesley appeared at the critical moment, put himself at the head of the party, and carried the Tope in gallant style."

This was noble; and yet when Baird subsequently carried the great fortress of Seringapatam by assault, and held the keys in his hands, he was compelled to consign them to his junior, Colonel Wellesley, who was appointed governor of the captured fortress, over the head of the captor! Baird remonstrated; but all that he got by it was an intimation that, if he was not satisfied, he could retire. He knew his duty better; and when Wellesley was subsequently placed under the orders of Baird, the brother of the former, the Governor-General, expressed a hope that preceding events would create no coldness between them. Baird honestly and heartily replied: "The talents of your lordship's brother, as well as of every officer of the army, shall have full scope. Trust me, my lord, I harbor no little jealousy; all in my breast is zeal for my king and country." This was emphatically *grand* in a soldier who had exclaimed, with agony, within the walls of Seringapatam, which he had taken as conqueror: "Before the sweat is dry upon my brow, I am superseded by an inferior officer."

The record of the lives of the two Pagets, the Marquis of Anglesea and his brother, Sir Edward Paget, reads like the story of the brilliant achievements of two fraternal knights of the era of romance. They were descended "respectably" rather than "nobly." The founder of their house, in the accepted

sense which makes a family recognize its founder, not in the most virtuous, but in the luckiest man of the line, was the William Paget who was Secretary of State to Henry VIII., and on whom, with a peerage, Edward VI. conferred the estate of Beaudesert, which had previously belonged to the bishopric of Lichfield. The heirs of the first lord inherited his gallant bearing. Of him a contemporary foreign king remarked, that he was not only qualified to represent a king, but to be a king himself.

Mr. Cole observes, that it is seldom that the brothers of one family attain to such great honors as was the case with the Marquis of Anglesea and his brother. He notices, as an exception, the Napiers. "Not long ago," says he, "four of that family might have been seen at the same levee, wearing the insignia of knighthood, won bravely at the point of the sword." He might have cited still nobler instances—the Malcolms, all knights, sons of a Scottish farmer, and the Pollocks, equally honored, the sons of a London saddler. In the latter instances, too, the chivalrous honors were often earned by services less questionable than those which are now achieved by mere swordsmen.

The services of the late Marquis commenced under the Duke of York, in that disastrous war in which the English army was betrayed by the English Government; to which Prussia never brought a soldier of the contingent for which she was paid in millions; and from which Austria sneaked out, "and left the Duke of York to extricate himself as best he might." The active service of the Marquis closed at Waterloo; and we believe that he would have considered the Dukedom of Mona a more worthy recompense for such service than the Marquisate of Anglesea. His high spirit never left him. In his younger days, at the head of his cavalry, he descended on the foe like a thunderbolt. At fourscore, he was quite as alert; he was stirring with the lark, and in the jaunty dress of a sailor could walk the deck of his yacht with an air as easy as if his shoulders had to bear but one score of years instead of four. This was not such an "adjusting of the mantle" as some wise octogenarians have adopted, but such was the case in the instance before us.

They who love to hunt after those singularities which are often miscalled coincidences," may be gratified to

know that when Lord Uxbridge (as he was called before he was made a Marquis) proceeded to Waterloo, he left Sir Thomas Lawrence in despair at the gallant soldier's portrait being incomplete, by want of the right leg. The cavalry leader promised a sitting for the purpose of putting the leg in the picture, as soon as the campaign was ended. At the conclusion of the campaign, however, the maimed warrior returned without the particular limb most required by the artist.

It has often been asserted, and was repeatedly affirmed by Napoleon at St. Helena, that if Murat had led the French cavalry at Waterloo, on the 18th of June, he would have broken the English squares, and won the battle. When Lord Anglesea was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a general officer asked him at his own table, if Murat could have done so. "Every eye turned from the speaker to hear the answer. Lord Anglesea looked, listened, paused for a moment, and, gently tapping his wine-glass, as was sometimes his custom, replied very quietly: 'No, he would not, nor ten Murats.' Murat never saw a square of English infantry on the battlefield."

The career of Lord Beresford is very popularly known. He is one of the two English generals—Lord Hill was the other—of whom the Duke of Wellington is reported to have remarked that, if Hyde Park were full of troops, they were the only two English officers capable of getting them out, without confusion. Beresford was the captor and loser of Buenos Ayres; and he is, what he ought not to be, the accepted hero of the bloody victory of Albuera.

The author observes that it would be difficult to discover from General Beresford's own account of the battle, "that the Spaniards literally gave way, in confusion, from ground which they ought never to have occupied; that the intemperate courage of General William Stewart, utterly blinding his judgment, destroyed a brigade; and that the advance of the Fourth Division, under General Cole, which decided the battle, was a movement made without the knowledge or concurrence of the commander-in-chief. The facts are too well established to admit of dispute, and therefore the reputation of General Beresford must bear these qualifying deductions whenever the subject is discussed." Albuera was a

proof of the assertion which declares that, in battle, he who commits the least blunders is sure to be the conqueror. Such was the case at Albuera, where Beresford committed grievous errors, but where Soult made more mistakes than Beresford. It was in this sanguinary struggle that the Fifty-seventh gained the significant appellation of "the Die-Hards."

Less cautious, but not less brave, than any of the leaders hitherto named, was General Craufurd, the short, fiery, stern, headlong chief of the famous "Light Division" which Moore had called into existence at Shorncliffe. The men of that division "never met their match in a fair field, when opposed to any thing like equal numbers."

"Their advance to Talavera has been justly commemorated as an instance of practical discipline and endurance, to which it would be difficult to produce a parallel. They were in bivouac at Malpartida di Placentia, which place they had reached after a march of twenty miles, and had only been allowed a few hours to rest and cook their rations, when flying rumors reached them to the effect that the British army was defeated, and the enemy close at hand. Craufurd hastened on, determined not to halt until he verified the state of affairs with his own eyes. In twenty-six hours he crossed the field of battle, moving in perfect order as if on parade, having during that time passed over sixty-two English miles, under the burning rays of a Spanish sun in July, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds' weight; and, of the entire division, only seventeen stragglers were left behind."

The skeptical Gibbon was fond of comparing ancient with modern warriors, in order to disparage the latter; but Napier truly remarks, with reference to the above great fact, that had the celebrated historian "known of such an effort, he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers." It is true, however, that the soldiers of a Christian era have one weakness, if it may be so called, in common with the soldiers of the heathen period. Four nights before the battle of Busaco—

"The Light Division, falling back only a league, encamped in a pine wood, where happened one of those extraordinary panics that, in ancient times, were attributed to the influence of a hostile god. No enemy was near, no alarm was given, yet suddenly the troops, as if seized with a frenzy, started from sleep, and dispersed in every direction; nor was there any possibility of allaying this strange terror, until some persons called

out that the enemy's cavalry were amongst them, when the soldiers mechanically ran together in masses, and the illusion was instantly dissipated."

The men who had trembled at even less than shadows were stout of heart again, as soon as they were told that they were confronted by real dangers. In such dangers Craufurd used to delight; and, in pursuing such delight, he finally incurred death, leading his division to the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo. This General, being stern, strict, impetuous, uncereemonious, and determined that "duty" should be accomplished, was very unpopular with the officers; "but with the private soldiers he was universally popular, as he always looked to their comforts, and treated them justly, while he maintained rigid discipline." The men, in fact, knew him to be just; and if he would mercilessly punish the guilty, he was as determined that his men should not be murdered by scantiness of food or lack of clothing.

The biography of Sir Lowry Cole reproduces some of the most stirring scenes in the Peninsular war, particularly that portion of it which terminated by the entry of the British army into the south of France, where, for many centuries, the echoes had not made reply to the tap of an English drum. Cole was at once wary and dashing. He helped to gain Maida by refusing to advance without orders, and he fairly secured Albuera by taking upon himself the responsibility of carrying his division forward, without commands from the General-in-Chief. In either case, he saw, at once, the perils of the moment, and the result likely to ensue on the course of action most necessary. If he loved hard fighting, too, he was, at least, not averse from good living.

"General Cole spared no expense to keep a good table, and was most liberal in his invitations. An officer on the staff, who had not long joined, being one day asked to dinner by Lord Wellington, hesitated a little, and at length stammered out, that although greatly honored by his lordship's notice, he was awkwardly situated, being previously engaged to Sir Rowland Hill. 'Go, by all means,' was the reply. 'You will get a much better feed there than here.' And then his lordship added: 'As you are a stranger, I will give you some useful information. Cole gives the best dinners in the army; Hill, the next best. Mine are no great things; and Beresford's and Picton's are very bad indeed.'"

Cole, however, seems to have forgotten that it was as natural for the soldiers as for their leaders, to descend to common thoughts of diet.

"Rations were somewhat irregularly issued, and a party of the Ninety-fifth, disregarding the stringent orders of the Commander-in-Chief, helped themselves to a store of bread, in a Spanish village, to the great disgust of the inhabitants, who rose *en masse* to recover their lawful property. But the marauders were too strong and swift, and made off with their booty. 'We had scarcely,' says Castello, 'escaped the attack of the Spaniards, and arrived at the bank of the river, when General Sir Lowry Cole came galloping up to us, with some of the staff, who indeed might be termed the police of the army. "Hallo! you plundering rascals of the Light Division! Halt!" was the General's command, as he pulled up his temple spectacles, which he generally wore. One only resource was left to us, and that was to plunge into the river, which at that part was very deep, and swim across, holding the bread in our teeth. This we immediately adopted, when Sir Lowry, in an agitated tone, that did honor to his heart, called out: "Come back, men, for God's sake! and I'll not punish you." But the General's fears were needless, and we soon landed on the other side.'"

It will be conceded that Nelson was a brave man, but even that great Admiral had a terror of *one* thing. He used to say that nothing frightened him so much as having to dine with a mayor, and being compelled to make a speech at the dinner. Sir Lowry confessed to being influenced by similar terrors. Thus, when he returned from his government at the Cape, William IV. invited him to dine at Windsor Castle. At dessert, the King proposed the old soldier's health, with warm eulogies on the service he had rendered his country. Sir Lowry was more embarrassed at having to return thanks, than he had ever been at Maida or Albuera. It so thoroughly confounded him, that he afterwards declared to some friends, he would never again put himself in the way of a similar honor, for fear of the accompanying penance.

The well-known portrait of Madame de Staël represents her holding a small twig in her fingers. The lady lost her powers of conversation if she had not this little branch to play with. In like manner, the stern, gloomy, yet chivalrous Picton—

"... had a peculiar habit of riding with a stick in his hand, and even in the heat of battle he sometimes retained it. When the firing com-

menced, he might be observed tapping the mane of his horse at measured intervals, in proportion to its rapidity. As it became quicker, and the fight grew warmer, this movement of the stick increased both in velocity and force, until at length the horse would become restive; but still seldom drew the General's attention, as his firm seat saved him from all apprehension of a fall."

Our limits will only allow us to notice personal incidents and brief illustrative matter, and we will now cite something to the point. We have already spoken of the nervous fright experienced by the brave Cole; when he had to deliver a speech in acknowledgment of his health being drunk. There were other Peninsular heroes equally timid where there was no danger.

"It is recorded of Picton, that he went to witness the feat of the celebrated vaulter, Ireland, throwing a summerset over a dozen grenadiers standing at 'present arms,' with fixed bayonets; but when he saw the men placed, he trembled like a leaf, and kept his head down, whilst Ireland jumped; nor did he move again, until he had first asked, 'Has he done it?' When assured that he had, Picton looked up, his face suffused with perspiration, and said, 'A battle is nothing to that!' We have heard an anecdote similar to this of the late Lord Lynedoch, (Sir Thomas Graham,) another Peninsular hero, as undaunted as a lion. He happened to be in the boxes at Covent Garden Theatre, when Madame Saqui ascended from the stage to the upper gallery, and went back again, on a slender rope. When it was over, he said, 'I thought I had tolerably good nerves, but I never was so frightened in my life; I would not have been in the pit for a thousand pounds.'"

And yet Picton had stood fearless in the breaches of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz; and Lynedoch had gone into the field at Barrosa, and at many other sanguinary conflicts, with more gayety than he would have gone with to a banquet. It is not that there is scant time for reflection in the field, but that duty and the presence of numbers sustain the courage of the brave, and breathe a spirit of valor into those who lack it constitutionally. Picton was extraordinarily daring. He was, at the same time, the least of a "dandy" of any man in the army, except the officers of his own division. Leader and officers were known by the appellation of "the bear and ragged staff."

The career of Graham, or Lord Lynedoch, as he is better known to the present generation, has a sound of martial

thunder throughout. He was an active soldier, from boyhood till three score years and ten; and died at a few years short of a century old, after passing through more scenes of violence, bloodshed, and horror, than, perhaps, any one of his contemporaries. The frightful scene at St. Sebastian is well described and commented upon by Mr. Cole; and nothing contrasts so completely with these details of human bravery and demoniacal ferocity as the following passage, which shows the "hero" of that dreadful day unconsciously meeting the Great Inevitable, when the dying man was in his ninety-fourth year.

"His friend ascended to the chamber of the sick General, and found him seated across his little stretcher, with his back against the wall, and his feet supported on a chair placed by the bedside. His breathing was short, and it appeared uncertain whether he was dozing, or quite passive from weakness. In about an hour, all sound of breathing ceased; and other parties being summoned to the room, it became perfectly apparent that he had expired gradually, while still sitting perfectly upright; and he was then gently turned round, and his head laid upon his pillow. His death was a perfect euthanasia, without struggle, pang, or the slightest distortion of countenance."

Perhaps the coolest, and yet not the least intrepid, of the commanders named in these volumes, was Hill. In the hottest of the fight he never betrayed hurry or ostentatious enthusiasm. Once only he is spoken of as dashing forward with a loud "Hurrah!" and the decency of his speech is vouched for by the fact of his having once been betrayed into uttering an oath, caused by fear of a victory slipping from him, which, however, he contrived to secure. The incident happened at St. Pierre, after the passage of the Nivelle. Hill saw that the centre of his position was threatened by the French, and, angry and excited, he thrust forward his reserves, with a muttered oath. Lord Wellington was so astonished to hear Hill utter such an expletive, that he remarked to some officers about him: "We had better get out of the way." Hill's coolness is further exemplified in the incident of his taking two watches with him into action at Waterloo. When the first gun was fired, he fixed the time by his stop-watch, at ten minutes before twelve. When the last cannon-shot was discharged by Captain Campbell, Hill's second

watch showed the hour, a few minutes before eight in the evening. By comparing the two pieces, he was able to establish the exact period of the duration of the contest. He is also the first in these volumes at whose religious condition we can obtain a slight prospect. Among his very last words was the expression: "With regard to my religious feelings, I have no power to express much, and never had; but I trust I am sincere, and hope for mercy." On the other hand, we find in the case of the gallant Guernsey General, Le Marchant, who fell at Salamanca, evidences of a deep and practical sense of religion. He was a fiery leader, displayed immense activity, was a thorough disciplinarian, but never thought of his own comfort, till he had seen to that of his men. His impassibility under fire was so extraordinary, that his eldest son, who saw it with admiration, asked him how he had attained such complete command over himself. "I never," was the reply, "go into battle without subjecting myself to a strict self-examination; when, having, as I humbly hope, made my peace with God, I leave the result in his hands, with perfect confidence that he will determine what is best for me." Mr. Cole further tells us that the good General Le Marchant, even amidst the duties of an active campaign, "found time for frequent attention to the Scriptures. One of his last letters to his family requested that another Bible might be sent to him, as the type of the copy which he had brought from England was so small as to be painful to his eyes."

It is due to this exemplary General to state of him that he was the first who had the cavalry thoroughly instructed in the use of the sword; previous to which, the men often wounded themselves and their horses. To him, too, does the army mainly owe the existence of the Military College now established at Sandhurst.

The rapid promotion of young Pakenham, who afterwards lost his life at the battle of New-Orleans, was the cause of much discontent in the army; but, previous to Salamanca, Wellington wrote home in a strain which shows how very strictly our Crimean leaders have followed a precedent of the Peninsula. "As usual," writes the Commander-in-Chief to Colonel Torrens, "all the officers of the army want to go home—some for their health,

others on account of business, and others, I believe, for their pleasure. General Spencer is *going*, because General Graham is *come* from Cadiz." After enumerating several Generals who had already left, Lord Wellington adds: "General De Grey has asked to go, because he has put his shoulder out; and I have this morning an application from —, because his spleen is out of order." Then follows another list of departed Generals, and applicants for leave of absence; after which, the illustrious writer concludes with, "I have also innumerable applications for leave, from officers of all ranks. Till we can get the minds of the officers of the army settled to their duty, we shall not get on as we ought."

Perhaps, to the reader, the most painful of the biographies in these volumes will be found to be that of General Ross, who fell at the attack of the British against Baltimore; painful, because it chiefly deals with contests carried on by gallant men of kindred races, who, we sincerely trust, will never be seen again together in arms, opposed to each other. The only subject for a smile, in the description of the contest, is the merciless diatribe directed by the American General Winder at the unparalleled cowardice of the President Madison. In reference to the opinion that ordinary practice was exceeded in the destruction of public property at Washington, on this occasion, Mr. Cole judiciously remarks that—

"Some of this must be ascribed to the spirit of retaliation, as the Americans had set the example, by burning the House of Assembly at York, now Toronto, in Upper Canada, when they obtained temporary possession of that capital; by plundering the defenceless inhabitants of that and other towns in the province, and by the wanton and unnecessary burning of the village of Newark. The worst feature of the retaliating process is, that it goes on continually increasing, and the evil consequences fall chiefly on the unoffending."

We have probably indicated with sufficient clearness, by the above extracts and remarks, the nature of the contents of Mr. Cole's volumes. Of the fourteen Generals whose lives are given, three only are English—Anglesea, Paget, and Hill. The Scottish Generals number five—Moore, Baird, Craufurd, Hopetoun, and Lynedoch. The Irish Generals are four in number—Beresford, Cole, Ross, and

Pakenham. The Principality of Wales is worthily represented by Picton, and Guernsey has its especial hero in the noble Le Marchant. Of these fourteen, six only fell in action, namely, Moore, at Corunna; Craufurd, at Ciudad Rodrigo; Picton, at Waterloo; Le Marchant, at Salamanca; Ross, at Baltimore; and Pakenham, at New-Orleans. The last was the youngest of those slain; he was only thirty-seven. The oldest was Picton, who was fifty-seven. The other Generals passed, comparatively unscathed, through a longer period of perils. Hopetoun reached three score years. Hill and Cole were permitted to accomplish ten years more. Baird died at seventy-two; Sir Edward Paget, at seventy-four. The Marquis of Anglesea accomplished his eighty-six, and Beresford his eighty-seven years; while the Nestor of the band, Lord Lynedoch, lived on to the patriarchal term of ninety-three, ere he was summoned to his account. Considering the dread occupation of a great portion of their lives, the length to which these attained may be accounted remarkable. Their vocation was the acquirement of what is called "glory"—that glory of which Shakspeare so well writes that—

"——it is like a circle in the water,
Which never faileth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught."

Perhaps the contrast between peace and war has never been more strikingly portrayed than by Herodotus, who says that in peace-time children bury their parents; but, in time of war, parents bury their children. The greatest criminal among men is he who wantonly violates peace. This is so well understood, even by potentates who wage war, that, generally, each accuses the other of provoking the contest. So "humanity" itself contains its greatest enemy; for, as Robert Hall magnificently expresses it, "neither the fury of wild beasts, the convulsions of the earth, nor the violence of tempests, are to be compared to the ravages of arms; and nature, in her utmost extent, or, more properly, Divine justice in its utmost severity, has supplied no enemy to man so terrible as man." Indeed, the only friend of man is He whose title is that of Prince of Peace. Even a Roman heathen could say that it behoved

man to be at peace with man, and at war only with his vices; and a modern heathen, Voltaire, had some ground for sneeringly asking: 'Since peace must be signed after war, why not do it at once, and so prevent murder?' Unfortunately, it too often happens that such a peace as becomes freemen can only be purchased by war, and therefore the biographies of Generals

will long form a part of our literature. But war and the details of war can only have the effect of making us all more highly appreciate that time sung of by the poet,—

"When laurel spirts in the fire, and when the
hearth
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth."

From Dickens' Household Words.

MY COUNTRY TOWN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I LEFT Winborough when I was twelve years old; and, before I saw it again, was a matron of thirty; but in the interval, my mind's picture of the old English town was as vivid as ever. I could see the wide square market-place, with what was called its cross in the centre, where the market-woman drew snowy napkins from the primrose-tinted butter; where the whitest of cream cheese lay cradled in the greenest of cabbage-leaves; where stalls, like altars to Good Cheer, bore round hampers of ribstone pippins, and baking-pears, with pyramids of plums; while at the base of the shrine, poultry cackled or crowed their unanimous objection to be selected for its victims. I could see the solid rolls of woollen ranged on the steps of Jubb, the tailor, and, floating above them, bright stuffs, prints, and ribbons, all labelled at the most astonishing prices. I used to think that the kerseys and the ribbons (so opposite in themselves) symbolized Jubb's liberal range of mind. They showed how he could blend the useful with the ornamental, and proved that while he challenged our respect in his sterner character as tailor, he could relax into the amenities of life in his blander vocation of haberdasher. Nearly opposite to Jubb's was the shop

of Sparkes, bookseller and printer. It was in his window that you beheld the engraving of the massive square-towered church, which was executed after the chancel and the southern porch had been partially re-built. The commission for an original drawing of the church had, in the first instance, been offered to Roxby; but, although he wanted money, the poor fellow was just then in such request at Olympus, that our townsfolk selected an artist from a more adjacent though less classic locality. The engraving was patronized by, and dedicated to, Lady Naseby, of Naseby Hall, a countess in her own right, who, from her proximity to Winborough, made it positively redolent of her influence. Sparkes himself had dedicated to her his Archaeological Survey of Winborough, from the period of the Romans to the (then) present time. The poem entitled "Naseby Hall" was generally attributed to his pen; and although not directly proved, the rumor gained countenance from a sudden lowness of voice and a premature assumption of spectacles, by which Sparkes was supposed to imitate the studious and abstract bias of the poetic temperament. He conformed, nevertheless, to the innocent gayeties of life. The respective programmes of the annual regatta, the theatre, and the ball at the

Assembly Rooms—all under the patronage of Lady Naseby—issued from the same press that gave the Archæological Survey and accompanying poem to an admiring public. A little farther to the left was the saloon of Perkins, the hairdresser, who had occasionally been summoned to the hall, and whose deameanor was, in consequence, as mysterious as that of Sparkes, and incomparably more haughty. Whatever qualities Perkins had derived from his intercourse with the great, affability was certainly not amongst them. He would bring the tips of his fingers in contact with plebeian locks with a reluctance that painfully suggested the difference between them and those aristocratic curls with which he was sometimes occupied. He would stand at his door on market-days, frowning on the London coach as it wedged through the crowd, evidently indignant that democratic passengers could enter a town so near to Naseby Hall, on the simple condition of paying their fares.

I am talking of nearly twenty years ago; but let me speak of the time for a while as if present. That stout, round-faced, spencered little man, for whom every one makes way, is Mr. Latham, our banker, the great man of Winborough. He is awful, not solely on account of his wealth, but because his only child, Miss Amelia, is Lady Naseby's god-daughter. His manner is somewhat off-hand, but he has a kind heart, gives himself no airs, and, being a person of real importance, is indifferent about showing it. He dives from the market-place into a little flagged court. He enters the shop of Mrs. Lamb, the pastry-cook, where I buy the macaroons for Cyril, and where my feelings are often severely tried by ravishing odors of pâtés and soups. The banker is probably going to give a dinner-party. A tall gentleman of melancholy visage has seen him enter, and reconnoitres him through the window with vivid interest. At some movement of Mr. Latham—who is perhaps pantomimically declining goose pie—Mr. Myers shakes his head with pensive deprecation. He doubtless expects to be invited. Such an attention would be only humane to a man of his keen sensibilities. He is the editor of the Winborough Gazette. He lets you understand that he might aspire to far higher distinction in the metropolis—but there is a spell upon him. He is the victim of a

hidden—but I must not tell. Enough, that if London have wealth and honors, there is no Naseby there. For the rest, he is a barrister, sometimes holds an assize brief, and has been known to puzzle juries by a bird-like trill in his voice which he has copied from the countess.

The flagged court conducts you to the winding and bustling High street. There, with its vaulted roof and massive windows stands the Old Hall, our Exeter Hall, our exhibition room, our exchange, our theatre. Mr. Alfred St. Leon de l'Orme—the respected manager of our circuit—will perform there to-night, and do honor to his illustrious name by his delineation of Hamlet. A few doors beyond is the cheerful Naseby Arms. Look down its yard! What a vista of buff-coated farmers, dotted with scarlet-coated huntmen; of hacks, thorough-breds, and sibilating hostlers! What a ringing of bells as you look at the door; what hams, turkeys, and pheasants suspended in the passage; what cherry-ribboned chambermaids tripping down the stairs! I grieve to pass by the gay toy-shop, but having spent my money, I had better pass and not look, than look and not enter. I shall turn down a narrow street by that gloomy corner shop, above which the name of Nettleship, and the title of the goods which he vends, are scarcely legible for age. That is the shop of our head grocer and wine merchant. No muscatels, currants, or drums of figs tempt you in his windows. A solitary cone of sugar in blue paper, or the figure of a mandarin peers over his wire blinds. Yet there alone can you obtain from dark hollows under counters, or from lamp-lit vaults, your cayenne, conserves of quince, preserved ginger, Midland Hunt sauce, travelled Maderia, and tawny port. White in the High street, Tibbetts in the market-place, and other novihomines, may resort to placards and display, but Nettleship knows better what becomes his dignity and that of Pollux Lane. For in that lane dwell the vicar, the banker, the principal attorney, the head surgeon, and, above all, Mrs. Colonel Massingham, whom the Talbots from the Grange used regularly to visit, and at whose door Lady Naseby's carriage has been known to stand thrice in a twelvemonth. And in Pollux Lane—I hope I write it with humble thankfulness rather than with elation—was situated our house.

We liked it all the better for that prosaic outside which it wore as a mask to its romance. On one side of the hall you entered a large oak-panelled room, with a high carved mantel-piece, and an ample hearth—the spot on which young Captain Farr, mad with jealous rage, fell slain by his own hand, at the feet of Alice Joddrell, a coquette who rejoiced in powder and patches. Her father, Sir Richard Joddrell, Knight, was Mayor of Winborough in Queen Anne's time. Often at twilight, in that panelled room, have I fancied shapes issuing from the distant corner, and flitting over the faint gold bar which the oil lamp in the street cast upon the shadowed floor, until Miss Joddrell's pliant form seemed again to fill the arm-chair—her careless head averted from the tall dark figure that bowed moodily over the mantel-piece. On the other side of the hall ran one of the quaintest and snuggest of rooms—my father's library. To leave the panelled room with its dying embers on a winter's night, and then to enter the warm, bright little library, was very much like closing a volume of Mrs. Radcliffe and taking up Charles Lamb.

There was just space in this room for our family circle and a privileged friend, generally Roxby the artist. His enthusiastic temperament, his sparkling but restless eye, and his fixed belief that some great potentate or peer would one day discover and proclaim his genius, made him quite a figure of romance in an everyday group. We were all to have whatever our hearts could wish for when Roxby became acknowledged as a heroic painter—a personage whose influence he considered fully equal to that of a prime minister or a commander-in-chief. Our drawing-room was up-stairs to the rear of the house. It commanded the garden with its pleasant grass-plot and sun-dial, its curving paths, well-arranged flower-beds, and a secluded arcade of limes which belted the grounds and conducted by a flight of steps to a somewhat narrow terrace upon the river.

CHAPTER II.

The river was, in my juvenile days, the scene of a celebrated contest between our port and that of H—, with which we had communication by steam. As this contest not only showed the public spirit of our town, but exerted in its results an

important influence on our private fortunes, I will relate it in detail.

A couple of steamers, established by our chief capitalists, had plied for years between the two ports. The British Empire and the Albion were not, I confess, of those colossal dimensions which their names suggested. The Ant, the Bee, and other members of the penny fleet on the Thames were leviathans compared with our packets. The latter, however, sufficed for the thirty or forty passengers who were accustomed to use them. Both vessels, as they approached the sea—the Albion in particular—went through a series of gambols scarcely consistent with their nominal supremacy over that element, and not absolutely conducive to the comfort of the travellers. No one, however, thought of upbraiding the steamboats with these results. They were held to be inevitable, to have their source in the fixed economy of things, and to form, in fact, the only conditions upon which the voyage to H— ever was or ever could be possible. Judge then of the wonder and indignation which filled our town when certain speculators at H— resolved to start rival packets between the two ports.

As we returned no member to parliament, and lacked therefore the natural vent for our antagonism, you may suppose that we did not lose the opportunity which now offered for developing that marked principle in human nature. Our vicar—who risked his neck twice a week with the hounds—launched a memorable philippic from the pulpit against the gamblers in human life who undertook the passage to H— at the rate of eight miles an hour. The new company was everywhere denounced for its avarice and impiety, and the few amongst us suspected of any alliance with it were peremptorily ostracized. When the rival boat—the Eagle—made her first voyage, we were generally of opinion that some special visitation of Providence would befall her—that her boiler would burst, or, at least, that she would founder on the bar at the river-mouth. So prevailing was this expectation, that I doubt whether any amount of premium would have induced the branch offices in our town to insure the lives of her passengers. In spite, however, of all prognostics, the Eagle had the presumption to arrive, not only safely, but an hour in advance of the British Empire. It is true that this audacity was rebuked by

shouts of execration from the populace, and the directors and their dupes had to land under an escort of constables which they had prudently secured. But still I think the impression gradually deepened, that a vessel which could perform a voyage in four hours must be considered swifter than one which required five for the same purpose, and that superior speed might possibly result in superior custom. To meet this emergency the vicar, who had doubtless specific reasons for pronouncing eight miles an hour impious, urged the prompt construction of a boat which should ply at the orthodox rate of ten. Our company accordingly built the *Mercury*, which achieved a complete triumph over the *Eagle*. Nothing daunted, the opposition set a new vessel upon the stocks. She was to eclipse competition at once and for ever. She was to combine lightness with solidity—power with speed. She was to work with double engines, and her bow was to cleave the water like a blade.

This paragon was duly launched and named the *Victory*; then towed to London for her fittings. On the day that she was to perform her first passage against the *Mercury*, public excitement in Winborough was at its climax. As two o'clock (the possible hour of arrival) drew near, both banks of the river and the houses that overlooked it were crowded with spectators. All the wealth, beauty, and fashion of the neighborhood were assembled on the line of route. The expectant mass at a tournament could hardly have been more varied or more eager than we. The people spoke but in whispers or in that subdued undertone which marks the emotion of suspense. The interest was indeed painful, for our townfolk had little hope as to the result of the day. They thought of the *Victory's* double engines, and prepared sternly for defeat; nor had they any faith, as before, that Providence would concern itself to frustrate the enemy. At length two boomed slowly from the old church-steeple. The wind, which lay towards the river, bore to us the lingering echoes which sounded to many like a knell.

From this moment every eye was strained up the winding banks to catch the first smoke-wreath from the approaching rivals. It was an oppressive thought that, before another hour was pealed from the belfry, their fate would be decided. For my part, I almost wished we could have

put back the clock, so thrilling grew the crisis. The crowd hardly breathed. An elderly gentleman, seized with a fit of coughing, was rebuked with a concentrated gaze of sternness, as if he had committed some profane act. A boy, who, spite of the solemn occasion, gave vent to one of those shrill whoops in which all gamins delight, actually cowered before the clenched fists which on all sides radiated to his face like the spokes of a wheel to its centre. At this juncture a member of the Midland Hunt, whose course had lain up the river, was seen galloping up on the opposite bank. When within ear-shot he drew rein, and shouted from stentorian lungs: "The *Victory's* at Mallett's Dean, and half a mile ahead!" Having said this, he turned to the right and plunged into *Lea Thicket*.

The oracle had been uttered. The crowd gave a heavy sigh, but it was partly of relief. We had scarcely looked for better news, and it was something that, though beaten, we should not be disgraced. For a few minutes there was a slight hum, which again lapsed into silence. At length a cry broke forth: "There, there by the poplars!" Looking to that curve of the mazy river where groups of those trees stood like sentinels, we saw a trail of fire flash along their clumps. An intervening hill for a moment baffled our view, but almost instantly the red stream rounded the hill-base. Not till then did we see that the flame—flame without smoke—issued from the black funnel, in front of which a tall slender mast stood defined. There was no longer doubt. It was the *Victory*! On she came with spectral speed—flags streaming from bow, mast, and stern; funnel flaring from her heart of fire. And behind her—rounding the hill with grand emulation, and with billows of ebon smoke blown behind her like hair—dashed the *Mercury*.

"Half a mile behind!" cried one; "not a hundred yards."

"A hundred!—Say fifty," replied another, after an interval.

"That was two minutes since," was the rejoinder; "for see, neighbor, she gains—she gains!"

Yes; for, as we afterwards learned, the *Victory's* engines were too heavy for her build. In passing our terrace, the *Mercury* (she had reserved her power for a grand dénouement) shot by her antagonist, and from the decks of the former,

till then silent, burst forth the air of the Conquering Hero, drowned in the hurrahs that rolled from bank to bank, and in the pealing bells, which on the mere chance of such a result had been ordered to proclaim it. I can well remember how I clapped my hands in sympathy with honest Roxby, who thought the subject epic in its interest, and whose sketch of it arrived at the dignity of an engraving. I can still see dear little Cyril leap into the air, waving his tiny fist in congratulation.

I have said that this contest, besides its public importance, issued in momentous results to ourselves. The first of these—I may as well tell it at once, as you would never guess it—was Lady Naseby's first visit to my parents. Our terrace probably commanded a better and more convenient view of the river than any spot near the town. So keen and general was the desire to witness the steam-race, that the Countess herself, it was hinted to my father, might possibly be won to honor him with her presence.

Dr. Woodford's reception of this news, though rather stately, was, it seems, sufficiently courteous. The due formalities were exchanged between the castle and ourselves, and on the eventful morning the Countess actually arrived. Cyril and I had lain awake hours the night before, speculating upon her dress and retinue. We fully expected that she would be preceded by mediæval horsemen with banners and trumpets—that she would wear a coronet and velvet robe, and that her train would be borne by pages in white satin. No doubt it was a momentary disappointment to see a young lady—she seemed young to our unpracticed eyes—attired in the simplest fashion of the times.

She was in slight mourning for some distant relative, and her dress—a lavender ground intersected with narrow stripes of black—set off admirably the extreme fairness of her complexion. Our brief regret at her simple attire was soon lost in the undefinable charm of the wearer. Her manner to my father would have convinced you that one of her chief ends in life had been realized in his acquaintance; and her smiling reluctance to sit until my mother consented to take the cushion next her on the estrade, won our hearts at once. She addressed a question to me, at which I stammered and blushed, not from absolute shyness, but because I had

fairly forgotten the meaning of her words in their music. She then held out her hand to Cyril, toyed admirably with his light golden curls, and made him share her hassock, with a foot so captivating in its chaussure of black silk and morocco, that it seemed quite impossible it could ever have trampled upon hearts in the unfeeling way ascribed to it by report. Censorious people might call Lady Naseby a flirt, and say that she cared only for excitement, for archery-meetings, races, and private theatricals. To us this was as libellous as the assertion by the same authorities that she was forty, and that her courtesy to my father arose from motives connected with the approaching election for the shire.

My mother judged very differently from these slanderers when the Countess, on taking leave, hoped that she would think well enough of the owner of Naseby to trust herself within its walls. She must come to luncheon, the Countess insisted, some early day, and she would of course bring with her the fair one with the golden locks. So, with some slight confusion as to sex, the peeress had designated Cyril. As to Cyril himself, she hoped he had already found that Lady Naseby was not so terrible a person. She assured him that she was not married to any of those naughty giants of whom he had doubtless read. On the contrary—here she gave her hand to my father—she was a very timid person—too timid almost to ask a person of learning and thought like him to waste an hour with her in the beech-groves of Naseby. Still, philosophers were sometimes benevolent, and might not deem the time wasted that conferred pleasure. She would not, therefore, quite despair, &c., &c.

Think of all this said to my poor tabooed father by such a person and in such a presence—for my mother had thought it courteous to Lady Naseby to provide seats for Mrs. Colonel Massingham, the banker, the vicar, and several others known at the Hall; think of all this, I say, and you may guess why it was so hard for Mrs. Woodford to keep in her tears.

As the Countess glided into her carriage, even my father's look of calm politeness seemed softening into pleasant emotion; but the feeling was arrested midway, and changed into a mournful smile. Better than his wife he knew the game of the world and the value of its contents.

From that hour, however, Doctor Woodford's position in our town was singularly changed. His religious doubts, before branded as presumptuous, were now lamented as unfortunate. Before, he had been a skeptic, now he was an inquirer. The policy had once been to denounce him; but the vicar now observed over his whist, that true Christianity should appeal to the erring by kindness and persuasion, rather than by invective. It was curious, however, that my father alone reaped the benefit of this enlightened view. We had other doubters in the town—men of no great worldly importance—whose difficulties were less tenderly handled. I was perplexed then to know why my father's absence from church should excite only a kind of sentimental interest, while the same habit in Mr. Skipworth the druggist and Mr. Speers the metaphysical schoolmaster, exposed them to fierce reproaches and loss of patronage. I am afraid I could give the reason now.

Invitations to my parents began to multiply. Their acquaintance was desired by our best families. The impulse of both my father and my mother, regarded separately, would have led them to preserve their secluded course of life. But the wife hoped to dispel her husband's pensive reveries by a social stimulus; and he was anxious, on his part, that she should regain the position from which his opinions had excluded her. To a limited extent, therefore, the proffered civilities were accepted. Amongst other results of this change was an intimacy gradually formed between my mother and the banker's wife. Of five children there now survived to this lady but one—the little Amelia, god-daughter of the countess. There was something in my mother's disposition and manner peculiarly grateful to a mourner's heart, and this quality was the bond between herself and Mrs. Latham. In due time, Amelia was permitted to interchange visits with Cyril and myself, and we became constant playmates. It was soon plain to me that Cyril was the little lady's favorite. He was then nine; she was more than a year his junior. Yet her beauty was even then striking, and Cyril's sense of it sufficiently vivid to account for her preference. Her complexion was of the clearest olive. Her dark eyes had an intense expression of truth and tenderness. Her figure was lithe and graceful, and there was a demure quiet in her manner

which seemed to temper the rare susceptibility of her look.

It was not without a pang that I, who had hitherto been Cyril's twin companion, found myself gradually supplanted. He was never unkind, but I felt that I was no longer a need to him. If I joined in the little dramas which he was so fond of improvising, I was sure to be cast for the parts of the evil magician, or the ogress, or the implacable queen, while Amelia was invariably the enchanted princess, or the beautiful captive, and Cyril the knightly deliverer. He was accustomed to sketch these dramatic characters with his pencil, and I was sometimes keenly pained by the very inferior personal attractions assigned to me. He could not understand why I should be grieved, since he had always a kiss and a smile for me. Yet when he wound his arm around the little stranger, and strolled with her under the limes, I felt somehow as if I had better not walk there; and I could not bear him to say, "Come, Lucy, we will let you!" That "we" hurt me much.

About this time, Cyril was seized with a fever so prostrating that for days we despaired of his recovery. He was scarcely himself again when our dear mother fell dangerously ill. She had nursed her sick boy with a devoted love which, indeed, he well repaid, and her anxiety had developed very serious symptoms of a latent malady. Yet our prayers and tears seemed to prevail. She was restored to us, though slowly.

I am not sure that this period of my mother's convalescence was not the happiest in my whole childhood. It was such joy to mark the gradual stages of her recovery—first, the pillowed chair in her bed-room; next, the transition to the library; then, to the garden-parlor, with the window partly open to admit the summer air; finally, to the garden and the lime-walk. Nature itself seemed glad of her recovery. She had left us for her sick-room in an ungenial spring. She came back to us in the festival of flowers, with rich, light, warm breezes, and sweet odors. My father's joy, beneath which an inner hope stirred like sap, shed a new influence on our life. We trusted, too, not only that the danger but that the cause of disease had been vanquished. The sudden faintness and the keen spasm had ceased to warn us by how frail a tenure we held our dear one.

One lovely Sunday evening my mother, Cyril, the little Amelia, and myself had been to the evening service at Lea church, a distance of two miles. We had heard from one whose pure life was the comment on his doctrine, those truths which point to the immortal future, and which seem never so affecting as when addressed to the lowly or secluded villager.

How minutely all that belongs to that evening revives for me now—the golden rays that poured through the mellow twilight of the church, glancing on the minister's white head, then slanting abruptly from the pulpit, like a broken sun-spear, bronzing the dusky pews, tipping Cyril's curls and the purple ribbon of Amelia's hat, and finally flowing across the aisle in a rill of glory. Years after, Cyril's pencil reproduced the scene.

The church-yard comes back to me dotted with the returning villagers—the peasant patriarch with his hale, cheerful look; the village belle for the time serious, nor heedful of the swain, blue-coated and yellow-vested, who, with bashful longing, followed her afar. I hear my mother's gentle voice in talk with some rural grand-dame. I see her smile which more than repays the cottage-girl for her offered roses—those roses which, wandering from the near garden, shunned not the domain of death.

With light hearts we trip over the stile into the lane festooned with convolvulus and honeysuckle. Like the bees that part from that flower yet return tempted by its sweetness, we children dart on before my mother, soon to cluster round her again. How young she looks! How blithely she talks! What makes her so happy to-night? Is it the words of solace which she has heard; the luxuriant beauty of the lane, and the purpling glow of the uplands; or is it a sense of that peace which she has watched slowly dawning on my father's mind?

The lane now opens on meadows that skirt the river, and on the bank my father comes to meet us. There was something almost infantile in the wife's reception of her husband. She marked the new welcome smile on his face, and sprang to meet him with out-stretched hands. Though the evening was sultry, she walked on rapidly and with a kind of buoyant exultation. It was some time before, at my father's request, her pace slackened. By degrees her quick, cheerful tones subsided

into a low, sweet utterance, and from the few words which reached me, I knew that they were recalling past times, living over again the romance of youth. Discoursing thus they gained the stone stairs which led from the river to our terrace by a side-gate.

She bent over each of us children as we passed through, and kissed us fondly. She was always tender, but there was an earnestness in her embrace that went direct to our hearts. Cyril's eyes and mine were filled with tears. The sun was setting gloriously; the crimson fire went slowly down behind a screen of woods, while above the mirroring river hung fleecy clouds of gold, as if reluctant to fade. All was still except the hum of the belated bee or the drip of the boatman's oar. My mother sat on a bench beneath the lime-trees, and we were silent. At last my father took her hand:

"There must," said he, "be an Infinite Goodness over the world! Reason, perhaps, may never solve the problem, but our hearts are truer than our thoughts."

She gave him a look of unutterable joy, and pressed her lips upon his hand. He began again to speak, but she threw up her arm with a sharp, quick gesture and a faint cry; then sank gently backward. For a minute we deemed her entranced in some emotion too sacred to be dispelled; but when, after a pause, my father raised her, and gazed into her face, there was no mistaking, even in the deepening shadows, its marble pallor. He bent over what had been his wife. A life pure and blessed as that of the summer eve had vanished with its latest beams.

CHAPTER III.

I will pass rapidly over the events of some years.

The blow of my mother's sudden death fell with a different result upon each member of her family. To my father, for whom most might have been feared, it came the most gently. I can see now that the very depth of his love became his consolation. Could that love, nourished by the virtues of the lost, yearning for future and eternal reunion, most vital when all visible trace of its object had been swept away—could that love be given but in mockery, or issue from a source less than divine?

It was on Cyril that the shock at first bore most heavily. He wept convulsively,

and for days gave himself up to a silence like despair. But the wistful affection of his playmate Amelia won him in time to utter his grief, and the utterance assuaged it. Again they walked beneath the limes, and now it was the girl's childish arm that clasped and upheld her companion.

For myself, I was at first too much stunned by the wound to realize its severity. The proofs of my loss had to meet me suddenly, and repeatedly—as it were, at the sharp corners of experience—before I was convinced. In the hall still hung my mother's garden-bonnet; in her chamber was the volume she had left unclosed. I lay for nights listening to the tick of the hall-clock from my open bed-room, and expecting a gentle step upon the stairs, before I knew that it would come no more. But although the worst was brought home to me so gradually, my grief was not the less deep. Though I strove to be a comforter to my father, a secret pining for the love which I had lost grew within me. I longed intensely, constantly—as I now feel, sinfully—to be again with my mother, to sleep and only wake in her arms. This wish to follow her might have wrought its own fulfillment, but for a visit paid us by my maternal uncle. His duties as my mother's trustee had brought him from the south of France, where he resided. There was that in my face and manner which plainly denoted failing health, and at my uncle's entreaties, I was allowed—nay, commanded, for I yielded most reluctantly—to return with him.

Change and time did their healing work for me. I remained in France for three years, that period being broken by a long visit from my father and Cyril. When I came back, Dr. Woodford had removed to London, and my brother was at school. We saw but little of the latter, even during holidays, as he spent part of them with friends at Winborough. At the end of three or four years more, I again went to France—this time to complete my education—and returned to become mistress of my father's house. Cyril was then residing with him in town. Greatly to the delight of Roxby, my brother had shown a marked bias for the career of a painter, and was now a student in the Academy. As for my father, he seemed to have grown younger, so genial and serene was his expression. Cyril, whose health had become established, was now a stripling of more than twenty. I could not but be proud

of him—of his face, bright with kindness and intelligence, and of his simple, frank bearing. Then at times he had my mother's old look of placid affection, especially in those moments of reverie to which he had been prone from childhood. Of course we reverted to old friends, especially to the Lathams. Before long I discovered a portrait which Cyril had recently taken of his early playmate, Amelia. It represented Miss Latham at eighteen. It recalled easily the face, classically regular, with its pure tint of olive, the clear, earnest eyes, and the old demure look now refined into a sentiment of dignity.

When, in a few weeks' time, Cyril left us for a short visit to Winborough, I was at no loss to guess his chief motive for the journey. During his absence I learned from my father that the lad's intimacy with the Lathams had continued until his departure for London. My brother, he said, was somewhat reserved upon the subject of Amelia, and had certainly made no formal disclosure of his feelings; but they were tolerably evident, nevertheless. My father had no doubt, too, that the state of affairs was understood by the Lathams, whose cordiality might be regarded as a sanction.

It is by no means my purpose to write a history of myself, but I may touch for a minute upon an interest which—though the main one in my own life—is merely incidental to this narrative. During a Swiss tour with my uncle, I met with my fate—which, let me once for all say, is a most happy one—in Mr. F—, an English barrister, now my husband. The sentiment which woke to life amid the romance of lake and mountains, had in a few months grown hardy enough to brave the dull skies of England and to knock pertinaciously at the door of a prosaic London house. To dismiss figure, Mr. F— became a guest at our fireside. On the night of Cyril's expected return, he had spoken to me such words as—when the hearer can echo them—make the epoch of life. Mr. F— had taken his leave, and I was sitting alone, lost in delicious musing, my feet on the fender, when the door opened abruptly, and Cyril entered.

His look was so haggard, the voice in which he uttered his brief greeting was so husky, the lips that kissed me formed so mechanically into a channel for the smile that would not flow, that for a moment I doubted his identity. "What has hap-

pened, Cyril?" I asked, approaching the chair on which, still in his travelling dress, he sank motionless and silent. He roused himself, and answered evasively, in a tone that vainly affected indifference. Suddenly his manner changed. He inquired earnestly for my father; then spoke at random of household affairs, and became quite voluble on matters of trivial import. He plunged the poker into the fire, remarked that the night was bitter, and again fell into silence.

The springs of my love—replenished, it might be, by my own great joy—welled towards him. I knelt by his side, wound my arm around him, and reminded him of all the bonds of our childhood. I urged him, for our mother's sake, not to shut up his heart from me. I spoke of the old times when I had trembled for his life, and vowed to make it happy if God would preserve it.

He turned to me with a softened aspect, kissed my forehead, and murmured: "Ah! Lucy, you should have let me go!"

The words were not meant as a complaint. They had escaped him almost unconsciously; but they gave me a new right to plead with him. By the time of my father's return I had won Cyril to tell us all.

The cherished dream of his life—the dream so sacred that he could never shape it into words—had been cruelly dispelled. On his visit to Winborough he had been received by Amelia with an air of sadness and constraint, and by Mr. Latham with a cold formality at first unaccountable. Tortured by suspense, my brother sought an explanation, when the banker replied that, although wishing to regard Cyril always as a friend, it had become necessary to warn him that no closer relationship could be sanctioned. Mr. Latham added, that he made this statement with pain, but that circumstances rendered it a duty.

"Heartless! heartless!" cried my father, wringing Cyril's hand.

I had never seen Dr. Woodford so roused. His sense of justice was outraged. He knew well that Cyril's love for Amelia, though not directly avowed, had been long known to the Lathams, and tacitly encouraged.

"And Amelia herself?" I asked.

Mr. Latham, it appeared, had withstood Cyril's demand to take leave of her. My brother remonstrated, and angry words ensued. Mr. Latham, by some taunt on the

young artist's profession, stung his high spirit to retort, and Amelia had by accident entered the room as my brother, with flushed cheek and indignant tones, repelled the affront.

In a hard, sarcastic tone, the banker thanked Cyril for alleviating the pain of parting by a demeanor which showed that further intercourse would have been undesirable. Amelia, who had witnessed my brother's incensed manner, but not the provocation which caused it, addressed him in language which, though gentle and mournful, conveyed a deep reproach. Reproach from her at such a moment overcame the poor lad altogether, and in order to conceal his feelings he took an abrupt farewell, and left the house.

I suffered too much on Cyril's account to be very tolerant to Amelia. "She did not deserve such love," I exclaimed impetuously.

He rose, took my hand, and said in that low, governed voice that belongs to deepest emotion: "You meant this kindly, Lucy; but do not say it again—do not even think it, as you love me. I have known Amelia too long, too well, to doubt her goodness. The knowledge of it is all that consoles me. I may have been no more to her than a friend—a dear friend; I never may be more; but I can be grateful to her for the past. While trusting in herself, I can even bear to know that she was not destined for me. I can hope and strive. Without that trust I do not think I could."

He then told us that he had written, asking her forgiveness for the angry words which he had uttered to her father, and begging a reply, however brief, to soften the anguish of such a separation. He said no more upon the subject, but for days after, when the postman's knock was heard, I marked a quick tremor shook over the fixed calm of his face. It was still more sad to note the listless quiet with which he took up his letters in that further season when hope deferred had sickened the heart. At length one morning the post brought him the Winborough Guardian. We happened to be alone. After a few minutes' perusal, he silently handed me the paper, directing me with his finger to one short paragraph. It told, with all the transparent mystery of provincial gossip, that "unless rumor was more than ordinarily faithless, an eloquent divine well known at Winborough might shortly be

expected to lead to the hymeneal altar the only daughter of Mr. L——, the eminent banker."

I could only utter "Cyril," and cling to his erect, steady form, as if I had most needed comfort.

"God bless her!" he said, after a pause; his voice was scarcely above a whisper, but clear and firm.

I could not restrain myself. "She has dealt falsely with you!" I cried.

"I think not," he answered; "but were it so, I should still say God bless her—she would then need it more."

Mr. Latham's changed conduct to Cyril seemed now accounted for. We had before learned that Lady Naseby—by this time advanced in life, and lately recovered from severe illness—had passed into a state of hypochondria which she was pleased to term religious conviction. To expiate the sin of a life whose pleasures and graces had been superficial, she had become an ascetic and a bigot. Her contrition, even though sincere, was as merely external as the enjoyments and the charms which she had abjured. On the death of the old vicar she had been influential in the appointment of his successor—a teacher who confounded penance with repentance to her heart's content. What I then surmised was afterwards proved. Lady Naseby, whose will was law to Mr. Latham, had endeavored to promote a union between the new vicar and her god-daughter Amelia. Cyril had himself found this gentleman a favored and even an intimate guest at Mr. Latham's table.

My brother went out that day; how he passed it I never knew, but when he returned there was a placidity, almost a cheerfulness, in his manner that told of a struggle undergone and ended. My father and myself abstained from all reference to it. It was only by a certain gentleness, so to speak, in the footfalls of our thoughts that one could have guessed there was a grief to be tended; it was only by the softness of Cyril's look that you could have told that tendance was understood.

CHAPTER IV.

At that time there was no railway to Winborough, and we were consequently almost entirely cut off from its interests and its news. Cyril's younger friends

there either removed or became absorbed in the pursuits of life, and all communications from the old town gradually ceased.

The morning after the events just related found Cyril early in his studio. From that time his labors, interrupted for months, were steadily resumed. It was a deep interest for us, as years went by, to watch the young artist's advance. The first book that he illustrated, his first picture in the exhibition, the first generous criticism that pointed out his ripening genius, were all epochs in our family history. The world now knows his pictures well—those stories of fireside happiness and domestic heroism which have touched and cheered many a spectator.

Not even in his art did Cyril make any conscious allusion to the one memory which I knew had never left him. If in child or maiden I caught glimpses of it, the expression, not the features, revealed them. They were the records of an influence unknown even to himself.

Time rolled by; I was a wife and a mother. In his own circle, whether sharing in my children's games, or surrounded by that true brotherhood of genius who own a new tie in deserved success, Cyril was still the same, equable and genial, though never hilarious.

One May evening—a balmy evening, that almost redeemed the character of the month—he entered our little parlor at Kensington. My husband was at the time reading aloud a notice of Cyril's new picture, just exhibited, and then considered his master-piece. We welcomed him, therefore, with more than usual happiness. He looked happy himself. There was in his face the restful joy of one who had achieved honor bravely to use it nobly—a feeling this so distinct from vanity or pride, that it consists with the very humblest moments of man's experience.

"My visit might hardly have been so welcome," said Cyril to my husband, "had you foreseen its object. That is nothing less than to rob you of your wife for a week."

He then told us that there had sprung up within him a sudden and peremptory yearning—a thirst, he called it—to see Winborough and the haunts of his childhood once again, and in company with his sister. My kind husband's consent was readily gained. Our preparations were hastily made, and on the afternoon of the following day we were whirling at the

rate of thirty miles an hour towards our first home.

It seemed strange to me to desert the old coach-road by which, many years before, I had travelled to London; strange, instead of nooky village inns, with buxom, apron-smoothing landladies, to find slate-roofed, naked-looking stations—innovations from which at that time the old territorial families of trees and flowers stood disdainfully aloof. When we approached towns, I sighed in vain for the winding horn and the clatter over the stones, and felt hurt at the usurpation of the railway-bell and whistle. I would have found every mile-stone leading to dear old Winborough just as I had left it. Cyril, who had seen the place more recently, was prepared for changes, but they pained me extremely.

At the end of our journey—it was then night—I could scarcely set foot in the Naseby Arms omnibus, from a sense that it had injuriously displaced the defunct Monarch coach. I was positively wroth to see the quaint, red-bricked Naseby Arms of yore now fronted with stucco and transformed into an hotel. The chambermaids of past days had been lively and smiling: the new ladies of the bed-chamber were reserved and mincing. The waiters of old ran about in jackets, and cried "coming!" Their successors, grave in tailed coats and starch, glided before you like ghosts, and, like them, waited until you broke the spell of silence by speaking first. It was not until Cyril and I were seated in a snug room at our little tea-table that my spirits revived. The first thing that did me good was the sight of a venerable urn of obsolete shape and battered sides. Shortly after, the waiter brought us tea-cakes of a kind peculiar to the district, and emitting a scorched, oveny sort of perfume. Had the scent been that of heliotrope, violet, or verberna, it could not so have touched me. That long-lost odor sent me back to the bright, wide-ranged grate of the kitchen in Pollux Lane. I am not ashamed to say that I wept, and felt that I was once more at Winborough.

Cyril now told me that while entering the inn he had been recognized by Roxby, the artist. I was glad to hear that my brother had asked this old friend to join us. He had gone home—as I surmised, for purposes of the toilet; but they must have been accomplished rapid-

ly, as he presented himself in a few minutes. The dear old man was much altered. His hair was gray, his face ploughed up in anxious lines, and he had contracted a stoop. But for the quick vivacious eye, I might not have known him. Without at first noticing me, he seized Cyril's hands, worked them as if they had been handles of a pump, and laughed till he cried while speaking of his former pupil's success. "I knew he had it in him!" he shouted exultingly.

Touching on his own prospects the good man was somewhat subdued. His nature was too buoyant to despond easily; but he hinted that the patron who was, some day, to discover his genius, was rather late in making his appearance. It was not envy, but a dawning knowledge of life as he neared its close, that made him observe to me: "Perhaps the nobleman who is to find me out might have done so before this, if, like your brother, I had painted modern people instead of Homer's gods." Of course, we did our best to cheer our old friend, one of whose pictures, Cyril predicted, would soon be exhibited. I thought my brother too sanguine, but the picture—a far more finished one than I could have expected—was, in due time, seen on the walls of the Academy, and found a liberal purchaser.

Our first pilgrimage, next day, was to the resting-place of our beloved mother. We then reentered the town, delaying by a sort of tacit understanding our visit to the old house.

Jubb's old shop, in the market-place, was now kept by another proprietor. It gloried in plate-glass windows, and styled itself "Metropolitan Emporium." Perkins, the patrician hair-dresser, had vanished, and slept, perchance, among unnoted townfolk who had never been summoned to the Hall. His son, a young gentleman, whose revolutionary ideas might have hastened the old man's decline, had joined the business of toyseller to that of hair-dresser, and dispensed toys and marbles to noisy urchins in those erst silent precincts, where his awful father had once shred their locks. Sparkes, the bookseller, had retired, and his window, under the sway of his successor, was distinguished by numerous denunciating pamphlets from the pen of the new vicar. "The Way to the Pit"—levelled at poor De l'Orme and his Comedians, and "A Snare for the Young," directed against the race-

ball, may instance the commodities that were to be had within. As we approached the shop a carriage drove up, and we saw protrude a gouty-looking foot, swathed, rather than clad, in a very ample velvet slipper. The tenant of the carriage got out with difficulty, though aided by her servant. She dropped a gold-headed stick on which she leaned. Cyril stooped and gave it to her. The lady steadied herself, and a gleam of gracious feeling softened her sharp, sad face. By that sign only could we have recognized the once brilliant Countess of Naseby.

We passed in the High street, and were nearing Pollux Lane. I felt the arm on which I leaned tighten, nor was I surprised when Cyril said that he had letters to post, and begged me to precede him, by a few minutes, to the old house. I knew that the subdued emotions of life were surging on his firmness, and that he waited for the tide to ebb.

We took different ways. In a minute or two I reached the lane. The corner shop, still a grocer's, was new, so dazzling that the reticent Nettleship would have scorned to own it. Glass jars with crystallized candies refracted the sunlight. Confections of fruit lay temptingly in half-opened boxes, on the lids of which the peasants of all Europe, stimulated, no doubt, by their propinquity to such dainties, were performing their national dances. I might not have known where I was, but for the measured thump of the steam-engine which worked a mill on the opposite bank of the river. The sound, so familiar to my childhood, startled me. Since I first heard it how many hearts have throbbed with love, grief, ambition, and then ceased to throb! What changes since then had befallen empires as well as households! Firesides had been desolated, thrones overturned; but that dull, mechanical pulse beat on the same. No matter, I thought, it is because man is a spirit and lives, that his forms wear out.

I was now fairly in the lane—that lane where, as a girl, I had so often tripped on, hand-in-hand, with my mother. I looked up the archway, close by the surgeon's; the groom was busy, as of old, polishing harness. Then I saw a tall, dignified, Queen Anne sort of house, picked out with stone and guarded with palisades. It was the Lathams'. The door was open, and a lazy-looking footman was taking a parcel from a shop-boy. I saw within a

lamp, like that beneath whose cheerful beam I had stood in the nights of long-ago Christmas parties. I noted the very steps which the boy Cyril would have kissed for love of the light feet that passed over them.

Then with a thrill, swifter than sight I looked down the street on the opposite side; yes, there it stood, the quaint, straggling, dear old house! We had already learned that it was to let. A middle-aged woman who stood at the window saw me approach, and quickly admitted me. I made her understand gently that I wished to explore the apartments alone. Then I went into the old panelled room, and into the little library—neither of them much altered save for being unfurnished. I went up-stairs into my former bed-chamber, then into my mother's, then into the drawing-room, and looked out upon the grass-plot, the lime-walk, and the river; finally, bent my way to the garden, longing to muse beneath the shadows of the green, transparent leaves.

But I was disappointed of solitude. Turning into the walk, I saw before me a lady, simply but elegantly dressed, and engaged in binding up a straggling creeper. She performed this task with a care and gentleness that went to my heart, for every leaf-fibre in the old place was dear to me, and I felt as if, instead of a plant, she had bound up a memory.

She moved on with a slow, easy grace, now and then delaying to root out some overgrown weed, or to free some entangled rose which peered up helplessly amid the tall grasses between the limes. But that I knew the house was to let I should have supposed her at home. At length a thorn-tree that lay half levelled barred her path. Raising her arm to set aside the intruder she stood in a more open spot. The mazy light glided down her dress and made a bright island at her feet. As she turned her face suddenly, it met me like a revelation. Though years had passed since I saw the girl of eighteen in Cyril's sketch, and though she now wore a subdued, veiled kind of expression, I did not, for a moment, mistake Amelia Latham.

Did I see her again with resentment or with yearning? Perhaps with a mixture of both. Could she feel pleasure in a scene that must recall the hopes she had destroyed? If not, what brought her there? It flashed upon me that Cyril

would join me almost instantly. What was to be done?

I advanced towards her. It was clear, from her face, that she had no recollection of me. I inquired if the house had been to let long.

"About a year," she replied.

I said, in a careless manner, that the place was prettily situated, but forlorn and ill-kept—capable, indeed, of great improvement.

"Tastes vary so much," she answered, adjusting her shawl.

"These old limes," I pursued, "interrupt the view. They ought to be felled."

She favored me with a look almost haughty in its coldness. She could only repeat that tastes varied. The future tenant would of course indulge his own.

Then she would not like, I thought, to see the dear old trees cut down.

She bent her head slightly, as if to leave me; but I said quickly: "The place has some interest for me. It once belonged to a family that I knew."

"Indeed!"

"To the Woodfords."

There was a moment's silence. Then she answered steadily: "The Woodfords were also friends of my own. Have you seen them lately?"

"Very lately," I said, preserving my forced incognita. I could not have avowed myself without giving way.

It was she who spoke next. She inquired after my father, then after Lucy (myself), who, she was pleased to say, had been kind to her as a child. "Perhaps," she added, "they may remember me, Amelia Latham."

Still Amelia Latham, then! In a softened tone I said: "Lucy will be obliged to you. But you have not asked after her brother."

"What, the artist?" she replied, busying herself with a lilac bush.

"Yes, the distinguished artist. His very first picture, 'News from the Colony,' brought him into notice."

"You mean, the Leave-taking," she observed, "that was his first picture."

Her memory was better than his sister's.

"His last picture has been much liked, Miss Latham, the one called—" I paused willfully, and tapped my forehead.

The lilac bush shook as a low murmuring voice answered from it, "Old Times."

She was right again.

In a minute she looked up calmly, and walked by my side. "Tell me more," she said, "of Cyril Woodford. He is well?"

"Yes."

"And happy?"

"No great life is an unbroken calm; but he seems content."

"And is he still—?"

"Unmarried?" One woman can of course guess another's question. "Yes, still unmarried. He has never forgotten some youthful ideal, who, from all that I have heard, little deserved such preference. It comes from the romance of the artist's temperament, I suppose, that, spite of proof, he clings to his illusion still."

She linked her arm into mine, and there was a pause. At last she said: "Women must judge women gently."

"True; but in this case," I urged, "where they had been boy and girl together, played the same games, shared the same innocent joys and griefs, the wrong was no common one. To renounce for interest the affection that had dawned so early, was a treason not only to love but to childhood. Well, such wrongs carry their own retribution. The woman's heart must either harden into worldliness, or, if not, how must she feel as she recalls the past—stands, perhaps, in the old spot, views the old scenes, hears in fancy the accents of love and trust which, except in fancy, she can hear no more—knows that she has embittered for ever one noble life, and that a gulf divides her from all that was purest in her own!"

I spoke with passionate earnestness. We had left the walk. There was no shrub or flower to tend now; but she bent over the moss-grown dial by the grass-plot, and traced its circle with her finger. "You are severe," she said. Then I saw slow heavy tears fall upon the dial.

"I have pained you?"

She looked at me frankly. "Not by your censure. I was touched to think that—that he could still trust her."

She said this so falteringly that I could bear no more. "Forgive me," I cried, "I meant not to be cruel; but for his sake I was forced to learn all. Amelia, is there hope for him? I am Lucy, his sister!"

She threw herself on my bosom, and we wept together. Then, fondly, wonderingly, as if she were half sister, half child

—some Perdita recovered from the elements—I kissed her repeatedly, and, her dear head leaning on my arm, guided her again into the walk. I asked her no question. I did not need. Who could doubt those eyes and that pressure of the hand?

When we wound back through the alley, I saw a tall figure slowly descending the garden-steps.

"Amy," I whispered, "there is some one coming—my companion in this journey; can you meet him?"

She looked at me keenly, then down the path, and gave me an assuring grasp. I walked before her, and met my brother advancing.

"Cyril," I cried, "prepare yourself! Here is a friend—a dear friend!" Before I could say Amelia Latham, he had read it in my face. A feeling leaped to his own so intense, that it might either have been bliss or anguish. But oh! the calm that succeeded, the soft transfiguring smile in which more than the lustre of his youth

re-dawned. She had followed me with extended hands. He took them without a word, and led her on.

I knew my part well enough to linger behind. Their silence was soon broken. Then Cyril learned how his letters to Amelia, and hers to him—though she was long ignorant that he had written—had been intercepted by her father; how the report of her betrothal to the vicar had arisen from his frequent visits at Mr. Latham's, and from the known wishes of the latter for a match which Amelia had always resisted; how Mr. Latham himself, before his death, had revealed to her, with deep penitence, the stratagem which had wrecked her hopes. She, too, had been faithful to the memory of childhood. In a few days my father was summoned to Winborough. We were four—all members of one family—when we left the town; and Cyril's sister felt, but felt happily, that she had resigned to its lawful claimant a woman's chief place in his heart.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

REMINISCENCES OF MODERN CELEBRITIES.*

EVERY one conversant with London notabilities some thirty or forty years ago, must have a lively reminiscence of a portly gentleman who in garb as inoffensive as his looks—that is to say, surtout closed to the extent of three buttons, plaid trousers, and black cravat—was invariably to be seen, between the hours of four and six, P. M., in Bond-street, Piccadilly, or St. James's, at all events within half a mile radius of Crockford's and White's. This gentleman was Mr. Thomas Raikes, the eldest son of a rich city merchant, who early in life "having," says his biographer, "a marked preference for social and lite-

rary pursuits," exchanged the east for the west end of the town, became a member of the fashionable clubs, and mixed largely in what is, by "a somewhat questionable courtesy, denominated the best society." Mr. Raikes' decided peculiarity was placidity of countenance; there was a remarkable smoothness of the skin of his face, an absence of all furrowing, and an uniformity of expression that imparted ideas of any thing but cunning, or wisdom, or decision of character. This was Mr. Raikes' ægis. His fortune, education and good manners probably contributed, with his own exertions, to gain him friends among the distinguished men of the day, but it must have been that placid countenance that won him the confidence of such men as the Duke of Wellington. Yet was

* A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1837. Two vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1856.

the owner of that countenance observing, treasuring up facts in his memory, and placing them on record all the time. A great admirer of Talleyrand, he was for a brief space of time the Talleyrand *en petit* of his own coterie; and many will be surprised to find that that "nice, smooth-faced fellow Raikes," so often the butt of their ridicule, was all the time laughing at them in his sleeve, and that he has committed their deeds and sayings to the *littera scripta qui manent*.

As a politician, Mr. Raikes is to be admired for his consistency. His journal commences in that stirring spring-time of politics and of the year when the Reform Bill was passed. This is the key-stone to his public sentiments, and of his aversion to all progress and changes. To a Grey or Melbourne administration, to Peel seceding from his party to save a country, to a citizen king, or to any thing or all that affected liberalism, or savored of innovation, placid Mr. Raikes was not energetically—for that was not in his character—but most passively opposed. He had a horror of *parvenus*, an abhorrence of all that was not decorous in society, great exclusiveness in his associations—his ideas, in fact, moved only within a certain circle; as a consequence he had also a great dread of going out of the world in an indecorous manner, and if one thing more than another characterizes the first two volumes of his journal, it is the numerous narratives of singular duels and of fearful crimes and suicides which evidently deeply interested the narrator.

Mr. Raikes was not the kind of man to become a hero-worshipper. The mere excitement would have outraged his ideas of decorum. Had such, however, been possible, the "Iron Duke" would have been the object:

"The more (he says under date of July 24th, 1832) I see of this extraordinary man, the more I am struck with his singularly quick apprehension, the facility with which he seizes the real gist of every subject, separates all the dross and extraneous matter from the real argument, and places his finger directly on the point which is fit to be considered. No rash speculations, no verbiage, no circumlocution; but truth and sagacity, emanating from a cool and quickly apprehensive judgment, fortified by great experience, and conversant with each and every subject, and delivered with a brevity, a frankness, a simplicity of manner, and a confidential kindness, which, without diminishing that profound respect which every man must feel for such a character, still places him at his

ease in his society, and almost makes him think he is conversing with an intimate friend.

"His whole mind seems engrossed by the love of his country. He said, we have seen great changes; we can only hope for the best; we cannot foresee what will happen, but few people will be sanguine enough to imagine that we shall ever again be as prosperous as we have been. His language breathed no bitterness, neither sunk into despondency; he seemed to be aware of every thing that was going on, watching, not without anxiety, the progress of events, and constantly prepared to deliver his sentiments in the House of Peers on all subjects which affected the interests of England. His health appeared much improved, and I trust that, however his present retirement may be a loss to his country, it may be a benefit to himself."

That the Duke could tell a good story we have an example from Sudbourne, Lord Hertford's:

"Three or four of us were sitting round the fire, before we went up to dress for dinner; amongst whom was the Duke, who amused us much with several anecdotes of the late king. He was in a very gay, communicative humor, and having seen so much of George IV., one story brought on another. He said that, among other peculiarities of the king, he had a most extraordinary talent for imitating the manner, gestures, and even voice of other people. So much so, that he could give you the exact idea of any one, however unlike they were to himself. On his journey to Hanover, said the Duke, he stopped at Brussels, and was received there with great attention by the King and Queen of the Netherlands. A dinner was proposed for the following day at the palace of Laacken, to which he went; and a large party was invited to meet him. His majesty was placed at table, between the king and queen. 'I,' said the Duke, 'sat a little way from them, and next to Prince Frederick of Orange. The dinner passed off very well; but, to the great astonishment of the company, both the king and queen, without any apparent cause, were at every moment breaking out into violent convulsions of laughter. There appeared to be no particular joke, but every remark our king made to his neighbors threw them into fits. Prince Frederick questioned me as to what could be going on. I shrewdly suspected what it might be, but said nothing: it turned out, however, to be as I thought. The king had long and intimately known the old stadtholder when in England, whose peculiarities and manner were at that time a standing joke at Carlton House, and of course the object of the prince's mimicry, who could make himself almost his counterpart.' At this dinner, then, he chose to give a specimen of his talent; and at every word he spoke, he so completely took off the stadtholder, that the king and queen were thrown off their guard, and could not maintain their composure during the whole of the day. He was indeed,' said the Duke, 'the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buf-

foenery, obstinacy, and good feeling—in short, a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good—that I ever saw in any character in my life.”

The two foreigners most known at that time in London, he remarks, were Montrond and Count d'Orsay. Of the first he says:

“Montrond must be near sixty-five years old, a *protégé* of Talleyrand, and constant guest at his table. He has lived through the different scenes of the French Revolution, always keeping up a certain scale of expense, is received into all the best houses in London, and is witty and entertaining, though his *ton* is rather *tranchant*. He plays high and generally wins; is full of anecdotes; tells them well; great epicure and connoisseur at the table; enters into all the gayeties and pursuits of the young English dandies, who look up to him and admire his sallies. He was notorious in Paris as a *roué*; *grand brâtailleur*; and fought one duel with the elder Greffulhe, which did not end so fatally as some others. He married the Duchesse de Fleury; a beautiful woman with a fortune, which he spent. Old age has mellowed the more riotous traits in his character; he feels less independent in a foreign country than in his own; and a life of quiet self-indulgence seems now his only ambition.”

The other morning, he elsewhere relates, Montrond, coming out of Sefton's house, met De Ros, and said to him: “Ce pauvre Sefton, il est si méchant, si bossu aujourd'hui, ça fait pitié.”

The same personage was subject to apopleptic fits, one of which attacked him after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, Mr. Raikes relates, scratching the carpet with his hands, his benign host remarked with a sneer: “C'est qu'il me paraît qu'il veut absolument descendre.”

The visitation of cholera, in the autumn of 1832, evidently disturbed the equanimity of our journalist. Not only are the daily reports of the Board of Health duly entered, but any striking cases that occurred, more especially among the better classes of society, are recorded, as also that the fear of the pestilence caused a neglect of *entrées*, champagne, ices, and fruits, at the cost of plain meats, port, and sherry. With the advent of winter, the siege of Antwerp came to divert the thoughts from the progress of a gloomy malady. How far the feelings of the Tories were interested in this proceeding is attested by a hundred passages; but one will suffice for an example:

“On Wednesday last, at our Tory dinner at the Carlton Club, the earliest arrivals were Lord Glengall, Sir. H. Cooke, Messrs. Herries, Hook, and myself. We were reading the evening papers, wherein it was mentioned that a British sailor, who had served in many engagements abroad, had been carried before Mr. Justice Conant, charged with being drunk in the street, with having abused the ministers, and with swearing aloud that the British flag was disgraced by sailing in company with the French tri-color. The poor wretch, having no respondents, was fined by Mr. Conant thirty shillings, or, in default, to two months' imprisonment in Coldbath-fields. On hearing his doom, he only replied: ‘Sir, you may send me to prison, but the British flag is not the less disgraced.’

“Our natural impulse was immediately to subscribe the trifling fine to liberate him, which Sir H. Cooke transmitted the next morning; but even this early interference was too late—the committee of Lloyd's Coffee-house had already anticipated our feelings, and rescued the poor drunken patriot. I need not add, that this coffee-house is the resort of all the great underwriters, and the donation was merely an act of strong public feeling.”

Here is a portrait of Talleyrand, for which the veteran sat in his morning dressing-gown:

“I was rather amused to-day at White's with Sefton's description of his visit this morning to Prince Talleyrand. He is very intimate with him, and is received at all hours; a privilege which he avails himself of very frequently at present, to hear the latest intelligence from Paris and Antwerp, now so generally interesting.

“This morning he was ushered into the dressing-room of this celebrated octogenarian, who was under the hands of two *valets de chambre*, while a third, who was training for the mysteries of the toilet, stood looking on with attention to perfect himself in his future duties. The prince was in a loose flannel gown, his long locks (for it is no wig), which are rather scanty, as may be supposed, were twisted and *crêpés* with the curling-iron, saturated with powder and pomatum, and then with great care arranged into those snowy ringlets which have been so much known and remarked all over Europe. His under attire was a flannel pantaloons, loose and undulating, except in those parts which were restrained by the bandages of the iron bar which supports the lame leg of this celebrated *cul de jatte*.”

After some interesting evidence of Lord Londonderry's mind having given way under too great application and over-excitement, we have the following pleasing anecdote of the then King of Sweden:

“General Sir Alured Clarke was making a tour

of pleasure on the continent, and arrived at Stockholm, when he wished to be presented to the king. A private audience was granted, as a matter of course, to an English general officer. When presented to Carl Johann, Sir Alured was very much astonished to find that the King of Sweden, instead of a formal reception, folded him in his arms and kissed him on the cheek. He was confounded at this distinction, and more so when the king asked him if he could not recollect him. In this, as his memory was quite defective, he could only express his regrets. To which the king replied: "I am not surprised that you do not recognize in me the Corporal Bernadotte, who became your prisoner at Pondicherry, when you commanded the English army in India, to whom you showed the greatest kindness while in your power, and who now is most anxious to return the obligation in every way that may be most agreeable to you during your stay in his dominions."

This is followed by a curious instance of second sight, given as authenticated; and then a notice, that "the other day a large party dined at the Pavilion. Among the guests was the American minister. The king was seized with his fatal habit of making a speech; in which he said, that it was always a matter of serious regret to him that he had not been born a free, independent American, so much he respected that nation, and considered Washington the greatest man that ever lived."

Early in 1853, the newly-established Carlton Club became possessed of a new cook—a remarkable event, thus duly chronicled:

"They have hired a French cook for the Carlton Club from Paris, who lived formerly with the Duc d'Escars, *premier maître d'hôtel* of Louis XVIII., and who probably made that famous *pâté de saucissons* which killed his master. It was served at breakfast at the Tuileries to the king, who with the Duke partook so voraciously of it, that the former was attacked with a dangerous fit of indigestion, from which he with difficulty recovered, and the latter absolutely died of the excess on the following day. One of the French journals, remarkable for its *façéties*, announced the event in the following terms: "Hier sa Majesté très Chrétienne a été atteinte d'une indigestion dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort le lendemain."

Having at that dull period of the year nothing very particular for his diary, Mr. Raikes fell back to reminiscences of the Duke and Duchess of York, of both of whom he speaks in the highest possible terms. The duchess especially he describes

as not only a *très grande dame* in the fullest sense of the word, but a woman of the most admirable sound sense and accurate judgment, with a heart full of kindness, beneficence and charity. The duchess, it is well known, was particularly fond of animals; around the pool which joins the grotto in the park of Oatlands may still be seen the grave-stones and epitaphs of her favorites.

"The duchess, in her morning walks at Oatlands, often visited the farm-yard and amused herself with noticing the different animals and their families, among which was a sow that had lately farrowed some beautiful pigs. A few days afterwards, at dinner, some person asked her if she would eat some roasted pig. Her answer was: 'No, I thank you, I never eat my acquaintance.'"

A few days before her demise, Lord Lauderdale, who had long ranked among the duchess's friends, went down to Oatlands to inquire after her health. She could not see him, but sent him from her bed the following note:

"MON CHER LORD L: "Je fais mes paquets, je m'en vais incessamment. Soyez toujours persuadé de l'amitié que je vous porte.

"Votre affectionnée amie, F."

It can easily be understood that the Reform Parliament was not to the taste of the Tory journalist. He chronicles Sir Robert Peel's opinion of it with evident gusto, and the description is not without truthfulness:

"Sir Robert Peel said to me that he was very much struck with the appearance of this new Parliament, the tone and character of which seemed quite different from any other he had ever seen; there was an asperity, a rudeness, a vulgar assumption of independence, combined with a fawning deference to the people out of doors, expressed by many of the new members, which was highly disgusting. My friend R—, who has been a thick-and-thin Reformer, and voted with the Government throughout, owned to me this evening that he began to be frightened."

Elsewhere he puts on record, in reference to the bill for the emancipation of the Jews, that it has been pleasantly said of the Whig government, "that it is impossible to ravish them, because they concede every thing."

Embarrassments of the house with which Mr. Raikes was connected compelled him to break up his establishment in London in the autumn of 1833, and to settle for a time in Paris. It will be readily

imagined that the court of the Citizen King no more suited his Tory predilections than the reformed parliament at home.

"I was amused by hearing an account of the balls now given by Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, which are very splendid as to decorations, but not very select as to company. In order to gain popularity, a certain number of tickets are sent to each of the ten legions of the National Guard. Great part of the society is, therefore, composed of the shopkeepers of Paris, who, even in this scene of festivity, do not lose sight of their own interest. It is said that a lady happened to complain the other night that her shoe pinched her, when her partner immediately presented his card of address as *cordonnier du roi*, and offered to wait upon her the next morning."

Upon another occasion he relates :

"There was a grand ball last night at the Tuileries ; near 4000 persons were present, the apartments were splendidly illuminated, and the supper very magnificent. To give an idea of the company, Yarmouth said that he called in the morning on his coachmaker, to desire that his carriage, which required some little repair, might be ready at night, as he was going to the ball. The coachmaker said : "That puts me in mind that I am also invited, and I must get my own carriage ready likewise."

Here are two more reminiscences of Louis Philippe :

"The king has made Miss S. E. Wykham, of Thame Park, a baroness by the title of Baroness Wenman, in token of old recollections. I well remember the time when, as Duke of Clarence, he was anxious to marry an Englishwoman of large fortune, and made his proposals to this lady, as well as to the Wanstead heiress, the late Mrs. Long Pole Wellesley, with the same unsuccessful result. It proves that he does not bear malice for the refusal."

"Prince P. Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador at London, is arrived here on his way to Vienna, and has been received with the most marked attention at the Tuileries ; he had a long interview with the king, who, he says, is in heart a most ultra-Conservative : so, indeed, was Napoleon at last. In all the new-fangled revolutionary ideas and charges of later days, it appears that what is called the people are the only dupes. They are cajoled, and set in motion by specious prospects of advantage to themselves, and find at last that they have gained nothing but a new master, perhaps worse than the last : they are then laid on the shelf till fresh circumstances, or fresh excitement, may require the puppets to act another drama, with precisely the same results for themselves."

It would appear from the following anecdote that Admiral Sir Charles Napier

was in no greater favor at court in 1834 than he is in 1856 :

"We went with the Damers and Glengalls to the Faubourg St. Germain to see the Hôtel de Cluny, built in the fifteenth century, the old architecture of which is still preserved. Here resided Mary, wife of Louis XII., and sister to our Henry VIII. Mrs. D. showed me a letter from —, which says : "I went, yesterday, with their majesties to the private exhibition at Somerset House. We were received by the President of the Royal Society, who, among other portraits, pointed out to the king that of Admiral Napier, who has been commanding the fleet for Don Pedro. His majesty did not hesitate to show his *political* bias on this occasion, by exclaiming immediately : 'Captain Napier may be —, sir, and you may be —, sir ; and, if the queen was not here, sir, I would kick you down stairs, sir !'"

The Hôtel de Cluny was at that time private property, and Mr. Raikes speaks of it as a burlesque exhibition. No wonder, when in the chapel there was a mannikin priest in *chasuble et étole*. It is, however, now made public, and one of the most curious exhibitions in Paris.

The world of letters is anxiously waiting "The Lay of the Stork"—no bird more worthy of being sung of by lady fair. In one village, and one village only, in the far away East, we have seen them building on walls barely three feet high, within reach of the urchins among whom they seemed as domesticated as barn-door fowls. We have had a pair of these Mussulman birds nestle on our own roof—close by our couch—where beds are made in the open air, to the great scandal of the pious Moslem. We have seen them again in solitude, or in the company of great warty lizards and stealthy jackals, amid the ruins of deserted cities. We have seen them joining their brethren high up in the heavens on their migration to other lands. Still, everywhere and at all times pensively standing on one leg by the nest side, or throwing back the head and clapping long mandibles to welcome the return of her mate, with frog or snake wriggling in its bill, or together encircling the clouds ere they alight for the night's repose, the stork is ever a most picturesque bird. There is almost groundwork for a story in the following little excerpt :

"The *Nuremberg Gazette* mentions that last year a Polish gentleman caught a stork on his estate at Lemberg, which he released, having previously fixed round its neck an iron collar with the following inscription : *Hec ciconia ex Polonia*.

This year the bird has returned, and been again entrapped by the same individual, who has found its neck ornamented with a second collar, but made of gold, and thus inscribed: *India cum donis mittit ciconia Polia*. The bird has again been set at liberty for further adventures."

The following instance of a spy being outwitted by royalty is highly amusing:

"After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon, who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouché Duc d'Œtranto. He at last had a private interview with the king, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied: 'You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing every thing that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect, that you would frankly inform me what were the measures, and who were the men, that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verona, or at Mittau—I was then surrounded by numerous adherents—but at Hartwell, for instance—were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?' 'Yes, sir, every day the motions of your majesty were known to me.' 'Eh, what, surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately.' 'Sir, you urge me to say what must wound your Majesty's heart.' 'Speak, sir, kings are but too subject to be deceived.' 'If you command it, sir, I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont.' 'What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge,' added the king, with a malicious smile, 'he was very poor, he had many expenses, and living is very dear in England. Well, then, M. Fauché, it was I that dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave up to him 12,000 fr. out of the 48,000 fr. which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family.

"These words terminated the audience, and the duke retired in confusion."

Mr. Raikes animadverts with great reason on several different occasions on the want of prudence so often exhibited by the English on the Continent. The following is an example well calculated to wound the pride of any person of proper feeling:

"Guiche told me the other day that he had seen at the races in the Champ de Mars an English family consisting of a lady and three daughters,

the latter rather handsome, surrounded by half a dozen young Frenchmen, who had got introduced and completely engrossed them; knowing one of the men, he asked their names, but nothing could induce him to tell; his only answer was: 'Vous n'avez pas besoin de ça,' and they were determined that no others should interfere with them.

"How often do I see here cases of that nature: English families who have never lived in the world at home, who are unaccustomed to real good society, come over to Paris for a little recreation, fancy that a count or a baron must be a great gentleman, fall into the hands of a set of adventurers, who are always on the look-out for such victims, and rue too late their unguarded credulity. There are every day advertisements in the paper offering sums of money to any one who will procure the advertiser an English wife (*bien entendu*) with fortune."

Again, upon another occasion:

"The number of our countrymen here is great; many almost residents, who form a society distinct amongst themselves. It is this class of English, who, unaccustomed to good society at home, commit so many follies in Paris, which discredit the nation in the eyes of foreigners; and, as they generally herd together, and make themselves objects of notoriety, the stigma becomes more national than individual. You constantly hear the observers remark on these occasions: 'Les Anglais ont fait telle et telle chose,' instead of commenting on the individual, as in the case of other nations who are less gregarious.

"The other day a party of this description, who were anxious to witness the bloody ceremony at the Place St. Jacques, hired a room in a *guinguette* opposite to the scaffold, and left Meurice's Hotel at two o'clock in the morning, that they might avoid the expected crowd, and take their station without any inconvenience. When arrived at their destination they ordered supper, and passed the night in drinking champagne and noisy mirth, till the waiter informed them that the preparations for the melancholy scene were arranged. In this state of mind, and heated with debauch, they rose from table to gratify an unfeeling curiosity with a bloody spectacle, which even a savage would not have witnessed without awe and emotion. These are traits which must excite disgust in the breast of every one."

Also, on March 9, 1836, it is recorded:

"There are two young ladies here, daughters of Lord —; pretty girls, but remarkable for their dress, which leaves their necks and ankles very much exposed. A man of wit remarked the other night, that 'Les robes de ces demoiselles ressemblent à un mauvais jour d'hiver, qui commence trop tard et finit trop tôt.'"

The following is, if possible, still more severe:

"An English family, Mr. and Mrs. M—, not much accustomed to good society at home, but possessed of a good fortune, established themselves some years back in the Faubourg St. Germain, opened their house, and by degrees collected a number of their titled neighbors. Within the last two years Madame de O—, one of their habituées, began to give balls, and it was observed that she from that moment deserted Mrs. M—'s assemblies. She did not hesitate to avow it, saying: 'Tant que je ne donnais rien, j'allais voir mes amis chez Madame M—, mais maintenant, comme je ne pourrais pas recevoir cette dame chez moi, je ne vais plus chez elle.'"

The following story, told at Madame de Flahault's, is a relief to these *exposés* of our countrymen and countrywomen:

"The director of a horticultural journal in Paris, anxious to increase the list of his subscribers, announced to them a prize of 5000 francs for the finest tulip which might be produced at the end of six months. The inducement of gaining such a sum filled the list of his *abonnés* immediately, but when the period arrived for adjudging the prize, great was the dilemma of the editor on seeing his hall filled with tulips and candidates. He lost no time in running to a friend, obtained from him a receipt for the offered reward, and showed it to the assembled amateurs, who repaired to the successful candidate in order to compare their productions with his. The friend, finding himself in a scrape, sends his servant to the *Quai aux Fleurs* to purchase a tulip, which cost three francs, and exhibits it to the crowd, with such encomiums on its pretended beauties that they become confounded, and, wishing to conceal their ignorance, join in admiration of it. It is fortunate for the plot that they were not *Dutchmen*."

Residing in Paris, the great centre of duels and suicides, we have before remarked upon the number of curious instances of the former which Mr. Raikes has placed on record in his journal. Here is an example, dated September 12, 1856:

"A duel took place on Wednesday, near Paris, which was attended by singular circumstances. One of the combatants having had the first fire, placed himself in an attitude to receive that of his adversary, who took a long and deliberate aim; the ball passed through his skull, and he died immediately. A few seconds after, his adversary also fell and expired, for he had received a ball which traversed his lungs; he had nevertheless retained sufficient strength to execute his deadly purpose. The combatants went into the field to revenge a double and reciprocal adultery."

And a still more curious case:

"A most singular trial is to take place at the Cour d'Assises in the end of this month, of which the following is the outline:

"M. Lethuillier, proprietor of a maison de

santé near Paris, had an intimate friend, M. Vadebant. Suspicious of an improper intercourse between the latter and his wife induced M. L. to send him a challenge. Nevertheless, some inexplicable motive urged him to insist that, whichever might fall, the cause of his death should remain unknown; and he therefore proposed that the duel should take place without seconds, and that each adversary should bear about his person a written certificate that, in case of his body being found, he had not died by assassination. The parties being agreed on this point, proceeded to the Bois de Romainville, armed with pistols. It was decided that the antagonists from a given point should walk towards each other, and fire as they pleased.

"M. Lethuillier asserts that, his attention being diverted by a woman who was walking on the road at some distance, he stopped short, while M. Vadebant continued to advance, and fired when he came near him. M. L. being wounded, fell, and, if he is to be believed, implored the assistance of his adversary without avail.

"M. Vadebant, imagining that he had killed him, took up both pistols and disappeared.

"The wound, however, of the unfortunate Lethuillier was not mortal; having presented his profile to his enemy, the ball had carried away both his eyes, without injuring the skull, and he managed to crawl from the wood to the high-road, where he at last met with assistance. Having recovered from his wounds, M. Lethuillier now brings a civil action, and Vadebant has surrendered himself for trial. Plans of the ground are taken, which, it is said, will be of great importance in the decision as to the good faith of the whole proceeding."

And now for some specimens of suicide *à la Parisienne*:

"A double suicide took place on Friday night Rue de la Fidélité, No. 24, at Paris. A M. Malglaive, formerly in the army, was deprived of his fortune by unforeseen calamities. He was found with his wife in their apartment, suffocated by a pan of charcoal, having previously stopped up every aperture in the room which could admit of air. He had written the following curious letter to a friend by the *petite poste*:

"Quand vous allez lire cette lettre, ni moi ni ma pauvre Eléonore ne serons plus dans ce monde: ayez donc la bonté de faire ouvrir notre porte, et vous nous trouverez les yeux fermés pour toujours. Nous sommes fatigués tous deux des malheurs qui nous poursuivent, et nous ne croyons pouvoir mieux faire que de mettre un terme à tous nos maux. Connaissant son courage, et tout l'attachement que ma bonne femme a pour moi, j'étais certain qu'elle accepterait la partie, et partagerait entièrement ma manière de voir.

"Adieu, brave ami; en attendant les effets de la métépsychose, je vous souhaite une bonne nuit, et à moi un bon voyage. J'espère que pour minuit nous serons arrivés au but de notre promenade.

"Vendredi, 10 Octobre, 11 heures du soir."

"The Marquis de L—, residing near the Opera, after having squandered an immense fortune in dissipation and the pursuit of pleasure, has lately destroyed himself, because he had only 33,000 fr. a year remaining, which he found was not sufficient to satisfy the caprices of his mistress. Previous to his death, wishing to insure the independence of her whom he accused as the author of his ruin, he left by will to Mademoiselle Dérieux all that he possessed, being 600,000 fr. or 700,000 fr. By an extraordinary fatality this will is dated the 1st of October, 1834, and it was on the 25th of September preceding that he had ceased to live. In consequence of this irregularity, the civil tribunal of the Seine has refused to confirm this donation to Mademoiselle Dérieux, in the absence of the heirs presumptive to the estate."

The reasons given for these numerous suicides, which are indeed daily occurrences in the French metropolis, are sometimes full of meaning when apparently least so. For example, on November 4, 1834, Mr. Raikes says: "To-day the paper mentions the following: 'M. Alphin, jeune homme de dix-huit ans, appartenant à une famille excessivement riche et heureuse, vient de se tuer par *dégoût de la vie*.'" It is needless to expound here the combination of evils—bad education, bad disposition, and absence of all religious feelings—which would bring about such a melancholy state of things.

In one instance, the feelings of the victim are described up to almost the moment of death:

"A working jeweller, named Charité, scarcely twenty years old, lived with an aged mother, whom he supported by his earnings. His employment at last decreased, his resources failed, and he became tormented with the idea of seeing his infirm mother come to want. His own health likewise became impaired, and he was at times heard to say, that if Providence did not come to his aid, he would terminate his own existence. Last Thursday evening his mother went out at seven o'clock to visit a relation. In a few minutes afterwards the son went down stairs, gave his candle in charge to the porter, appeared to go out, but privately returned to his room. He there wrote several letters to his friends and relations, particularly to his two sisters, one of whom is living in England, the other is a milliner at Brest. He then carefully stopped up all the issues by which air could come into his room, and as if he had wished to have his fate to the last moment in his own hands, he placed a table close to a glass door, which he might easily break with a blow of his elbow, at any time, if he should wish to stop the progress of the suffocation.

"The table being thus disposed, with paper, pens, and ink, and a lighted candle near him, he

wrote the following lines, which were afterwards found near his body:

"I am twenty years old, and I am going to die. To my fellow-citizens and the lovers of science. These are the effects of death by charcoal: first of all a thick vapor which makes the eyes to smart; a slight headache; then the vapor causes the candle to burn dim; the light grows fainter; all that in five minutes after lighting the charcoal; the wick turns to ash—the headache does not increase—the pain in the eyes is worse—the headache now increases—tears flow, and in abundance. At this moment a woman (here the delirium seems to commence)—one does not know what one does—one (here are three words, but illegible, and the writing irregular), and at last 'the light goes out almost . . . and I' It is probable that at this moment the unfortunate young man expired."

"At eleven o'clock the mother returned home, and found her son a corpse; a large brazier of charcoal, quite extinguished, was near the chair, from which he had fallen on the floor.

The love of the marvellous, sympathy for the terrible and the horrible, and a slight tendency to superstition, not only manifest themselves in the carefully recorded cases of murders, suicides, and duels, but also in instances of second sight and of fortune-telling:

"The Duchesse de Guiche mentioned this evening the curious prediction made to her by Mademoiselle Lenormand, the noted fortune-teller, in 1827. Having arranged with Lady Combermere to visit Mademoiselle L., every precaution was taken to prevent their being known. The duchess disguised herself in a black wig, with a large hat, and thick lace veil. They went in a hired carriage, without servants, to the Luxembourg, and walked from thence to the Rue Tournon, where she resided. It was impossible that any suspicion could exist of their name or rank. After the usual preliminaries of asking the day of her birth, consulting the palm of her hand, and dealing out cards, &c., Mademoiselle L. first told her various circumstances of her past life, which were wonderfully correct. She then asked the duchess what animal she liked best, what animal she most disliked, and what flower she preferred beyond any other? Her answer was, the horse, the spider, the lily of the valley. She next gave her the description of her own character, as well as that of her husband, both of which were so exactly depicted, particularly that of the duke, that she actually discovered traits in each which had previously escaped her own observation, and now appeared very evident to herself. But when Mademoiselle L. began to touch upon the future, she told her that her present prosperity was coming to an end, that the most serious misfortunes awaited her, and that all her prospects would be suddenly destroyed on the 30th July, 1830, *à cause d'un favori déchu*; that from that period she would suffer much adversity and exile, with the above favorite, that in three years she would return to her own country, and in

July, 183—, she would regain her prosperity from the circumstance of a prince succeeding to a rich inheritance.

"This prediction was so extraordinary and so precise, even as to dates, that Madame de Guiche expressed a wish to have the details committed to paper, which was complied with; and on the following day she sent her *femme de chambre* to the Rue Tournon, who brought back this singular warning, in the handwriting of Mademoiselle Lenormand, with the date, and her signature. How far the first part has been fulfilled, by the three days of revolution in July, and the subsequent flight of the Bourbons from France, every one must know. The second point, her return to France in three years, was not less singularly verified, as she was at that period at Prague with Charles X., and so little expecting to quit it, that ten days before the circumstances occurred which brought on their resignation of their places, she had been saying to the duke: 'Here Mademoiselle Lenormand must fail, as we have no chance of seeing France again for many years;' but still it came to pass as predicted.

"It now only remains to be seen how the conclusion is to wind up; in the mean time, there is the written paper, as undeniable evidence of what has happened.

"These things are in themselves so unaccountable that no opinion can be given on the subject! but a similar circumstance once occurred to myself, which I have often mentioned to my friends, and which has been also partly verified.

"I was in Paris in October, 1820, and one morning, meeting John Warrender in the Rue St. Honoré, he urged me to accompany him to visit a fortune-teller who lived in that neighborhood. She was an old woman in a garret, and not so much known as Lenormand, but had made some successful hits in that line, which had gained her a certain celebrity. I have never forgotten the words which she spoke to me, whom she could never have heard of in her life.

"1. Vous n'avez point de père.

"2. Vous avez une mère; elle mourra dans un an.

"3. Vous serez arrêté dans six mois par un huissier, pour cause de dettes.

"4. Vous êtes riche, mais dans sept ans vous perdrez toute votre fortune, et puis après vous la regagnerez."

"The first was true; the second was fulfilled in about that period; the third was accomplished in a curious manner: I was then in very prosperous circumstances, living in Grosvenor square; the repairs of that house had been performed by contract, the builder failed before his work was concluded, and the assignees claimed of me the whole amount of the agreement, which I would only pay as far as it had been fairly earned; the difference was only 150*l.*, but the assignees did really bend a bailiff into my house, and arrested me, while my carriage was waiting at the door to convey me to dinner at York House, where the story caused considerable merriment at the time. The last has been fatally verified also, but the good fortune at the end alone turns out a complete fallacy."

By date June 27, 1835, Mr. Raikes had found out that—

"Mademoiselle Lenormand is not infallible: there is no appearance of insurrection to-day, but there certainly has been a fall in the funds since her prediction, owing to the Spanish intervention. The French seem particularly prone to credulity in these matters, and the trade of fortune-teller is not one of the least lucrative in Paris; it is carried on openly, and subject to no legal penalties as in England. The different memoirs attest many communications made to the kings of France by apparitions or inspired individuals, particularly that of the Blacksmith from the forest of Senars to Louis XIV.; but there exists still in this neighborhood, between Versailles and Rambouillet, a laboring man, who had several interviews with Louis XVIII. of a warning nature. It was his custom, whenever he received the inspired commission, to place himself in the custody of the gendarmes belonging to his *arrondissement*, and request to be led to the royal presence, which having once accomplished, orders were given that in future he should always be admitted. I have it from one who stood high in the confidence of that court, that he constantly warned Louis XVIII. of the fate which awaited Charles X., and that he counselled him to use every means of strengthening his throne during his own lifetime, that fewer difficulties might remain to be encountered by the weakness of his successor. It was in consequence of this warning, that Louis XVIII., shortly before his death, issued an ordinance to abolish the liberty of the press in France; which passed without resistance. His speech on that occasion is well remembered: 'Un roi qui touche à sa mort peut oser faire ce qu'un roi à son avènement ne pourrait même contempler.'"

The Fieschi attempt occurred on the 28th of July of the same year; so Mr. Raikes had the pleasure of recording on that day, that "after all, Mademoiselle Lenormand only failed in her prediction by one month; instead of the 28th of June, the mischief has occurred on the 28th of July." His love of the marvellous extends even to a half-belief in dreams:

"The Duc de Berri dreamed one night that he was standing at the window of his apartment in the Tuileries, which overlooked the gardens, accompanied by two individuals, and while he was admiring the beauties of the prospect, his attention was suddenly attracted to the iron railing by what seemed to be passing in the Rue de Rivoli. A dense mass of people was assembled in the street, and presently there appeared a grand funeral procession, followed by a train of carriages, evidently indicating the last tribute paid to some deceased man of fortune and consequence. He turned around to one of the bystanders and inquired whose funeral was passing; the answer was made that it was that of Mr. Greffulhe. In a short

time after this procession had filed off down the street, another and more splendid cavalcade made its appearance, as coming from the château: this far surpassed in magnificence its predecessor; it had every attribute of royalty—the carriages, the guards, the servants were such as could only be marshalled in honor of one of his own family. On putting the same question, he was told that it was his own funeral. In a few nights after this vision the Duc de Berri went to a grand ball given by Mr. Greffulhe, at his hotel in the Rue d'Artois; it was a very cold night, and Mr. Greffulhe, who was not in a good state of health, attended his royal highness to the carriage bareheaded, and was struck with a sudden chill, which brought on a violent fever, and terminated his life in a few days. Before a week had elapsed the knife of the assassin Louvel had consummated the remaining incident in the dream."

Here is a memorandum of a kind which evidently fixed our journalist's attention, and which he took no small interest in placing on record:

"The extraordinary composure with which even a painful death may be contemplated is exemplified by a criminal who is under sentence of execution for a murder, in one of the prisons of Munich at this present time. He has made with crumbs of bread and a sort of macaroni several figures illustrating the scene in which he will quit the world. He has figured the instant when the executioner, having cut off his head, is holding it up to public view. A Franciscan friar on his knees is at the side of the headless corpse; near the priest is an invalid with a wooden leg, selling a true and full account of his judgment and execution."

And another instance of the horrible:

"The following extraordinary occurrence has just taken place at a château near Senlis. The Comtesse Pontalba, whose name has been cited before the tribunals in a trial for separation from her husband, at length found means to interest him in her favor and procure her return home, which very much exasperated her father-in-law. Determined to deliver his family from a woman who branded it with ignominy he the other day entered her apartment armed with two pistols, and discharged the contents of both into her body; he then retired to his own apartment, in a different wing of the château, and shot himself through the heart. His body was found stretched on a sofa, with the countenance calm, but still with a threatening expression. The old count, whose life had been as honorable as his sense of honor was rigorous, had just completed his eightieth year, and possessed an immense fortune. The countess did not die on the spot, though pierced by four balls (for the pistols were double-barrelled); her hand by instinct was raised to protect her heart, but she still lies in very great danger."

Two more strange incidents:

"A young lady of Nevers, universally admired, was married to a person who had been established in the town for some months only, but had made himself generally respected. The wedding day passed off, and the happy pair had retired to the nuptial chamber, leaving the guests still enjoying the festivities of the occasion, when their gayety was suddenly checked by a dreadful scream from the bride. The chamber was opened, and she was found in a fainting fit, grasping in her hand the shirt-collar of her husband, torn from his shoulder, on which was displayed the brand, proving him to have been a convicted felon. It is said that the senses of the unhappy girl appear to have fled for ever. The parents have applied to Mr. P. Dupin and Mr. Syrot, two eminent counsel at the Paris bar, for their opinions, whether Art. 232 of the Civil Code, which declares the condemnation of either of a wedded pair to an infamous punishment sufficient cause for a divorce, is applicable to this extraordinary case."

"A youth living at Verly, in the Aisne, though only eighteen years of age, was full six feet high, and had made himself remarkable by his extraordinary feats of strength. About a fortnight ago he laid a wager that he would raise with his teeth, and without touching it with his hands, a cask of cider containing forty-seven gallons. It was surrounded with ropes so as to give him a safe and convenient hold. By this he seized the cask with his teeth, and carried it without stopping across a yard of considerable extent. When, however, he had put down his burden, he was incapable of shutting his mouth, and soon afterwards fainted. He was carried into the house, where he lay for six days without recovering his senses, and then died."

Another, not a little characteristic:

"M. —, a banker at Paris, returning home some evenings ago from a ball, missed three things—his wife, his cashier, and the contents of his strong box. Having by some means ascertained that the fugitives were gone to Havre, he immediately followed them, and arrived at the hotel in which they had taken up their abode, where he learned they were to sail the next day for America. Making a confidant of the landlord, the banker went to the chamber where the two culprits were. At the first summons the recreant cashier opened the door, and throwing himself at the feet of his injured benefactor, acknowledged his criminality, and only supplicated mercy for his guilty companion, who remained trembling in the room he had just quitted. 'Don't be alarmed,' said the banker, 'all I want is my money.' The whole of this was immediately given up. The banker, having ascertained that nothing was kept back, turned to the delinquent, and offered him notes to the amount 10,000 fr., saying: 'This is for the service you have rendered me in ridding me of a vicious wife. You may set off with her to-morrow for New-York, on condition that you have received the money for the express purpose of paying the expenses of yourself and Madame — to the United States.'

The paper was signed, the door was closed, and in a quarter of an hour the banker was on his road back to Paris."

Gambling—a practice by no means peculiar to the French capital, but not a little flourishing in its gay circles—has also its exemplary illustrations:

"On Wednesday last died in Paris poor Mr. Stibbert, aged sixty-three. His story is short, but one of the most remarkable instances of the infatuation for play ever known. He was the son of General Stibbert, but deformed from his birth, inherited a fortune of 80,000*l.*, as I have always heard, and till the age of forty-five was a man of regular habits, a cultivated mind, and much respected in England among the friends with whom he lived. Unfortunately, after the peace, eighteen years ago, he determined to visit Italy, and arrived in Paris with the intention of passing here only a few weeks. One night he was induced to go to the Salon, then kept in the Rue Grange Batelière, and frequented by the best society of all nations, under the superintendence of the old and agreeable Marquis de Livry, a very different establishment from the Tripot in the Rue de Richelieu at present. He there sat down to play for the first time, lost a small sum of money, returned to win it back, continued to lose, and in the same hopeless enterprise prolonged his stay for several years,

till he absolutely lost every shilling of his large property, and has since latterly been dependent on his brother for a small allowance, hovering like a spectre round the gaming-table at Frascati, and risking his few francs every night in that sink of depravity, still hoping that fortune might turn in his favor and enable him to regain his losses. His mild manners, his settled melancholy, and, as he has often told me himself, that infatuation which he felt quite unable to resist, rendered him a constant object of remark to the various English who have visited Paris for many years past."

Another is less painful to peruse:

"A certain Vicomte de V——, friend of Talleyrand, who with him frequented some distinguished *soirées*, where high play was encouraged, had incurred some suspicions not very creditable to his honor.

"Detected one evening in a flagrant attempt to defraud his adversary, he was very unceremoniously turned out of the house, with a threat, that if he ever made his appearance there again, he should be thrown out of the window. The next day he called upon M. de Talleyrand to relate his misfortune and protest his innocence: 'Ma position est très embarrassante,' said the vicomte, 'donnez-moi donc un conseil.' Dame! mon cher, je vous conseille de ne plus jouer qu'au rez-de-chaussée."

From the Westminster Review.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.*

A SERIOUS chasm in English historical literature has been very remarkably filled. The revolt of the Netherlands, in many respects the most extraordinary of the convulsions of the sixteenth century, has been hitherto better known to us in its effects than in any narrative of its details. The name of Alba has come down shrouded with horrible associations; Count Egmont has been a hero of romance; and the Prince of Orange has been familiar to us as an illustration of the manner in which the Catholic powers delivered

themselves of their dangerous enemies. But the actual lives and exploits of these men, and those fifty desperate years of struggle, out of which a revolted province of Spain emerged the first naval power in the world, have been visible to general readers only through a mist. Watson's "Philip the Second," till now the best English authority, distributes the attention over so wide a range, that the effect is vague and inadequate. Schiller, though undertaking a special history of the revolt, has confessedly produced only a few striking fragments, divided by long gaps of darkness. And, in fact, neither to Watson nor to Schiller were the sources open for consistent information which

* *The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. In Three Volumes. London: John Chapman, King William street, Strand; Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly. 1856.

modern researches have exposed. The correspondence of Philip the Second, from the archives of Ximencas, the letters and state papers of the Orange Nassau family, edited by Groen van Prinsterer, and the many other collections of contemporary correspondence, have placed material at the disposal of the student, which, if it increases the labor of the research, makes possible a result infinitely increased in value; and the first fruits of these publications have been two works, both of which are likely to secure themselves a perpetual place in English literature—Mr. Prescott's "Philip of Spain," and the history which on this occasion we have most especially to notice. Of Mr. Prescott's book we have already spoken. Like all his writings, it is elegant, rational, cultivated, written in a kindly, genial spirit, dispassionate and tolerant. Like the work of Mr. Watson, it is, however, a history of Spain, and not exclusively of the Netherlands; and the scope of the writer has not permitted him to follow minutely and closely a single section of his subject. That the United Provinces required a more complete treatment than he was able to afford to them, no one was more sensible than himself; and in a graceful note he has referred to the work by which his own would be soon succeeded, with a high compliment, yet a compliment as the result must by this time have shown him, not more than deserved, to the industry and talent which it would display. Mr. Prescott will not, therefore, suspect us of disrespect to himself, if for the present we attempt no comparison between books which do not challenge rivalry—if we leave his graceful sketches to be valued for their separate merit, and in this place dwell exclusively on the elaborate pictures of his brother artist—pictures, we are assured, which he will be generously anxious to see welcomed as they deserve.

A history, then, as complete as industry and genius can make it, now lies before us, of the first twenty years of the revolt of the United Provinces; of the period in which those provinces finally conquered their independence and established the Republic of Holland. It has been the result of many years of silent, thoughtful, unobtrusive labor, and unless we are strangely mistaken, unless we are ourselves altogether unfit for this office of criticising which we have here under-

taken, the book is one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any other language. If we may not claim the writer as an Englishman, we have reason to be glad that in these dangerous times a book should have appeared by an American writer which will form a link among all who speak one common language, and which will not fail to show that America and England are not united only in blood and interest, but that the soundest thinkers there as well as here agree at heart in far higher subjects. Even so slight a matter as a book of history will not be without its immediate value, if it serves to remind us that however aristocratic pettiness and republican fanaticism may quarrel upon the surface, in truth and reality the Americans are nearer to the English in heart, in sympathy, in their deepest and surest convictions, than to any other nation in the world.

All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except perhaps Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct. His principles are those of honest love for all which is good and admirable in human character wherever he finds it, while he unaffectedly hates oppression and despises selfishness with all his heart. For his finer feelings, the Netherlands of the sixteenth century unfortunately offer not many subjects. One noble form towers up out of the confusion, surrounded by undistinguished masses of the people, who were a nation of heroes; but except the Prince of Orange, his gallant brothers, and the said "people," the individual figures who stand out preëminently in the struggle had better most of them never have been born. Nevertheless, while his admiration is for Orange alone, Mr. Motley uses no sweeping colors, no rhetorical invectives; there is scarcely a superlative or a needless expletive in his book. Among the crowds who fill his canvas every face is minutely drawn, each offender bears but his own burden of iniquity, and the character of every actor whom he introduces is shaded in with care as scrupulous as if he were writing not a history of real men but a drama of his own creating. And this is the true charity of history. Mr. Motley has none of that spurious

charity which delights in washed-out colors, which palliates iniquity, and to avoid the sharpness of contrast tints with conjectural suspicion the great and the good. He is not afraid to describe Philip as a villain unredeemed by any trait of goodness, for such was the Philip of history. But he tells his story with fact, not with commentary, and trusts for his effects the quiet and simple truth.

In the limits which we can here permit ourselves, it will be impossible to give an idea of the results of Mr. Motley's book; neither can we calculate on sufficient information in our readers to enable them to enter profitably into any of the detailed discussions which it provokes. The work consists of three volumes, each containing nearly six hundred pages, and the matter is only compressed within this large compass by the elaborate finish of the style. We are brought in contact minutely and closely with the most celebrated men of that most remarkable age. Directly or indirectly the history of the Netherlands was the history of Europe itself. Scarcely a figure of note or moment in any country is passed over; and by the side of these great ones who were gambling for the most part with the destinies of the world, as if poor mankind were counters with which they might toy and trifle for their little vanities and selfishnesses, rise the dim masses of a patriot people, stirring into organic life and freedom. The treatment of such matter by a master's hand is not to be described in a brief article of a review; and our business here is rather to introduce the author himself to our readers, and to persuade them, by specimens of his style and matter, to seek his closer acquaintance for themselves.

The book opens with a description of the Netherlands, brief but most effective. After an allusion to Cæsar and Tacitus as the earliest authorities on the state of these countries, Mr. Motley continues:

"The three great rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheld, had deposited their slime for ages among the dunes and sandbanks heaved up by the ocean around their mouths. A delta was thus formed, habitable at last for man. It was by nature a wide morass, in which oozy islands and savage forests were interspersed among lagoons and shallows; a district lying partly below the level of the ocean at its higher tides, subject to constant overflow from the rivers, and to frequent and terrible inundations by the sea.

"The Rhine, leaving at last the regions where its storied lapse, through so many ages, has been consecrated alike by nature and art—by poetry and eventful truth—flows reluctantly through the basalt portal of the Seven Mountains into the open fields which extend to the German Sea. After entering this vast meadow, the stream divides itself into two branches, becoming thus the two-horned Rhine of Virgil, and holds in these two arms the island of Batavia.

"The Meuse, taking its rise in the Voeges, pours itself through the Ardennes wood, pierces the rocky ridges upon the south-eastern frontier of the Low Countries, receives the Sambre in the midst of that picturesque anthracite basin where now stands the city of Namur, and then moves towards the north, through nearly the whole length of the country, till it mingles its waters with the Rhine.

"The Scheld, almost exclusively a Belgian river, after leaving its fountains in Picardy, flows through the present provinces of Flanders and Hainault. In Cæsar's time it was suffocated before reaching the sea in quicksands and thickets, which long afforded protection to the savage inhabitants against the Roman arms, and which the slow process of nature and the untiring industry of man have since converted into the Archipelago of Zealand and South-Holland. Those islands were unknown to the Romans.

"Such were the rivers which, with their numerous tributaries, coursed through the spongy land. Their frequent overflow, when forced back upon their currents by the stormy sea, rendered the country almost uninhabitable. Here, within a half-submerged territory, a race of wretched ichthyophagi dwelt upon *terpen*, or mounds, which they had raised, like beavers, above the almost fluid soil. Here, at a later day, the same race chained the tyrant ocean and his mighty streams into subservieny, forcing them to fertilize, to render commodious, to cover with a beneficent network of veins and arteries, and to bind by watery highways with the farthest ends of the world, a country disinherited by nature of its rights. A region, outcast of ocean and earth, wrested at last from both domains their richest treasures. A race, engaged for generations in stubborn conflict with the angry elements, was unconsciously educating itself for its great struggle with the still more savage despotism of man."

The workmanship of this description is admirable. It is at once brief and exhaustive, and with a few pregnant paragraphs, lays the country out before us, as in a picture. A rapid sketch follows of the various races which composed the population. They resolve themselves into the two broad divisions of German and Celtic; and the effects of the distinction, after becoming for thirteen centuries invisible, are shown to reappear singularly at the Reformation, and to determine the contrasted fortunes of the Southern and

the Northern Provinces. When the narrative opens, Catholic Belgium and Protestant Holland are one country, governed by the same laws, united under the same institutions, zealous for the same freedom. The Reformation rises, and the separate races follow instinctively their separate tendencies. As the struggle for freedom deepens, the contrast of races becomes more and more sharply defined. At length the spirit of liberty, once distributed over the whole of Flanders, becomes concentrated in its proper home. The Batavians become a commonwealth of Protestants; Belgium clings to Romanism, and settles into slavery.

Mr. Motley, however, in originally describing these divisions, contents himself with indicating the later consequences of them. He does not anticipate his story, and leaves it to unroll itself. After mentioning the distribution of the tribes, he sketches the revolt of Claudius Civilis against Rome, and follows Schiller in a parallel between Civilis himself and the Prince of Orange. The resemblance is rather fanciful than real. He does not dwell upon it, and proceeds with a swift summary of the fourteen centuries which followed. He traces the successive eras of barbarism, feudalism, and finally of commerce and municipal liberty; the people emerging gradually out of darkness to wealth and civilization, as their country emerged from under the ocean, and forest and morass were exchanged for smiling fields and thriving cities. Here too, perhaps the analogy is something imaginary. We are a little surprised to find so able a writer accepting the popular contempt of the Middle Ages, and dismissing so many ages of human history with so peremptory a depreciation. Something more is to be said for feudal society, and something more for the religion which during all those ages was so passionately believed. And the fault throughout Mr. Motley's book is the want, absolute and entire, of all sympathy with Catholicism, in its vigor as well as in its degeneracy. It is to him a thing of mere falsehood and sensuous superstition, and the secret of its higher influences is closed to him. Nevertheless, his sketches, as from the modern popular point of view, are singularly able; and they bring us down, with the scene continually expanding, to the time when the actors in the great drama of the Revolution begin to appear upon the stage.

They are introduced in a brilliant group, as the leading nobles of Spain and of the Netherlands were collected in the great hall of the Palace at Brussels, to witness the abdication of the Emperor Charles V. Charles himself, Philip, the Regent Margaret, the Duke of Alva, and some others, are reserved for a separate description; the assemblage on the platform are thus graphically laid out upon the board:

"Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the students of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped as if by premeditated design upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall for ever upon the mightiest emperor since Charlemagne; and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted. There was the Bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by his more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle, the serene and smiling priest whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present, and over the fortunes of the whole land, was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not yet having won those two remarkable victories which were soon to make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a light moustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy—such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont. The Count of Horn, too, with bold, sullen face and fan-shaped beard—a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man. Those other twins in doom, the Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny. The Baron Berlaymont, brave, intensely loyal, insatiably greedy for office and wages, but who at least never served but one party. The Duke of Aerschot, who was to serve all, essay to rule all, and to betray all—a splendid signor, magnificent in cramoisy velvet, who traced his pedigree from Adam, according to the family monumental inscription at Louvain, but who was better known as grand nephew of the Emperor's famous tutor, Chièvres. The bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome reckless face and turbulent demeanor. The infamous Noircarmes, whose name was to be covered with eternal execration for aping towards his own compatriots and kindred as much of Alva's atrocities and avarice as he was permitted to exercise. The distinguished soldiers, Meghen and Aremberg—these, with many others whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were all conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There, too, was that learned Frisian, President Viglius, crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent—a small brisk man with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round turned rosy cheeks, and flowing beard.

Foremost among the Spanish grandees, and, close to Philip, stood the famous favorite, Ray Gomez, or, as he was familiarly called, 'Rey Gomez,' (king and Gomez), a man of meridional aspect, with coal-black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure; while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor was the immortal Prince of Orange.

"Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes in part it will be our humble duty to narrate. How many of them passing through all this glitter to a dark and mysterious doom! some to perish on public scaffolds; some by midnight assassination; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battle-field—nearly all sooner or later to be laid in bloody graves."

The pageant over, and the helm of the ship committed to the new pilot, the curtain rises, and the struggle begins. Philip II., as he ever avowed, had but one fixed principle in life—the destruction of the enemies of the Holy Catholic faith. False, malignant, licentious, a man who from his boyhood to his grave maintained unbroken acquaintance with all forms of human villainy, Philip lived in the conviction that by massacring heretics he could earn a perpetually renewed forgiveness for his crimes—that a zeal for orthodoxy unwavering, unflinching, pursued through torrents of blood, would be accepted graciously in lieu of every other Christian virtue.

At his first accession he was embarrassed with mere earthly politics. He was entangled with wars in Italy and France, and Count Egmont and his Flemish subjects had first to win for him two magnificent victories before he could find leisure for his more serious labors. At length, at the close of 1558, the peace of Cambray set him free, and his mission commenced. His first object was a simultaneous slaughter of Protestants throughout Europe, to be conducted by all the Catholic Powers. Mary of England would have made no difficulty; the Lorraine faction at Paris entered cordially into the scheme, and Mary of Guise in Scotland was to be admitted into the partnership of crime. The outline of this grand conception was communicated strangely by Henry II. to the Prince of Orange when in France as hostage for the fulfillment of the treaty of Cambray, under the impression that the Prince, as a good Catholic, would loyally sympathize in the scheme. The accidents which occasionally mutilate the best laid enterprises, in-

terfered to mar the execution of this. Mary Tudor died, and the English throne fell to a heretic princess. The Huguenot nobles tied the hands of the Guises; and the Valois princes were able only to achieve an imperfect Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Philip only resolutely, consistently and steadily followed out his design, and directed upon this one aim the full weight of the enormous power which he had inherited. In Spain he succeeded. Ten thousand heretics fell at the stake or on the scaffold; and the feeble light of the Reformation expired in the Peninsula for ever. His other effort to do the same thing in the Netherlands did not succeed; it was defeated by a resistance, which, however we consider it, whether with respect to the cause that was fought for, to the unequal resources of the combatants, to the duration of the conflict, or to the spirit in which the long battle with tyranny was fought out, must be considered as the grandest achievement in the whole history of mankind. There is nothing like it in antiquity—nothing in the conquest of their freedom by any of the greater nations of the modern world. The scanty population of two small provinces, no larger than two English counties (for on them at last the weight of the revolution fell), wrestled with the full power of Spain, backed by the wealth of half the world, and overcame it.

Protestantism found early a welcome in the Netherlands. The landed nobles there as elsewhere remained attached to the old faith; but the spirit of commerce in the body of the people, the enterprise which scattered them over the world, their long intercourse with England, and the political liberty which they had conquered for themselves, pointed out these provinces as the natural home of emancipated thought. In the early years of the Reformation religious exiles from France and England found a refuge under the free institutions of their cities. The Antwerp printing presses supplied the Reformers in London with translations of the Bible; and Charles V., in the commencement of his reign, had been embarrassed too seriously with the Turks, with Germany, and with France, to venture measures of violent repression. Ultimately, as he conquered his political difficulties, he was able to make amends for lost time. The great families to whose keeping the liberties of

the country were intrusted did not care to embarrass themselves with the defence of heresy, which was as hateful to them as to the Emperor; and Charles could boast at his abdication of having destroyed, in the Low countries alone, a number stated variously at from fifty to a hundred thousand of these wretched "enemies of mankind."

Yet, in spite of so considerable exertions, the contagion had continued to spread. The Northern provinces and the great towns swarmed with offenders; and the Catholic Philip, the defender of the faith, the champion of the Holy See, found his inheritance, when he took possession of it, in full progress towards apostasy.

His first effort, as we said, was for a general crusade of all the Catholic powers. Meanwhile, he could commence the good work within his own dominions; and as a first preliminary establish the Inquisition and the torture-chamber. There was a difficulty, because, while King of Spain, Philip was but Count or Duke in his provinces upon the Rhine, and his subjects there were under the protection of their own laws, by which at his coronation he was sworn to govern. He served a master, however, who happily had the power of dispensing with inconvenient oaths; and when the alternative lay before him of perjury and an undue toleration of Protestantism, it was his duty both to God and man to choose the lightest offence. Measures of moderate repression would have been possible without violating the constitution of the States; but an immoderate evil might not be moderately dealt with.

Accordingly, retiring himself to Spain, he left his sister, Margaret of Parma, with directions to set on foot the method found so efficacious in Spain, and with the assistance of Cardinal Granvelle to purge the Netherlands clean. There were two forms of the Inquisition—the Episcopal and the Spanish. The Episcopal offered the lightest outrage to existing forms, and this was therefore selected with an affection of outward lenity. The true explanation of the choice was given, however, by Philip himself. He could abundantly trust the zeal of his bishops. The Inquisition of the Netherlands, as the king acknowledged, was more pitiless than that of Spain. In fact, says Mr. Motley:

"The main difference between the two institutions consisted in the greater efficiency of the Spanish in discovering such of its victims as were disposed to deny their faith. Devised originally for more timorous and less conscientious infidels, who were often disposed to skulk in obscure places, and to renounce without really abandoning their errors, it was provided with a set of venomous familiars who glided through every chamber, and coiled themselves at every fireside. The secret details of each household in the realm being therefore known to the Holy Office and the monarch, no infidel or heretic could escape discovery. This invisible machinery was less requisite for the Netherlands. There was comparatively little difficulty in ferreting out the 'vermin,' to use the expression of a Walloon historian of that age; so that it was only necessary to maintain in good working order the apparatus for destroying the noxious creatures when unearthed. This inquisitorial system of Spain was hardly necessary for men who had but little prudence in concealing, and no inclination to disavow, their creed. That the civil authorities were not as entirely superseded by the Netherlands as by the Spanish system was rather a difference of form than of fact. The secular officers of justice were at the command of the inquisitors. Sheriff, jailers, judge, and hangman, were all required under the most terrible penalties to do their bidding."

The institution was therefore sufficient for its work. The provinces would be left a desert before there would be any sign of failure in the machinery of the institution. The one difficulty was that which was common to all contrivances of State craft—it could only be worked by beings who wore at least the human form; and, however great might be the energy of the bishops, the Catholic laity among the Netherlands had neither themselves wholly lost their human hearts, nor were disposed to allow the administration of the Government to lapse into the hands of foreigners and ecclesiastics. The Prince of Orange at that time still professed the faith in which he had been bred; but as soon as he became possessed of the fatal secret which Henry of France had communicated to him, he determined, if possible, to save his country; and, by birth, wealth, and influence, the first of the Netherlands aristocracy, he set in force the full resources which the constitution allowed to thwart the Government and stay the persecution. From 1559 to 1567—the eight years of the regency of Margaret of Parma—the constitutional conflict continued. The Government attempted to enforce the laws against heresy; Orange, with the support of the body of

the nobility, continued to thwart and oppose them. Multitudes were executed; but the numbers grew too fast for executioners who were hampered by forms; and Philip, with crippled finances, was unable to attempt the last extremity of force. He exhausted the resources of weakness, he fawned and flattered, he promised profusely; like Judas, he breathed his poison in a kiss; and though he yielded nothing, he deceived Egmont, he deceived Montigny, he deceived all but Orange. Orange only knew him; Orange only saw the malignity of his purpose, the settled venom of his fanaticism. Orange knew that the king would forget nothing, forgive nothing, surrender nothing; and his ever-watchful eyes penetrated the inmost secrets of the Spanish Cabinet, with a subtlety deeper than Philip's own.

"Already (in the last year of Margaret's regency), the prince had organized that system of espionage upon Philip, by which the champion of his country was so long able to circumvent its despot. The king left letters carefully locked in his desk at night, and unseen hands had forwarded copies of them to William of Orange before the morning. He left memoranda in his pockets on retiring to bed, and exact transcripts of those papers found their way, ere he rose, to the same watchman in the Netherlands."

Mr. Motley, perhaps needlessly, thinks it necessary to apologize for these subtle doings.

"No doubt (he says) that an inclination for political intrigue was a prominent characteristic of the prince, and a blemish upon the purity of his moral nature. Yet the dissimulating policy of his age he had mastered only that he might accomplish the noblest purposes to which a great and good man can devote his life—the protection of the liberty and the religion of a whole people against foreign tyranny. His intrigues served his country, not a narrow, personal ambition; and it was only by such arts that he became Philip's master, instead of falling at once, like so many great personages, a blind and infatuated victim. No doubt his purveyors of secret information were often destined to atone fearfully for their contraband commerce; but they who trade in treason must expect to pay the penalty of their traffic."

Guided by these hidden clues in the understanding of the dark purposes of the king, yet himself ever meeting those purposes by the open weapons of the constitution, the prince played steadily his baffling game, till Granvelle was driven away in despair, and Margaret of Parma was re-

duced to helplessness; and the king had to choose between toleration of heresy, or falling back upon the sword. Unhappily, the latter course was no longer difficult to him. The spread of the Reformation had alarmed the Walloon nobles; their patriotism had first wavered, then ebbed away; and even Egmont himself, who had for many years adhered faithfully to Orange, had allowed himself to be made an instrument of persecution. United, the nobility might have dictated to Philip the terms on which a titular sovereignty should be left to him; but the element of religion acted as a fatal dissolvent. The horror lest they should be suspected of heresy was a phantom which terrified them each from his duty; and they stood still in passive obedience, while the Duke of Alva, with a Spanish army, took the place of Margaret.

On the 10th of May, 1567, that army sailed from Carthage—ten thousand veterans, the picked troops of the world, under command of the greatest general. Both army and commander appear to have existed for the purpose of showing that military excellence of the highest kind is compatible with the absence of every other human virtue. The discipline of the soldiers extended even to their vices: two thousand prostitutes, formally enrolled and organized, attended their march. They were, perhaps, the most perfect instruments of unscrupulous wickedness that have been ever seen. The general was worthy of his men. In person, Alva "was tall, thin, erect, with a small head, a long visage, lean yellow cheek, dark twinkling eyes, a dusk complexion, black bristling hair, and a long sable-silvered beard descending in two waving streams upon his breast." His moral characteristics are thus generously described:

"Philip," Mr. Motley says, "was fanatically impressed with his mission; his viceroy was possessed by his loyalty as by a demon. In this way alone, that conduct which can never be palliated, may at least be comprehended. It was Philip's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of God against heretics. It was Alva's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of Philip. Narrow-minded, isolated, seeing only that section of the world which was visible through the loophole of the fortress in which nature had imprisoned him for life; placing his glory in unconditional obedience to his superior, questioning nothing, doubting nothing, fearing nothing, the viceroy accomplished his work of hell with the tranquillity of an angel. An iron will, which clove through every obstacle; adamant-

fortitude, which sustained, without flinching, a mountain of responsibility, were qualities which, united to his fanatical obedience, made him a man for Philip's work, such as could not have been found again."

There was no ambiguity in the instructions which Alva brought with him. Philip would rather reign over a desert than over Paradise if peopled with heretics; and to a desert, if necessary, the Duke of Alva was commissioned to reduce the Netherlands. Orthodoxy was to be no security. To have resisted the persecution—to have obstructed in the smallest degree the pious work of destruction to which the king had devoted his life—was crime sufficient. Egmont dreamed that he had earned his forgiveness by his unhappy zealotry of the last year; but he had to do with a sovereign who never signed a pardon. His doom was sealed before Alva left the presence of his master. All the inhabitants of the provinces, high and low, with a few specially named exceptions, were declared by the Holy Office to have incurred penalty of death; and Alva was come with the fixed intention of carrying out this sentence, till the heart and life of the country lay dead at his feet, and every vestige of resistance was extinguished. No imagination could have divined so infernal a depth of malignity. Orange knew it, and withdrew in time: but it was in vain that he warned Egmont. Philip flattered, and Egmont believed him: we all know with what result. With Egmont fell Count Horn, and all the crowd of minor patriots. The heads of the leaders struck off, the nation, bewildered and helpless, sank passively under its doom. We have shuddered at September massacres, at Fouquier-Tinville's death-tribunal, at the fusillades at Lyons, and the noyades of the Loire. The democratic fanaticism of Robespierre was tame beside the orthodox fury of Alva; and the Jacobin club, "the mighty mother" of the Revolution, was but a driveller in cruelty, compared to the conclave of which the Iron Duke was the instrument. The ordinary tribunals were set aside. The functions of justice were superseded by the Blood Council, which, with its affiliated societies, ruled over the Netherlands. Here is a description of one of its councillors, Juan de Vargas, drawn by a master hand:

"Two Spaniards, Del Rio and De Vargas, were the only members of the council who could

vote. Del Rio was a man without character or talent—a mere tool in the hands of his superiors; but Juan de Vargas was a terrible reality. . . . To shed human blood was, in his opinion, the only important business, and the only exhilarating pastime of life. His youth had been stained with other crimes. He had been obliged to retire from Spain because of his violation of an orphan child to whom he was guardian; but in his manhood, he found no pleasure but in murder. He executed Alva's bloody work with an industry which was almost superhuman, and with a merriment which would have shamed a demon. His execrable jests ring through the blood and smoke and death-cries of those days of perpetual sacrifice. He was proud to be the double of the iron-hearted duke, and acted so uniformly in accordance with his views, that the right of revision remained but nominal. There could be no possibility of collision, when the subaltern was only anxious to surpass an incomparable superior. The figure of Vargas rises upon us through the mist of three centuries with terrible distinctness. Even his barbarous grammar has not been forgotten; and his crimes against syntax and against humanity have acquired the same immortality. '*Heretici fraxerunt templa, boni nihili faxerunt contraergo debent omnes patibulari*,' was the comprehensive but barbarous formula of the man who murdered the Latin language as ruthlessly as he slaughtered his contemporaries."

The work of murder thus commenced under these accursed auspices; and at the end of a few months, the condition to which Alva and his council had reduced the provinces, is thus summed up. Let no one suspect Mr. Motley of exaggeration. His work is the result of patient labor among writers of all sides and all opinions, and his most terrible relations are too faithfully copied from the language of immediate witnesses.

"The whole country became a charnel-house; the death-bell tolled hourly in every village; not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relatives, while the survivors stalked listlessly about the ghosts of their former homes. The spirit of the nation was hopelessly broken. The blood of its best and bravest had already stained the scaffold; the men to whom it had been accustomed to look for guidance and protection were dead, in prison, or in exile. Submission had ceased to be of any avail, flight was impossible, and the spirit of vengeance had alighted at every fireside. The mourners went daily about the streets, for there was hardly a house which had not been made desolate. The scaffold, the gallows, the funeral piles which had been sufficient in ordinary times, furnished now an entirely inadequate machinery for the executions. Columns and stakes in every street, the door-posts of private houses, the fences in the fields were laden with human carcasses, strangled, burned, beheaded. The

orchards in the country bore on many a tree the hideous fruit of human bodies."

This general summary is illustrated in some hundreds of pages of hideous and too authentic detail. Wretched cities which dared to close their gates against the executors of the decrees of the council suffered worse horrors than the most delirious cruelty in open war has ever dared to inflict. Entire populations, by the direct command of Philip and his general, were massacred with the hideous accompanying atrocities of rape and pillage. Every crime which the madness of mankind can execute, was sanctified by the blessing of the Church, and was perpetrated under the eyes of princes and prelates in the cause of the father of mankind. We cannot regret that a man has been found who has dared to lift the curtain over these scenes, and show them to us as they were. In the "Catholic reaction" of these late times, a bastard sentimentalism has stolen over us; we have talked mincingly of the intolerance of the Protestants in their ultimate victory, caring little to know what that thing was which they refused to tolerate. We have dreamed of Catholicism not as the destroying fiend which the nations of Europe experienced it to be in the last years of its power, but as it plays on the imagination in its associations—in its theory—in the spirit which haunts the aisles of the cathedrals, and the broken arches of monastic ruins. It is well that we should see it once more face to face as it was. It is well, too, when revolution is a thing of horror to so many of us; when the higher classes in so many countries look on with acquiescence, while in the name of order the liberties of centuries are trampled down, through some dim fear of what the people might do if they gained power—it is well at such a time that the world should be reminded what despots also have sometimes done.

"It is not without reluctance," writes Mr. Motley, in a passage which might be written in letters of gold, when relating, out of Alva's correspondence, the massacre at Naarden—"it is not without reluctance, but still with a stern determination, that the historian should faithfully record these transactions. To extenuate would be base; to exaggerate impossible. It is good that the world should not forget how much wrong has been endured by a single nation at the hands of despotism, and in the sacred name of God. There have been tongues and pens enough to narrate the excesses of the people bursting from time

to time out of slavery into madness: it is good, too, that those crimes should be remembered, and freshly pondered; but it is equally wholesome to study the opposite picture. Tyranny, ever young and ever old—constantly reproducing herself with the same stony features—with the same imposing mask which she has worn through all the ages, can never be too minutely examined, especially when she paints her own portraits, and when the secret history of her guilt is furnished by the confessions of her lovers. The perusal of her traits will not make us love popular liberty the less."

How the Prince of Orange, with his brothers, labored meanwhile to rescue his bleeding country; how he flung into the cause his fortune, his credit, his life, raising from his own resources armies of German mercenaries, after a short gleam of success to be disastrously defeated; how, as the atrocities of the Inquisition showed ever in darker colors, his mind was slowly weaned from the creed in the name of which those atrocities were perpetrated; and how, in the midst of his disasters, the mere human wisdom and human generosity of heart with which he had commenced his career became absorbed into a high, passionate faith, and in belief and conviction he became one with the poor sufferers for whom he struggled; how, at length, in the darkest hour, when all seemed hopeless, a gang of outlaws, patriot exiles, turned pirates, seized in a sudden freak on the town of Brill, and by a common impulse the two provinces of Holland and Zealand broke into revolution, drove out the Spanish garrisons, and made a home for freedom which, though shaken desperately, was never again broken down—all this must be read in the brilliant and deeply sympathizing pages of Mr. Motley, to whom the chivalry of these poor people, and the after career of the Prince who made haste to throw himself at their head, appears, he says, as "a great Christian epic"—the finest of which the history of Europe has to boast.

Desperately Alva struggled to crush those poor Calvinist "beggars," for so they called themselves. But the beggars, even the women and the children among them, were lifted by the passions of the times into preternatural defiance. The Spanish army could crush them inch by inch, but at a cost of blood and treasure which made victory scarcely less disastrous than defeat. Philip could destroy, but he

could not overcome. Harlem alone, the first weak town which the Spaniards attacked, though it fell at last, cost the Duke seven months of labor and twelve thousand of his choicest troops. And the finances of Spain, being thrown into confusion by the ruin of the Netherlands, were unequal to support the struggle with a few hundred thousand peasants and petty burghers. Alva was baffled, and at last withdrew. His place was filled by a milder viceroy. *Requesens*, it was thought, might perhaps conciliate when Alva had failed to crush. *Requesens*, however, fared no better. The army was invincible in the field; but the treasury was barren of the means to pay the soldiers: they broke into open mutiny, wandered hither and thither at their will, seized cities as an indemnity for their wages, sacked, ravished, burnt, and pillaged. In the midst of these confusions, *Requesens* died. The Netherlands was without a governor; and in the interval "the Spanish fury" at Antwerp, a carnage more horrible than even the massacre of St. Bartholomew, broke the spell of submission. In all Belgium the people rose at once out of their torpor; and the day of freedom promised soon to dawn. If the two provinces of Holland and Zealand alone were able to defy Alva so long, the seventeen, united in heart and soul, had but to claim their independence to secure it. This great union, unfortunately, was not to be. The difference in race forbade it, and still more the difference in creed. The Protestants of Belgium were in exile, or in their graves. The remaining population were moderately orthodox; and their faith soon paralyzed them.

But a vast step was gained—five other provinces adhered to the Prince in the Union of Utrecht. Don John of Austria was sent from Spain in the blaze of his glory to end the struggle; and as force had signally failed, to finish it by concession. The Prince of Orange for himself might have had all which he desired—toleration and pardon, and wealth. The provinces might have all except the one thing for which they were contending—religious liberty. It was in vain. The Prince cared only for his duty to the people who had trusted him. Don John must yield all, or again try the sword. He did try the sword, but with no better issue. He could win battles, but he could not conquer men who were utterly

fearless of all evil which he had power to inflict upon them. He too sank before the impracticable task, and died broken-hearted.

Alexander of Parma, Margaret's son, followed Don John—a far abler man, who alone in any way was able to cope with Orange. He did something. Among other things, he found, at last, an efficient person who undertook the Prince's murder, and who too faithfully accomplished the work. It was not wholly too late, for Parma saved Belgium, which, if Orange had lived, would have followed, perhaps, at last in the track of the Union of Utrecht. The hope of Spain rested, as he knew, on the destruction of that one life; and both he and Philip were ready with no niggard payment for so great service. Countless wealth and the highest order of Spanish nobility were promised to the successful assassin, to be enjoyed by himself in his own person, if he came off with life, to be given to his heirs if his life fell a sacrifice.

The golden bait succeeded. Many attempts were made. At length, under the inspiration of the Jesuits, a miserable fanatic did the work; and the Prince of Orange fell as the Regent Murray had a few years before him fallen in the streets of Linlithgow, as two Kings of France fell, and as Elizabeth was to follow also, if the Roman ecclesiastics could have their way. But though not wholly useless, the Prince's death could not undo the work which he had accomplished; and those little wasted provinces which he had rescued from the destroyer were saved for freedom and for the world.

We must extract some portion of Mr. Motley's sketch of the Prince's character. For the justification of his estimate of it, our readers must seek themselves in Mr. Motley's own pages.

"Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived through a series of reverses at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense; for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle; but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. . . . The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of his age. The quickness of his perception was only

equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. . . . It is instructive to observe the wiles of the Machiavellian school, employed by a master of the craft to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character, in a great measure, marked his whole policy. He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the Imperial court, and which he employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the Inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the king's feet by a more subtle process than that practised by the most fraudulent monarch who ever governed the Spanish empire; and Philip, chainmailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own. Ten years long the king placed daily his most secret letters in hands which regularly transmitted copies of the correspondence to the Prince of Orange. . . . Casuists must determine how much guilt attaches to the Prince for his share in this transaction. Judged by a severe moral standard, it cannot be called virtuous or honorable to suborn treachery, even to accomplish a lofty purpose. Yet the universal practice of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war; and no people has ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain.

"It is difficult to find any other characteristic deserving of grave censure; but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to find few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross.

"It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition—by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives. God alone knows the heart of man. But as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man, not even Washington, had ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. . . . He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrow with a smiling face. 'God pity this poor people,' were the last words upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul in dying to his great captain, Christ. The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William.' Not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind, to which they were accustomed in their darkest calamities to look for light. He was the guiding star of a whole brave nation during his life, and when he died, the little children cried in the streets."

In these critical days, when faith in heroism is growing faint, and the aim of historians is to drag the great men of past times from their pinnacles, and dwarf them into commonplace mediocrity, it is pleasant to meet with language so warm, so genial, so admiring. The same spirit pervades the whole book. There is no desire to gloss over ascertained blemishes, no attempt to hide good men's faults any more than to invent supposititious virtues for the bad. Mr. Motley, in his determination to be just, concedes too much to the horror felt by some good persons for "Machiavellism." Perhaps it is not permitted to a man to stoop to intrigue in defence of his own private interests. But those to whom the safety of nations is intrusted in a contest with cruel and treacherous enemies, must meet the destroyers with their own weapons; and Orange was no more bound to keep open terms with the satellites of the Inquisition, than with serpents or savage beasts. But wherever Mr. Motley finds a generous, true-hearted man, he treats him generously; where he finds a great man, he treats him with the reverence and admiration which is his due; and he distributes his moral judgment (strange that it should be so rare a virtue in historians) by the same rules and with the same good sense with which reasonable men learn to judge each other in actual life.

Only in one direction do we see reason to think that he has erred in his estimate. Acquainted chiefly with the continental writers and continental state papers, or at least having been long deeply and exclusively occupied with them, he has judged the policy of England to the Netherlands as it appeared to the Netherlands themselves; and in representing that policy to have been entirely selfish, he has scarcely measured fairly either what Elizabeth actually did, or her difficulty in venturing to do more. William of Orange looked for help wherever help might be found—to Germany, to France, to England. And Mr. Motley thinks that the hesitation which he met with from Elizabeth was unworthy alike of herself and of her people. Yet Elizabeth's first duty assuredly was to her own country; and during the whole period which Mr. Motley's history covers, England was at any moment exposed to a reaction into Catholicism, and to a struggle as tremendous as that with which William himself was contending. The

English Romanists, till the last quarter of the sixteenth century, certainly outnumbered the Protestants. They were prevented from moving partly by the energy of the government, but much more by a spirit of loyalty to their legitimate sovereign—a feeling so sacred with the vast majority of Englishmen, as to overweigh the counter-obligations of their creed. This it was which made Elizabeth so deeply unwilling to countenance any form of rebellion elsewhere, or any thing which could bear the appearance of rebellion. To encourage resistance to a legitimate sovereign was to sanction conduct by her own example which might instantly and terribly be repeated against herself. Undoubtedly she held high notions of the royal prerogative. Her own temper corresponded to the temper of her people. But her conduct was controlled by policy as well as influenced by principle; and the extremity of danger, even at her own doors, could scarcely induce her to change her course even for a moment. In 1559, when Mary of Guise, with the help of a French army, had crushed the Scotch reformers, and an insurrection in the northern counties of England was immediately imminent, supported by a French invasion, it was only by a threat of resignation that Sir William Cecil prevailed upon her to send troops across the Tweed and prevent the entire ruin of the Protestants. For the same reason she was unable, or thought herself unable, to give open support to William of Orange. If religion was a fair plea for the Low Countries to rebel against Philip, her Catholic subjects would retort the argument fatally upon herself—so at least Elizabeth thought, and whether her own judgment or that of her ministers was at the moment the wisest, is less easy to decide than it may seem.

Yet, after all, the help which she actually rendered was very far from insignificant. There was peace in name between Elizabeth and Philip; but it was the peace of mortal enemies who were but watching the moment to strike each other with deadliest advantage. Philip might keep peace with England—he kept none with its Protestant queen. From the moment at which she refused his hand, and chose her course as a champion of the Reformation, she was the one mark of every villain whom Spanish gold could bribe to murder her. Fresh light has been thrown by Mr. Motley on some of these plots. They

were incessant, and always of a single form; Elizabeth was to be murdered, Mary of Scotland was to be proclaimed her successor, and a Spanish army was to sweep across in the confusion out of the Netherlands.

Elizabeth, intimately aware of these schemes, was not likely to have wished to see Alva triumphant, or to have felt herself under very strict obligations to his master. She did not send Philip's ambassador his passports, or recall her own from Madrid. But her subjects were permitted to volunteer by thousands into the service of the Prince of Orange—a breach of neutrality which an American writer ought surely to recognize; and far more than that, she granted roving commissions to the young adventurers of the day—the Drakes, the Oxenham, the Hawkinses—to seek their fortunes in the southern seas, to seize the Spanish towns, to plunder the Spanish treasure-ships, and to cut off at the fountain the streams of gold which fed the armies of Alva and of Parma. If those streams had flowed unbroken, the Brussels treasury would never have been drained; the Spanish troops would not have mutinied; and who can say then, how long the provinces could have stemmed the tide. This was not much, perhaps, but it was something. Elizabeth was not wholly occupied with jealousies of France, and dubious coquetry with liberty; and we could wish that, since Mr. Motley found it necessary to speak of her, there had been some more clear acknowledgment both of her domestic perils and her services in the great cause. The Prince of Parma said that the Netherlands were to be conquered only in London. Perhaps in the promised continuation of his work, Mr. Motley will tell us how Parma was brought at last to that conclusion.

It is ungracious, however, even to find so slight a fault with these admirable volumes. Mr. Motley has written without haste, with the leisurely composure of a master; and among the most interesting portions of his narrative are the details of the subsidiary intrigues of the Spanish king. The archives of Ximeneas have yielded up many an infernal secret never designed for light. And although Philip the Second has long borne a character in history tolerably hateful, the scientific malignity of his nature has not yet, it seems, been adequately appreciated. Two

illustrative stories we must find room to mention. The first relates to the execution of the Seigneur de Montigny, the brother of Count Horn. This nobleman, accompanied by the Marquis Berghen, had been sent by Margaret of Parma into Spain, to represent to Philip the condition of the Netherlands. The envoys had been received with the highest courtesy, but on various pretexts they were detained in Madrid. At length Berghen died; and Montigny, whose crime had been merely to have defended in council, and by petition, the constitutional liberties of the provinces, was first placed under surveillance, and afterwards imprisoned. Thus he remained till the Duke of Alva had been two years at Brussels, and the executions were slackening for want of victims. Montigny's crimes, however, had been the same as Egmont's; and Philip was resolved that sooner or later he should suffer the same penalty. His case, by the King's order, was laid before the Blood Council at Brussels. That the accused should be present on his trial was held to be a needless formality: he was condemned in his absence to death, and the sentence was transmitted to Madrid.

For many reasons, chiefly because the world would have called such a proceeding by hard names, a public execution was thought undesirable. The Madrid Council suggested poison. The expedient was a natural one; but Philip's conscience hesitated. Poison was informal, and wore an ugly resemblance to assassination. The prisoner, for the sake of justice, must be regularly disposed of; but the death, at the same time, must be so contrived that the world should believe it natural.

"This point having been settled," says Mr. Motley, "the king now set about the arrangements of his plan with all that close attention to detail which marked his character. The patient industry which, had God given him a human heart and love of right, might have made him a useful monarch, he devoted to a scheme of midnight murder, with a tranquil sense of enjoyment which seems almost incredible."

The first step was to remove Montigny from Segovia, where he had been previously confined, to the more secure and retired castle of Ximencas. The alcalde of this fortress was informed of the intended execution, and of the necessity of observing a profound secrecy. The refinement of the next proceedings is so curious

that some attention will be required to follow them.

The prisoner, on being brought to Ximencas, was allowed some little liberty: he was permitted to walk in the corridor adjoining his apartment. The object of the indulgence presently appeared. In a few days an emissary of the Government brought down from Madrid two letters, each of them the composition of his most sacred Majesty. The first was addressed to Montigny himself. It was unsigned, and contained a suggestion of a plan for his escape. This was to be thrown into the corridor at a time when it would be found by the alcalde, or by some officer of the castle, and was to form a pretext for instant and close imprisonment. The other letter was one addressed *by Philip to himself*, which was to be signed by the alcalde. It related to the intended escape. It stated further, that Montigny, in consequence of the confinement to which it had been necessary to subject him, had fallen grievously ill; but that he should receive all the attention compatible with his safe keeping. Philip's directions were faithfully observed. The first paper was thrown into the corridor. The alcalde found it. Montigny, in spite of his protests, was locked in a single room, and Philip's letter to himself was signed and returned. The court physician was dispatched in haste to attend on the sick prisoner; and, on coming back to Madrid, declared publicly that his patient was suffering from a disorder from which it was scarcely possible that he could recover.

A few days were allowed to elapse, and the public having been thus prepared to hear of Montigny's death, it was time to inflict it. A party of officials, accompanied by an ecclesiastic, came down to Ximencas, and Philip was once more his own correspondent. He informed himself in a dispatch, which was again to bear the alcalde's signature, that in spite of all precautions the Seigneur Montigny had continued to grow worse, and had at length expired; that a priest had attended him in his last moments, and that he had died in so catholic a frame of mind, that good hopes might be entertained of his salvation. The preparations were thus nearly complete. The delicacy of Philip's touch in such matters, added, however, one further refinement. Montigny was now told that he was to die. He was not allowed to make a will; being under sentence for

high treason, his property was supposed to be confiscated; but he was permitted to draw up a memorial of his debts, under the stipulation that he was to make no allusion to his approaching execution, but was to use the language of a man seriously ill, who feels himself at the point of death.

"By this infernal ingenuity," observes Mr. Motley, "it was proposed to make the victim an accomplice in the plot, and to place a false exculpation of his assassins in his dying lips."

Under these exquisite arrangements the murder was completed. Montigny was strangled at midnight. He was buried decently by the king's orders; a grand mass and seven hundred lesser masses were said for the repose of his soul, the king himself having particularly fixed the number. Philip's epistle explanatory, announcing the fatal termination of the illness, was duly signed and sent. And this, with the other which preceded it, was published in the Netherlands with complete success. The truth was never even conjectured, and Montigny was believed universally to have followed his brother ambassador into a grave which had been dug for him by disease.

It may be asked how the authenticity of a story has been ascertained, which is more like an incident out of a highly seasoned French novel than an occurrence of actual human life. And, indeed, Alexander Dumas might put himself to school with Philip, and borrow a finish for his fictions which the delicate hand of a greater master of the art of plotting once gave to reality. The accuser, in this instance, is the King of Spain himself; the evidence is the secret narrative with which he furnished the Duke of Alva; and the entire unconsciousness, the innocence, the simplicity with which he relates all the horrible details to the viceroy is perhaps the most amazing feature in the whole transaction. He describes the minute particulars of his treachery with quiet, formal conscientiousness; and the curious inquirer in such matters will find in the concluding passage of the dispatch a remarkable evidence of the effects which a Jesuit training can achieve with human nature.

"The king observed that there was not a person in Spain who doubted that Montigny had died of a fever. He added, that if the sentiments of the deceased nobleman had been at all in conform-

ity with his external manifestations according to the account received of his last moments, it was to be hoped that God would have mercy on his soul. The secretary who copied the letter took the liberty of adding to this paragraph, the suggestion that if Montigny were really a heretic, the devil, who always assists his children in such moments, would hardly have failed him in his dying hour. Philip, displeased with this flippancy, caused the passage to be erased. He even gave vent to his royal indignation in a marginal note to the effect that we should always express favorable judgments concerning the dead. . . . It seemed never to have occurred, however, to this remarkable moralist that it was quite as reprehensible to strangle an innocent man as to speak ill of him after his decease."

We recommend this story to the consideration of English historians. The Anglo-Catholics and the Latitudinarians have united, of late years, in invectives against the repressive measures which the government of Elizabeth adopted against the Romanists. We must desire them to study, in the character of the great Romanist champion, the disposition with which that government had to deal.

The secret history of another intrigue, gathered by Mr. Motley from MSS. in the library at the Hague, will furnish a companion picture to that of the murder of Montigny.

Don John of Austria, when succeeding Requesens in the regency of the Netherlands, had undertaken an occupation which in itself he detested, for the accomplishment of a scheme to which he had devoted himself with the enthusiasm of a crusader. He was the representative, in its most brilliant form, of the pseudo-chivalry of the age; and aspiring at once to be the Hero of Romanism and the Knight of the Holy See, he had settled his ambition on delivering from her cruel prison the beautiful and interesting Mary Queen of Scots. The throne of Elizabeth and the head of her tyrannical rival were to be the votive offerings for which he trusted that the widow of Darnley would reward him with her hand; and Mary and Don John kneeling at the foot of the Pope were to present to the Holy Father the recovered submission of penitent England.

On the achievement of this exploit, which a perverse future seemed resolved to thwart, Don John's hopes were centred. The poor "winebibbers" whom he was sent to govern were merely hateful to him, and he bore with his office only in the prospect of his dream of glory. For

this dream, the prince and his devoted secretary, Escovedo, were incessantly laboring. A never-ceasing correspondence was passing to and fro, upon the details, between Rome, and Madrid, and Brussels. It was to be the great throw of the dice which was to retrieve the Catholic world; and of course the simultaneous murder of the Prince of Orange, to paralyze the rebellion in the provinces, was an important feature in the scheme. All this was well. It was the repetition of a plan which was first conceived by Alva, and it had remained a legacy to the successive viceroys of the Netherlands. Philip, however, in this instance, though anxious for the conquest of England, was yet afraid of it. Don John, surrounded by the halo of the achievement, might become a rival to himself: and the prudent king imagined that, among the collateral contingencies of his brother's enterprise, there might lurk treason against the majesty of Spain. Philip's confidential minister at this time was the infamous Antonio Perez—a man whose deeper subtlety played with Philip as with a child; and who at the moment was intriguing with Philip's mistress, the Princess of Eboli. To Perez Philip intrusted the management of a secret correspondence with Don John, and with Escovedo. He was to pretend to them that it was carefully concealed from the king; he was directed to draw them out, to tempt them, to play upon them, to wind into their most secret confidence.

"The plot," says Mr. Motley, "was to draw from Don John and Escovedo, by means of this correspondence, the proofs of treason which the king and minister both desired to find. The letters from Spain were written with this view; those from Florence were opened with this end. Every confidential letter received by Perez was immediately laid before the king; every letter which the artful demon wrote was filled with hints as to the danger of the king's learning the existence of the correspondence, and with promises of profound secrecy upon his own part, and was then immediately placed in Philip's hands to receive his comments and criticisms before being copied and dispatched to the Netherlands. The minister was playing a cold, murderous, and treacherous game, and played it in a masterly manner. Escovedo was lured to his destruction; Don John was made to fret his heart away; and Philip, more deceived than all, was betrayed in what he considered his affections, and made the mere tool of a man as false as himself, and infinitely more accomplished."

There was no real treason, or thought

of it, on the part of Don John. The supposed plot had been invented [by Perez for his own dark purposes. But the inexhaustible faculty of suspicion in the king was never addressed by any one without response; and to pass into the secret closet of men's hearts, wrapped in the invisible mantle of treachery, was the occupation in which, beyond all other earthly enjoyments, his nature delighted. This drama, too, had a terrible ending. Escovedo, sent by Don John to Madrid, discovered not the mine which had been dug by the king and Perez, but the intrigue between Perez and the Eboli, and in his unsuspecting fidelity, he threatened to inform Philip. This sealed his doom. In a few days he was murdered in the streets, and Philip had been duped by his mistress and her paramour into directing the assassination.

Mr. Motley, who himself takes a sort of scientific interest in the structure of these underplots, traces the story through all its refined subtleties. He then concludes with the following terse summary of the relative position of the parties:

"No apology is necessary for laying a somewhat extensive analysis of this secret correspondence before the reader. If there be any value in the examples of history, certainly few chronicles can furnish a more instructive moral. Here are a despotic king and his confidential minister laying their heads together in one cabinet, the viceroy of the most important province in the realm with his secretary deeply conferring in another, not as to the manner of advancing the great interests, moral or material, of the people over whom God has permitted them to rule, but as to the best means of arranging conspiracies against the throne and life of a neighboring sovereign, with the connivance and subsidies of the Pope. In this scheme, and in this only, the high conspirators are agreed. In every other respect mutual suspicion and profound deceit characterize the scene. The king, while expressing unbounded confidence in the viceroy, is doing his utmost, through the agency of the subtlest intriguer in the world, to inveigle him into confessions of treasonable schemes; and the minister is filling reams of paper with protestations of affection for the governor and secretary, with sneers at the character of the king, and with instructions as to the best method of deceiving him, and then laying the dispatches before his majesty for correction and enlargement. To complete the picture, the monarch and his minister are seen urging the necessity of murdering the foremost man of the age upon the very dupe who was himself to be assassinated by the self-same pair; while the arch-plotter who controls the strings of all these complicated projects is equally false to king, governor, and secre-

tary, and is engaging all the others in these blind and tortuous paths for the accomplishment of his own most secret and most ignoble aims."

With this extract we now take our leave of Mr. Motley, desiring him only to accept our hearty thanks for these volumes, which we trust will soon take their place in every English library. Our quotations will have sufficed to show the ability of the writer. Of the scope and general character of his work we have given but a languid conception. The true

merit of a great book must be learned from the book itself. Our part has been rather to select varied specimens of style and power. Of Mr. Motley's antecedents we know nothing. If he has previously appeared before the public, his reputation has not crossed the Atlantic. It will not be so now. We believe that we may promise him as warm a welcome among ourselves as he will receive even in America—that his place will be at once conceded to him among the first historians in our common language.

C O U N T O R L O F F .

We give the following brief sketch of he distinguished personage whose portrait embellishes our present number:

"Count Orloff was the intimate friend and confidential adviser of the late Czar, and he is well known to the statesmen and diplomatists of Europe. He belongs to an illustrious family, as families go in Russia; is about seventy years of age, but still brisk, healthy, and active; Aide-de-Camp General, General of Cavalry, Commander of Cavalry, Commander of the Military Household of the King, and Member of the Council of the Empire. He took part in almost all the wars which signalized the commencement of this century, was wounded at Austerlitz, and seven times at Borodino. He was a general when Nicholas mounted the throne, and commanded in that capacity the regiment of Horse Guards which in December, 1826, first hurried to suppress the *émeute*. Count Orloff gave tokens that day of boundless courage and devotion, and from that moment dated his intimacy with the Emperor Nicholas.

"In 1828 he commanded in Turkey the division of horse chasseurs. In 1829 he was named plenipotentiary, and signed the treaty of Adrianople. He was sent to the conferences concerning Belgium and

the Netherlands; he invariably accompanied the Czar Nicholas on his visits to foreign Courts—to London, Olmütz, and Berlin. In 1845 he succeeded Count de Benckendorff as chief of the third section of the Private Chancellery of the Emperor, and of the gendarmerie of the Empire, the colonels of which, distributed over all the governments, have less a mission of police, properly so called, than a general inspection of all the administration of the country, and also of control over the governors as well as the governed. This post, full of trust, gave to Count Orloff free access at all hours of the day to the Emperor, and the right to speak to him of any and every thing.

"He is described as a man of quiet manners and moderate views, and to have disapproved of Menschikoff's mission and style of execution. The following remark is attributed to him: 'Menschikoff demanded much, to receive little; I demand little, to receive much.' No Russian diplomatist could come to Paris more fully possessed of his master's confidence, more familiar with the policy of the Empire, or better qualified to meet the other Plenipotentiaries on equal terms.

"It appears that of all the distinguished foreigners now present in Paris, Count Orloff is the one about whom the most

curiosity is manifested by the Parisians. The other day, at the magnificent *fête* which was given by Count Walewski, at the hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in honor of the representatives of the European Powers, Count Orloff was the object of considerable attention. He is said to be 70 years of age, but appears fifteen years younger, and is a wonderful-looking man for his age. He is of large size, very erect, and his countenance denotes robust health and great resolution. He has a very large head, covered with iron-gray hair, cropped close, and is, altogether, what may be called a portly-looking person, of a military aspect, and, whether from associations connected with his name or not, people remarked something like an expression of sternness on his countenance. He was in a plain evening dress, and wore two stars composed of brilliants on his left breast, with a broad blue riband *en écharpe*. His deportment was extremely quiet, his whole manner one of repose; and with the ease of a grand Russian nobleman,

and with that elegance of manner which seems so charming when allied with military bearing, he conversed readily with the various groups which in succession collected round him.

"Count Orloff, in fact, is the 'lion' of the day; the fairer portion of humankind, whose taste is as little likely to be disputed in Paris as an ukase in Russia, speak most favorably of him. Though far beyond that mediæval term which awakes a feeling more partaking of veneration than of sentiment, the Parisian ladies admire him much, and, as has been observed, evidently look upon him as something between 'Abelard and old Blucher.'

"Count Orloff, on encountering Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers in the *salons* of the Tuileries, is said to have observed smilingly: 'Ah! M. le Marshal, it is you, I think, who lately visited our country.' 'Yes, Count,' replied the Marshal, 'it is I who had the pleasure of leaving a card at Bomarsund.'"—*London Illustrated Times*.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

SPECULATION.

I.

It was past midnight, and London was in its glory. The crowd of carriages and pedestrians was swollen by the contributions of the theatres, which now gave forth their audiences in dense volumes; and talking, laughing, and sometimes singing, the denizens of the metropolis passed proudly along their illumined streets in all the security of noonday. It was impossible to observe the aspect of the night, for the lamps of the sky—never at any time so bright to that multitude as the gas-lights of London—were invisible; and when a sudden shower descended it took every body by surprise. Almost immediately the great bulk of the pedestrians vanished, you could not tell how or where,

absorbed as it might seem by the ducts at their side; and in the same mysterious fashion, the vehicles were instantly doubled and trebled in number, and their gliding pace and rattling wheels became a rush and a roar.

In one of the more aristocratic quarters of the town, a lady and gentleman, after endeavoring in vain to find a hackney-carriage, were fain to run up the steps of a house they were passing, and take shelter in the doorway. The gentleman was a man about middle age, well-dressed and well-mannered; and the lady, who was much younger, had something nearly approaching fashion in her frank, self-possessed London air.

"Well, this is provoking!" said she;

"but I am rightly served for putting on my best bonnet to go to the pit."

"Hang the bonnet!" replied the gentleman. "Look how these carriages are rattling past us—what lucky fellows they contain! Why should you and I be trudging home, after midnight, through the sloppy streets and the plashing rain?"

"Tush! there you are harping on that again! We might have a cab, if we had thought of it; and we can afford one on the rare occasions when we go to the theatre. And it is not a great many years, you know, since I could say that much; but a man with a gentlemanly employment in a public office, and a snug salary of 250*l.* a year has no reason to be dissatisfied."

"Every man has reason to be dissatisfied when he sees fortune before him, and yet is allowed no opportunity to grasp it. If I had not been such a fool as to allow you to over-persuade me to refuse Jones's offer of a share in his speculation, we might at this moment have been so far on the way to wealth."

"I would not have interfered, John—I declare I would not, if I had thought you would merely have lost your 100*l.*; but I know you too well, and I suppose you are not different from other people. If the speculation had failed, you would have tried to bolster it up with more money; you would have got into debt; you would have lost your appetite and spirits; you would have been a miserable man, perhaps for the rest of your life."

"All that is nonsense—the speculation was perfectly safe."

"All speculations are safe—till they fail. But what has Jones gained by it?"

"Only a cool hundred: cent. per cent.—that's all."

"I deny it, John—I see nothing like a cool or a warm hundred about him. His apartments are not half so handsome as ours; I miss in them a hundred things that you and I reckon indispensable for comfort; and instead of being a happier man, he looks every day more anxious and careworn. You may depend upon it, both his hundreds are now in jeopardy, and perhaps something more besides—and speculations don't always succeed."

"Hush, hush! there is a carriage stopped two doors off. I wonder who it is that is coming out. A man about my own age."

"And neither better looking or better dressed," whispered the wife smiling.

"See, he turns towards us to pay the cab."

"And gives, I dare be sworn, neither more or less than the fare."

"And now he mounts the steps, with his man-servant waiting, bareheaded, to receive him; and now he goes to his home of luxury and splendor, and the door shuts out the vulgar world behind him!"

"Why, John, it is not for nothing you have been to the theatre to-night! What is so interesting to you in that man?"

"Oh, nothing. He merely comes in, in the midst of my reflections, like an impersonation of my thought. I wish I were in that man's position!" Here a wilder splash of rain came down; and a person they had seen emerge from a neighboring area without his hat, sprang up the steps beside them, to keep his bare poll from the blast."

"Pray, sir," said the new-comer, "was it at the second door off the carriage stopped just now?"

"It was."

"And set down a gentleman?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. That was my master."

"Pray, is your master," asked the lady, smiling archly to her husband, "a very rich man?"

"A very rich man? Oh, no doubt; every body thinks so."

"But have you no evidence of it yourself? Does he keep a great establishment? Does he give fine entertainments?"

"Nothing of the sort: he's a very quiet gentleman, my master is."

"Does he spend money on his dinner and wine?"

"He usually dines at his club—I suppose for about half-a-crown; and although he has plenty of good wine in his cellars, he never takes more himself than a glass or two of sherry."

"Then how does he show that he is a man of fortune? Does he game?"

"Oh, bless you, no—nothing of the kind."

"Has he an extravagant wife?"

"No wife at all."

"Then how does he amuse himself?"

"He has two or three horses down in the country, and follows the hounds, on some occasions when he happens to have time. But he is much taken up with

business; when at home, he does nothing but pore over papers and accounts. And that reminds me that he is at home now. Good-night, ma'am; and taking advantage of a pause in the rain, the communicative domestic ran off to his master's house, and let himself in with the latch-key.

"Now, you see, John," said the young wife, hardly able to smother a laugh—"now you see what the object of your envy is. Why, you enjoy life more yourself! You entertain some friends; sometimes you are by no means satisfied with a couple of glasses of sherry; you ride after the hounds more than once in the year, without the trouble of keeping horses; you never think of business without the walls of Somerset House; and besides all that, John, you have the advantage of a little wife to laugh when you are merry, comfort or rally you when you are sad, and keep you in order when you are naughty."

"That is all very well," said the husband, walking thoughtfully along, for it was now fair; "but I wish I were in that man's worldly position!"

II.

The little wife was at home, looking wonderfully well in a low dress, although it had long seen its last party, and fidgeting about the room in expectation of her husband coming in to dinner. It was long past his hour; and as the Somerset House gentlemen usually introduce their official methodism at home, she was more surprised than the occasion would have seemed to require. By-and-by, she became a little nervous; and as his well-known knock at length shook the door, she thought to herself that the sound was not so authoritative as usual. No wonder, for when he came in, he was pale and haggard looking, and sat down without tendering a word of explanation, or even seeming to know that he was later than usual. The wife made no remark; but getting a glass of wine from the cupboard, made him drink it, with one of those pretty gestures of command that never fail with right-minded husbands.

"That has done me good," said he; "I wanted it, and you couldn't guess why in a month."

"Is it any thing about Jones?"

"Jones? No—what put that in your

head—it is about somebody you saw more lately than Jones."

"I am curious to know who it is, and what it is: but wait till after dinner; you are not looking so well as usual."

"Let me tell you now, while dinner is coming up; I shall eat all the better for getting it off my mind. You must know, I have been looking in at a coroner's inquest."

"A coroner's inquest—are you sure it is not about Jones?"

"Don't be silly, or I won't say another word. Am I always to have Jones flung at my head in this way?"

"I am sure I never mentioned his name before, since the night we were at the theatre. You must have been thinking of him yourself—that's it."

"I tell you, I looked in at the coroner's inquest; but I kept staring so much at the witness who was giving evidence when I went in, that I lost a good deal of what he said at first. I was sure I knew the man; his face, his gestures, the tone of his voice, all were familiar to me; but I could not call to mind where I had seen or known him. He described the appearance and manner of the gentleman who had died under the circumstances that were to be investigated; and, from what he said, nothing could be more unlikely than that the unfortunate man had died by his own act. What he told, however, of the way of living of the deceased, called up a strange suspicion in my mind. I could not learn from those around me, who had come in late like myself, the name of the street talked of; and I waited with an impatience I can hardly describe, throughout the whole proceedings, till it was painfully clear to every body present that it was actually one of the most deliberate cases of suicide on record. The jury, however, came to no decision; some other evidence was wanted, and they adjourned to a future day. The moment the court broke up, I flew to look at the dead body."

"Well, John," cried the wife, "you knew the unhappy man? He was one of our acquaintances? Speak!"

"He was no acquaintance of ours; we never saw him but once in our lives; and yet I am sure you cannot help being shocked when you hear that the corpse I saw lying in the dead-house, stiff and stark, was that of the man we saw alight from a carriage on our way home from the theatre, and in whose worldly position I so

earnestly wished myself to be!" The young wife trembled visibly, and the color left her cheeks.

"Well, John," said she, "and his worldly position—what had that to do with it?"

"Nothing, of course—nothing that any body knows. There were surmises in the court, whispers, rumors; but that is always the case. Nothing more is known than that the gentleman left his home late at night—or rather early in the morning—with the implements of destruction in his pocket, and that he was never seen again alive."

"But his worldly position—the business he was constantly brooding over, according to his servant's account—surely he did not abandon that in its prosperity to rush into an accursed grave?"

"How can I tell? I know nothing about his business, but that it was great, heavy and multifarious. That, however, is nothing to the purpose: men commit suicide from other causes than business."

"Such was not the case here, John," said the little wife decisively. "I remember his look, and it had nothing in it of love, hate, jealousy, or revenge. That man had more than 100*l.* at stake—more than was his own to lose—more than he could lose and live! Was Jones there?"

The husband muttered something terribly like an oath.

"He *was* there, but at a distance from me."

"How did he look?"

"Just like every body else—flushed with excitement."

"Did you not go together to the dead-house?"

"No, what business had he in the dead-house? He never saw the man when living, and had no curiosity about him when dead. That was not likely, for he was not fool enough to spend his money in the theatre, and trudge home through the rain and mire; and so, as soon as the court broke up, he set out full speed for home. I saw him at a distance still rushing along, and then he vanished."

"I can understand his haste—there was somebody after him."

"Somebody after him! What do you mean? Who was after him?"

"The corpse in the dead-house!"

"I declare you will make me angry. Jones is not the fool you take him for: he is a very clever, and a very thriving man. In a few days, he is to get the use of a considerable sum of money, and it will

work, I have no doubt, like his first hundred."

"That is, it will run off to some region of hope, and another considerable sum of money with it."

"You don't understand business, my dear," said the husband contemptuously; "you would have a man sit down all his life with his hands across, without making any attempt to elevate his position."

"On the contrary, I would have a man make the most strenuous attempts to elevate his position, but not by placing himself in circumstances of constant worry and constant temptation. When you placed a number of pounds in that Hamburg lottery—which you afterwards called the Humbug lottery—I made no opposition, because I saw you were bent upon it—and, in fact, I had a hankering myself after the folly; although I knew very well it was hundreds or thousands to one against us. But what then? The money was spent, and there was an end. I had to do without a new dress for a while, that was the very worst of it; and in the mean time we enjoyed a waking dream, now and then, and after it a laugh, about the fairy fortune that was coming to us. That was a mere folly, but a comparatively harmless one, because we knew the cost, and, by a trifling sacrifice, could afford it. But such speculations as Jones's!"

"I tell you Jones will ride in his carriage while we are still tramping through the mire. But enough of this. I cannot get the dead-house and its still tenant out of my head; or that last midnight ramble, alone but for the haunting shadows that pursued, surrounded, and marshalled him the way that he was going; or the white dead face, with the fixed open eyes that were found looking up to God in the morning. Get me another glass of wine—there's a good girl."

"No, dear," said the little wife; "I will get you a glass of brandy-and-water, and make it, as they say, 'screeching hot;' and we will talk no more to-night about the dead man or our friend Jones."

III.

Some little time after this, the husband and wife were passing the evening sociably together after tea—the gentleman reading aloud, and then joining the lady in a song at the piano. They were very comfortable, and it is to be hoped they knew it. The fire was bright, but not

glaring; the curtains were drawn so closely as to keep out even the idea of the dark gusty night; and the little woman was in excellent voice—yet she stopped in the middle of a duet, and said to her husband suddenly:

"Why were you not at the adjourned inquest to-day?"

"Because," he replied, "I had heard about nothing else ever since the morning. There are terrible rumors about—of crimes that take away one's breath by their magnitude; and, in short, I was sick of the whole affair, and determined to wait for the morning paper, which will tell us all about it. But hark!—a double knock—I wonder whether it is for us."

"It is Jones's knock—with a little additional flourish, but I could swear to the substance;" and presently the room door opened, and the servant announced "Mr. Jones."

Jones was a smart fellow, some years younger than our friend; he had a look of business in his face, as if he knew what he was about; but on the present occasion, this seemed to be mantled over with an air of satisfaction, which surprised the lady very much. She had expected to find him pale, haggard, anxious-looking; and the horrid little woman could not help feeling disappointed.

"And so, Mr. Jones," said she, when the greetings were over, and they were all three seated round the fire, "I am told you have become quite a prosperous man."

"That is true," replied he.

"And therefore, no doubt, a tranquil, happy, satisfied, easy-minded man?"

"All true."

"Then you have, of course, heard of your last venture?"

"Yes; it is all gone, money and gains—every shilling."

"And the large sum you were to have got the use of?" put in the husband, "all that is settled?"

"Quite settled: I have refused to take it. In short, I am just a hundred pounds worse than I was eight months ago—that is, in money."

"And in what else are you worse? I hope you have no bills out, or other obligations?"

"No: I alluded to the want of comfort at home, to the want of regular sleep, to the want of quiet thoughts; all these I have been minus for eight months. But the worst time I have had was between

the inquests; for the opportunity that was before me of making an attempt to retrieve my loss, and on a scale so large as to offer the chance of enormous gain, was a temptation I could hardly stand, and it shook my mind till it tottered."

"What had the inquest to do with it?" said the husband, looking down, for he could hardly bear the keen look of Jones's eyes, although he felt impelled to ask the question.

"Come, come," replied his friend, almost sternly, "have done with affectation. You know what the inquest had to do with it. The time was when that wretched man was as comfortable as yourself; and he might have remained so if he had only been satisfied with the risk of losses he could bear."

"If all men were so satisfied," said the husband, doggedly, "what would become of the commercial greatness of England?"

"The commercial greatness of England would be far more secure than it is, if founded on reality instead of illusion. I tell you there is not a business failure in this country, however inconsiderable, which does not so far affect our prosperity; and it does so, because nearly all business failures, however honest the immediate bankrupts may be, are traceable in their ultimate causes to that want of integrity which speculates at the expense of other people, pocketing the gains, if any, and throwing elsewhere—anywhere—the loss. Overtrading, as that want of integrity is mildly called, accompanies the greatness of England; but it is illogical to suppose that for that reason it is an essential part of it. So far from being so, it would not stand for a moment unless it assumed the character, and received the credit, of honesty, thus trading on a lie in more senses than one."

"Well, Mr. Jones," said the wife, looking very much pleased, "now do tell us about the inquest."

"All the rumors are confirmed, and more than confirmed; and by the man's own written confession of a guilt that makes one's brain reel. I foresee, however, that the moral guilt will be measured by the pecuniary amount, and that the pressure of circumstances, which would extenuate the crimes of an ordinary malefactor, will have no effect in lessening the public abhorrence of the *forger of a million*. For my own part, I do not see that the amount has much to do with the question, further than that the mind of the tempted is not

so much startled by the idea of a small fraud as of a large one, and, therefore, not so apt to consider seriously the nature of the guilt."

"That, I think, is very just; but tell us what was the course of the unhappy man, what were the circumstances which led him on to destruction. You must know, my husband and I are personally interested in the question; for we saw him when alive, and had a great deal of conversation about him, and—"

"And I solemnly wished," broke in the husband.

"Hush, John, not a word!—for I am anxious to hear Mr. Jones."

"I have little to tell. He was a provincial attorney in Ireland, in very moderate business; but being a man of talent and firmness of character, he was instrumental in establishing a bank in the county, and became a person of some consequence. He at length felt his field to be too small, and in an evil hour came to London, where his connection with the bank introduced him at once to the speculators and capitalists of the city; and this led to large business as a parliamentary agent, and to his becoming chairman of the directors of a great joint-stock bank in London. The road of ambition was now fairly opened. He got into parliament, made himself the leader in the Irish Brigade; then deserted his party, and became a Lord of the Treasury. In the mean time, he was very busy with the Encumbered Estates Bill; and having procured from the commissioners under it almost unlimited authority, he organized an association in England for purchasing, and afterwards selling to enormous advantage, properties sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. He now became chairman of the Swedish Railway, arranged a new insurance company, established a newspaper of his own in Dublin, and plunged deep into English, Italian, Spanish, and American railways. This is the rough outline: but when and where the pressure first began; when this originally obscure and moneyless man found that he could not pursue such schemes without funds; and what were the precise circumstances that originated his crimes, and led him on, step by step, to perdition, is not yet known. It is known, however, that he obtained money on the security of forged titles, as from the Encumbered Estates Court. He fabricated shares of

the Swedish Railway to the amount of a quarter of a million; and besides the assignments of numerous deeds he held in trust, he forged on private individuals to the amount of at least 100,000*l*."

"What a gigantic criminal!" cried the young wife. "Can it be that it is the same man we saw paying the coachman a shilling?"

"It appears that for some time he must have contemplated his violent release from the fever of mind in which he had lived so long. But at length the occasion came; the forgery of one of the Encumbered Estates deeds was on the eve of discovery; and the wretched man went forth from his own house in the dead of night, with the instruments of death in his pocket." A pause here ensued, which was at length broken by the husband.

"All this is very dreadful, Jones," said he, "but the case is not different, except as regards magnitude, from numerous other cases of a similar kind. Why should it have greater effect than they?"

"On the same principle that a sleeper is awakened by the crash of thunder, who would not hear a knock at the street-door. This will have an effect which it is impossible to over-estimate, because the sleepers it will rouse must be counted by tens and hundreds of thousands. Many a restless night will this news give rise to throughout the length and breadth of the land—many a ghastly look, many a pale and haggard face. In many an imagination will the midnight course of the suicide be traced in his wanderings over that dark heath; and by many a bedside will stand the appearance of the lifeless form lying in the dead-house. To-night, I myself should have been visited by these fancies, if I had not taken means to enable me to set them at defiance. I am very, very thankful." And the speaker's voice trembled. "I trust that many thousands more will receive a lesson from the fate of John Sadleir! But I must now go. Good-by—God bless you!"

Both of them followed him to the door.

"I thank you, Jones, for this visit," said the husband—"I thank you sincerely."

"And—I—too!" said the wife. Her voice was broken, and tears were streaming down her cheeks; and when the door shut, the little woman threw herself into her husband's arms and sobbed outright.

A NEW POMPEII.

For a whole year rumors have been flying about our antiquarian world that excavations were to be commenced in the island of Capri. Such favorite and imperial resort, it has long been conjectured, must abound in antiquarian wealth; former researches had, to a certain extent, proved the truth of the conjecture, and traditions and facts have given an impulse to the curiosity which is now in the course of being gratified.

The site selected was a bit of garden-ground belonging to the cottage of a poor man, in the very centre of the village. Here, whilst planting his vines, the proprietor had often turned up bits of mosaic, lucernæ and coins—of which I have purchased many—and it was determined to penetrate somewhat lower, even to the roots of this plentiful crop of small objects. The result has been that portions evidently of an imperial palace have been exposed to view—and a palace, too, which, it is fair to conjecture, must have been one of the most splendid, not only for the situation, which commands a view of the Bay of Palermo and Naples, but from the nature of its fragments. The largest chamber must have been, in the opinion of Bonucci, a vestibule. It is just at the entrance; and its dimensions are greater than those of any room yet found in Pompeii, measuring thirty-six palms in length and twenty-eight in width, and yet the whole extent is not all ascertained. Even the doorway, which is of white marble, measures twelve feet in width. In this room were discovered 530 pieces of marble, varied and rich, evidently for floor work, together with forty-five pieces of *rosso antico*, and seventy of "*giallo antico*," which were fragments of cornices.

It is worthy to be noted that these pieces were placed one upon the other as by intention, showing that this chamber had been used as a depository, and that there might have been some idea enter-

tained of a restoration. This room—the walls of which are painted yellow and the pavement of a composition of a similar color—is separated from the other portions of the palace by the public pathway; but resuming the excavations on the other side, there have been discovered apparently two corridors, paved with white mosaic with a double border in black, of a similar construction. From those we pass into another room, which is paved with a variety of colored marbles of regular forms. Adjoining it is a room paved with white mosaics with a black border, whilst the next chamber has a black mosaic pavement with a white border. The walls of these rooms are painted, some yellow, and some blue, and some red. Two rooms, which, from the fact of their being in a great measure still under the pathway, it has been impossible to examine thoroughly, have the appearance of having been baths. In one of them there is a canal for carrying off water. Three hinges were found in one part of the ruins, and the inference drawn from this fact is, that the doors were not removed "on purpose," in obedience to any command, but by the gradual operation of time.

Since I began this letter I have received additional intelligence, from which I gather that 700 pieces of varied and colored marble have been disinterred. Several coins, too, of the reigns of Augustus and of Tiberius, have been found with the altar and the legend "*Providentia*," whilst the reverse of one has "*Imp. T. Vesp. Aug. rest.*"—disclosing a curious fact, though one not altogether unknown to the antiquary, that the coins of one reign were at times re-coined in a later reign. Another coin of Antoninus has the legend "*Munificentia Aug.*" and "*Hippopotamus*"—one of the wonderful animals then introduced in the spectacles of the Amphitheatre. The works have now been suspended for want of funds.—*Letter from Naples.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ROGERS AND HIS TABLE-TALK.

"ANNO DOMINI" 1786, and two new poets. 'Tis seventy years since. Both the poets have had time to die in that long space. In fact, one of them, Robert Burns, only survived the *début* ten years, having been dead sixty. The other, Samuel Rogers, has just been carried to his last long home—his tale of Human Life told (almost twice told)—his Pleasures of Memory drained to the dregs.

To come out as a poet at four-and-twenty, and to survive the experiment for three score years and ten, is indeed a rare lot. When Samuel Rogers published, in thin quarto, his "Ode to Superstition, and other Poems," Johnson was only just dead; both the Whartons were flourishing; Horace Walpole was in good condition; Macpherson had a ten years' lease of life to run; William Pitt was just beginning to feel his way; the French Revolution wanted years of preparation; Miss Seward was sending forth new editions of "Louisa;" Mrs. Barbauld was settling down with Mr. Barbauld at Hampstead, to write Whig pamphlets, and aid and assist in "Evenings at Home;" Charlotte Smith was yet unknown as a novelist; Dr. Darwin had only issued Part I. of his "Botanic Garden;" William Hayley was enjoying (together with a captivated nation) his "Triumphs of Temper;" Cowper had only just published the "Task;" Gibbon was only just drawing towards a close his immortal History. When Samuel Rogers died, generation after generation of poets, politicians, philosophers, had, meanwhile, flourished and faded, won their public and lost it, lived their life and died their death. Byron and the Satanic school had come and gone. So had Wordsworth and the Lakers. So had Scott and the Romantics. The Table-Talk* of such a veteran may well look for as eager a welcome as

that of "old Nestor," Shakspearean version, to inquiring youth:

"Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
Thou hast so long walked hand in hand with
time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee."^a

"When the tomb had closed upon Goldsmith," writes Dr. Beattie to Rogers, in dedicating to him the Life of Campbell, "when, for a season, the oracles of Poetry were almost dumb, it was your happy destiny to break the silence, to revive the spirit, and introduce a new era of polished song. Your 'Pleasures of Memory' found Thomas Campbell—a youthful but ardent votary—in the 'lonely Hebrides;' it struck his heart with inspiring impulse, and quickened all his noblest inspirations." Campbell was not the only bard of lasting renown whose soul was moved by this poem. Byron wrote these lines on a blank leaf of his copy of it:

"Absent or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn, thy converse and thy song.
But when the dreaded hour shall come,
By Friendship ever deemed too nigh,
And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,
How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with thine!"

* *Troilus and Cressida*.

By the way, the author of "Living Poets and Poetesses," writing in 1832, with whose critical rhymes old Christopher North made merry, in the merry times of Maga, has the following curious and chronological couplet in his address to Samuel Rogers:

"How swiftly time's life-sapping waters flow!
For thou wert born just seventy years ago."

Sir Kit's comment is worth referring to, on the logic of this "*For*," and on the general treatment of "the worthy Banker," as an illustration, or *argumentum ab homine*, of Pollok's "Course of Time."

* Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers. To which is added Porsoniana. Moxon. 1856.

The "dreaded hour" has come, and the tomb of the Druid is sealed up. A later generation hardly regards the harp of the Druid with the same admiration as Byron did. *He*, in fact, placed Rogers, as a poet, on an eminence the height of which is rather puzzled over than assented to by most judges; for in that outlinear pyramid he once drew, divided into four sections, Byron assigns the topmost division, in solitary state, to Samuel Rogers, the next highest being apportioned to Moore and Campbell; while Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge are huddled together in the bottom but one; and the bottom, or broad base itself, is allotted to the indefinite Many, the infinite mob of sucking poets and gentlemen who write with ease. It is something to be *sic laudari à laudato*—possibly something too much.

Taste is the predominant characteristic of the bard of "Italy." He is no way profound, or energetic, or impassioned; he never starts a speculation too high for mortal sense, nor a thought that lies too deep for tears. He is scrupulously tasteful, elegantly refined. As Jeffrey remarked of one of his later productions, we have none of the broad and blazing tints of Scott, nor the startling contrasts of Byron, nor the anxious and endlessly repeated touch of Southey, but something which comes much nearer to the soft and tender manner of Campbell, with still more reserve and caution, perhaps, and more frequent sacrifices of strong and popular effect, to an abhorrence of glaring beauties, and a disdain of vulgar resources. Never, John Wilson prophesies, will the "Pleasures of Memory" be forgotten till the world is in its dotage. But ask him, is it then a great poem? and he will answer, About as much so as an ant or a molehill, prettily grass-grown and leaf-strewn, is a mountain purple with heather and golden with woods.

"Italy," too, being a thing of beauty, ought to be a joy for ever—at least the illustrated edition. The Banker Poet's taste extended to "compliment extern," and the aids and appliances of elegant "getting up," as well as to the polish and perfection of his lines. Some of his good-natured friends, in the technical sense, ascribed an improper fraction of his popularity to his printer, engraver, paper-maker, and binder. To Lady Blessington is ascribed the malicious couplet:

"Of Rogers's *Italy*, Luttrell relates,
That it would have been dished were it not for
the plates.

But the poem is strong enough to endure many a paper pellet of this sort; and as for the prose essays interspersed, Sir James Mackintosh said of one of them: "Hume could not improve the thoughts, nor Addison the language." On the whole, never, probably, was a poetical reputation of a like degree more easily won and more steadily maintained. *Not so* "easily won," though, after all, perhaps the reader will object, who remembers the perpetual evidences, on Rogers's pages, of the *labor limæ*, and also the jest fathered on "sportive Sydney," to wit, that when Rogers was anxious to be safely delivered of a couplet, his practice was to take to bed, get straw laid before the house, and bid the servant say to all callers that his master was as well as could be expected.

The "steady maintenance," too, of this "bubble reputation," the cynically disposed will trace in part to the poet's open house and breakfast table tactics. The bank and the banquet, it is hinted, had a deal to do with it:

"Si verò est unctum* qui rectè ponere possit," &c.

If, however, the invited, and the non-invited, to St. James's Place, were cynical at times on the venerable Amphitryon, they only indulged in a mood to which he was, by all accounts, considerably addicted, and were thus a little of kin, though less than kind, to his table-talking self. "I have heard him called cynical," writes Miss Sedgewick, in her "Letters from Abroad," after the "pleasure of a breakfast" with him, "and perhaps a man of his keen wit may be sometimes over-tempted to demonstrate it, as the magnanimous Saladin was to use the weapon with which he adroitly severed a man's head from his body at a single stroke." Very good of Miss Sedgewick. We must own, nevertheless, that the keen wit is not demonstrated to much advantage in the volume of Table-Talk before us. It is not a satisfactory demonstration. The proposition halts in its progress to the Q.E.D.

But if the Table-talker by no means dazzles us with the brightness of the blade

* "Unctum," *id est*, says the scholiast, *convivium*; "si sit Poeta, qui unctum, *id est* convivium lautum dare possit."

he flourishes in the face of the company, nor, "magnanimous Saladin"-like, severs heads from bodies at one fell swoop of its trenchant omnipotence, he is full of anecdote, and gossips away, sometimes prosily, sometimes pungently, about a variety of topics, generally amusing enough in their way, though hardly up to the mark that expectants may have set, to whom his name and fame in this line of things have long been matter of interest and curiosity.

Sharp remarks have been made on the "indelicacy" of publishing so speedily this collection of *ana.* Already, too, the accuracy as well as good taste of the editor has been called in question. Leaving the aggrieved (real or supposed) to record and support their own protests, we can but bear testimony to the seeming fidelity, the pervading air of *vraisemblance*, the literal aspect of good faith, which, on the face of it, characterize the volume. We seem to hear the Table-talker himself, with nothing but the table between us—certainly not a garbling or obtrusive reporter. As we listen, we are carried back by our urbane host to times and scenes which 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange, to see revived in the "pleasures of memory" of a survivor. He "well remembers" one of the heads of the rebels upon a pole at Temple Bar—a black shapeless lump. He recalls his wearing a cocked-hat at school, like other schoolboys: "we used to run about the fields, chasing butterflies, in cocked-hats. After growing up, I have walked through St. Paul's Church-yard in a cocked-hat." He remembers seeing Garrick act *Ranger*, and remembers how a fit of the mumps prevented his going to see Garrick in *Lear*. He remembers going with his friend William Maltby to call on Dr. Johnson, in Bolt court—putting his hand to the knocker—and then, courage failing, retreating both of them, *rê infectâ*. He remembers talking with General Oglethorpe, "then very, very old, the flesh of his face looking like parchment," at the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, and the General's assertion that he had shot snipes in Conduit street. He remembers talking, too, with a very aged boatman on the Thames, who recollected "Mr. Alexander Pope," whom he had assisted his father in rowing up and down the river—the poet generally sitting the while in a sedan-chair. He was present at Sir Joshua's last lecture at the Royal Academy, and

when Burke went up to the retiring painter, as he descended from the rostrum, took his hand, and said:

"The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to
hear."

He recollects when it was still the fashion for gentlemen to wear swords, and has seen Haydn play at a concert in a tie-wig, with a sword at his side. He has gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady who was obliged to sit upon a stool placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress not allowing her to occupy the regular seat. He has received Wilkes, at his father's banking-house, and felt proud for a week after when Wilkes (who was canvassing for the City) shook hands with him at parting. He has often seen Lord North in the House. He was present on the second day of Warren Hastings' trial in Westminster Hall; "when Sheridan was listened to with such attention that you might have heard a pin drop." He knew Murphy long and intimately, having been introduced to him by the Piozzis at Streatham. And though he never saw Tom Warton, and Gibbon, and Cowper, and Horace Walpole, "it is truly provoking," he remarks, "to reflect that I *might* have seen them."

Though there are next to "no effects" at this banker's to draw upon, in the specie of wit of his own, that of others is to be met with, of more or less value. The following is very like Quin, and as "rich" in its way as the pudding which was the occasional cause of it. "Sir George Beaumont once met Quin at a very small dinner-party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish towards Quin, begged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. 'Pray,' said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, 'which *is* the pudding?'"

Some bons mots of Sheridan's are recorded, but have mostly been on record long since. Perhaps this fling at a Prince of the blood will be new to many. "When the Duke of York was obliged to retreat before the French, Sheridan gave as a toast, 'The Duke of York and his brave followers.'"

A ready reply of Lydia White's is given on the authority of Mr. Harness. "At

one of Lydia White's small and most agreeable dinners in Park street, the company (most of them, except the hostess, being Whigs) were discussing in rather a querulous strain the desperate prospects of their party. 'Yes,' said Sydney Smith, 'we are in a most deplorable condition; we must do something to help ourselves: I think we had better sacrifice a Tory virgin.' This was pointedly addressed to Lydia White, who, at once catching and applying the allusion to Iphigenia, answered, 'I believe there is nothing the Whigs would not do to raise the wind.'

Hare's wit, once so famous, depended much for its success, by all accounts, on the manner of the "utterer." Mr. Rogers corroborates this. As a specimen of it, we are told that Fox, sitting at Brooks's, in a very moody humor after large losses at cards, was lazily moving a pen backwards and forwards over a sheet of paper, when some one said to Hare: "What is he drawing?" "Any thing but a draft," was the reply. A reply after the banker's own heart.

Several characteristic sayings of Sydney Smith are introduced. The two following are of a kind to "call for" the reverend editor's *caveat*, that it must not be supposed from "such-like quaint fancies," in which the jovial canon occasionally indulged, that his wit had "any mixture of profaneness—he certainly never intended to treat sacred things with levity. Nevertheless, if parsons fiddle, after *this* fantasia and bravura sort, what may not laymen do, with impunity?"

"At one time, when I [Rogers *loquitur*] gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up, in order to show off the pictures. I asked Smith how he liked that plan. 'Not at all,' he replied; 'above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'

"He said that '*his* idea of heaven was eating foie [*sic in orig.*] grass to the sound of trumpets.'

Less exceptionable is Sydney's saying

of — that, so fond was he of contradiction, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night, and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

There is a pure smack of his idiosyncrasy in "witty conceit" making, in this note of interrogation to his physician. The latter advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." Smith asked, "Upon whose?" And again, in his remark, "The Bishop of — is so like Judas, that I now firmly believe in the apostolical succession."

Of the anecdotes and ana scattered through this volume of table-talk, a "good few" are old acquaintance. Some of the jokes may, by a Millerism, be rated as "old Joes." Thus we have Sheridan's voluinous *éloge* of Gibbon; and Lord North's "I wish I had" retort, to the charge of having gone to sleep on the Treasury bench; and Lord Holland's sick-bed message to corpse-crazed George Selwyn; and Lord Ellenborough's interruption of the prosy counsel's tautology about his "unfortunate client," with, "There, sir, the court is with you;" and Colonel Armstrong's consolation to Monk Lewis, when, his eyes glistening with tears at being patronized by her Grace of York, the mannikin exclaimed, "Oh, the Duchess spoke so *very* kindly to me!"—"My dear fellow," the colonel soothingly said, "pray don't cry; I dare say she didn't mean it; and Horne Tooke's *mot* about the law being "open to all," rich and poor, like the London tavern. But, this abatement allowed for, there remains a goodly residuum of amusing matter, at which the professional carvers for magazine and review, and lovers of "good table" talk in general, may cut and come again.

The "Porsoniana" tagged on at the end may be cavilled at as having no business there. The contents, however, are often racy and "relishing" in no common degree, and so well deserve to have seen the light long ago, that we have no mind to quarrel with the manner in which they come to it at last.

From Dickens' Household Words.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE TIME.*

THE attempt to present to the public some account of the more remarkable men who figure on the world's arena is not new; but it has never before been made on so comprehensive a scale as in the work before us. It is an attempt, however, of a nature that cannot be expected to succeed at once; the plan will require to be matured by reflection and experience; and in the new editions promised from time to time, we hope to see numerous amendments. The most obvious of these will be the omission of many names of no note at all, and the insertion in their stead of others well worthy of the distinction. Among the latter we may mention, as examples belonging to one profession, those of Sir James Clark, the queen's physician, and William Ferguson, one of the first surgical operators in England. Such omissions are the more remarkable in a work in which undue space has been allotted comparatively to the profession to which these individuals belong—a remark which may likewise be made of the class of artists. The most important amendment, however, we would propose, is the entire withdrawal of the critical opinions of the editor. Criticism in an "article" or a "notice" in a review is perfectly fair, for there the journalist writes a dissertation on the subject, and cites passages from his author in support of his own opinions. This appeal to the reader's judgment cannot be made in a work like this, where the anonymous editor merely gives his own verdict *ex cathedra*—a verdict which the general voice of the public will in many cases overturn in a few years, thus rendering the book so far obsolete. Analyses of important works are of course not only admissible but desirable; and these might be given in

such a way as to exhibit the peculiar characteristics for which the writers are remarkable. We have only to add, that if the biographies were submitted for revision, when this might be practicable, to the persons referred to, there would be the less chance of mistake; although of course, the editor would find it necessary to examine closely the emendations of parties so nearly interested.

In passing through this interesting work, some curious considerations will present themselves to the heedful reader. He will inquire, for instance, into the comparative contributions made respectively to the ranks of the Men of the Time by those different portions of the United Kingdom which still present tokens of distinct nationalities. In the part of the book devoted to the male sex, there are—not including foreigners—385 celebrities, or persons assumed to be such; and of that number 259 are English, 89 Scotch, and 37 Irish. Now, taking the population in round numbers, of England at 18,000,000, of Scotland at 3,000,000, and of Ireland at 6,500,000, this will show a proportion for which some of our readers will hardly be prepared. The Scotch celebrities they will find to be a little more than double the number, according to population, of the English; and the Irish celebrities less than half. In the female sex, the same calculation holds good with regard to Irish women of note, who are less than half the number of English; while Scotch women of note, instead of being double the number, like the men, do not quite come up to the English quota. When the work progresses nearer towards completeness, such calculations will be highly interesting; and perhaps some person, with more time at command than ourselves, may do for the different counties what we have thus attempted for the different nationalities.

Even a very cursory perusal of this

* *Men of the Time. Biographical Sketches of Eminent Living Characters. Also, Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Women of the Time.* London: Bogue. 1856.

volume cannot fail to leave an impression on the observant reader highly favorable to the liberality of an age which furnishes instances so numerous, or rather so innumerable, of men rising not merely to wealth, but to greater or less distinction of other kinds, from the humblest and most unpromising circumstances. To begin with the letter A, and dash hastily and skippingly on through the alphabet—we find that Andersen, the popular Danish novelist, was the son of a cobbler, and educated at a charity school; and that he tried for years to gain a living by various handicraft trades, being frequently on the very brink of starvation. Béranger, the celebrated French lyric poet, neglected by his vagabond father, lived with his god-father, a poor tailor, and was a *gamin* on the streets of Paris till promoted for a time to the dignity of a pot-boy. Elihu Burritt, as all know, was a blacksmith's apprentice. Carleton, the Irish novelist, who now enjoys a pension of 200*l.* a year, is the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Rafael Carrera, President of the republic of Guatemala, began life as a drummer-boy and a cattle-driver. Mr. Cobden is the son of a small farmer, and, entering a warehouse in London when a boy, rose through its various grades of service. Sir William Cubitt was a working miller, then a joiner, and then a millwright. Dumas, the French novelist and dramatist, is the illegitimate son of a planter and a negress, and was in all but starvation in Paris, till he hit upon the way to distinction. Faraday, the eminent chemist, is the son of a poor blacksmith, and began his career as the apprentice to a bookbinder. Millard Fillmore, late President of the United States, was first a plough-boy, then tried the trade of a clothier, and was then apprenticed to a wool-carder. The present Emperor of Hayti was born a slave. Herring, the animal-painter, began the profession of art with sign-boards and coach-panels. Jasmin, the Burns of the south of France, is the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a common beggar. Mr. Lindsay, M.P., the great shipowner, left his home in Ayr with 3*s.* 6*d.* in his pocket, to push his fortunes as a ship-boy; he worked his passage to Liverpool by assisting in the coal-hole of a steamer; and for a part of the time after he arrived, begged during the day, and slept in the sheds and

streets at night. Lough, the distinguished sculptor, began the world in the capacity of a plough-boy. Minié, the inventor of the well-known rifle, was a private soldier. Robert Owen was a shop-boy to a grocer, and then to a draper. Johannes Ronge, the leader of the German Catholic movement, tended sheep when a boy. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape-painter, was a cabin-boy, and the shipmaster was his first patron. Thiers, the well-known historian, and ex-minister of France, is the son of a poor blacksmith, and was educated gratuitously at the public school of Marseilles. Thomas Wright, the Manchester prison-philanthropist, was a weekly worker in an iron-foundry for forty-seven years, till a large sum of money was raised by subscription to enable him to carry on his philanthropical labors.

There is encouragement here, we fancy, for the poor and downhearted; and likewise rebuke for those who are continually harping on the wrongs of the indigent, and the impassable barriers between high and low.

There are several interesting sketches of more or less distinguished females, and we hope to see this department fuller in another edition. We shall now give two or three instances of the enthusiasm of the sex, directed, in each case, to a widely different object. First,

THE PRINCESS CHRISTINE BELGIOJOSO.—"The history of this lady, a native of Lombardy, affords an instance of female heroism and the strange fluctuations of fortune, such as would have merited a prominent place in the annals of a far more romantic age than the one in which we live. Endowed with high rank, large possessions, and no common share, it is said, of wit and beauty, the Princess Belgiojoso was, during the earlier portion of her life, the object of universal homage and admiration. A leader of fashion, and a distinguished patroness of literature and art, authors, artists, and musicians vied with each other in laying the productions of their genius at her feet, and borrowed from her name honor and éclat. But the scene changed, and the lady emerged from a *lionne* into a heroine. Deeply sensible of the wrongs of her country, and sympathizing heartily in the efforts of her countrymen to free themselves from the yoke of their oppressors, she raised a troop of 200 horse at her own expense, and at

the time when Italy was convulsed by revolution, led them herself against the Austrians. She is reported on this occasion to have displayed a skill and bravery which would have done honor to an experienced soldier. This act of patriotism, however, for a time proved fatal to the worldly fortunes of the princess, as her property was sequestered by Austria, and she herself banished from its dominions. At this juncture, she sought an asylum at a farm in Asia Minor, and, being totally destitute, was compelled to labor with her hands for the supply of each day's necessities. This occurred some six years ago. Since then, she has devoted her attention to literature, and has contributed successfully to some of the leading journals of Paris and New-York. The Sultan of Turkey subsequently granted some tracts of land on the Gulf of Nicomedia for the use of this remarkable woman and the Italian emigrants attached to her fortunes; and finally, by an edict of grace, the court of Austria annulled its former sentence of banishment and sequestration, leaving her free to revisit her country, and to resume the rank from which she had been deposed by her own patriotic zeal and heroism."

The next specimen is taken from a family of gifted daughters. "Miss Elizabeth Blackwell affords the first instance on record, in modern times, of a woman pursuing one of the learned professions with sufficient earnestness to level the countless barriers which defend its dignities from her grasp, and at the same time to reflect back by her acquirements that honor which she derives from her calling. The renown of 'the lady-physician' is not confined to America, the land in which the great project of her life was nursed and matured; it has travelled across the Atlantic, and has been discussed among us, with admiration often, with sneering contempt sometimes, and with stern disapproval, it may be, now and then. But even those who would desire that women should remain stationary whilst all around them is progressing in light and knowledge, must yield their respect to the marvellous energy displayed by this pioneer of her sex. A closer acquaintance with her sound and reasonable motives might even carry them further, and gain their sympathy for her purpose. It is not generally known that the subject of this notice is an Englishwoman by birth, having first seen the light at Bristol about

the year 1820. Her father emigrated to New-York whilst his family of nine children were still young; but misfortunes in business overtook him, and at his death the widow and orphans found themselves in somewhat embarrassed circumstances. Elizabeth was at this time seventeen years old, and the succeeding seven years of her life were devoted to instruction in a school which was established by herself and her two elder sisters. The fruits of their combined exertions sufficed to support and educate the other members of the family, to purchase a comfortable homestead, and to smooth away pecuniary difficulties. It was not until 1843 that Miss Blackwell, after much consideration, finally resolved to undertake the study of medicine. She was influenced in this determination, not by a personal taste for and curiosity about its mysteries, for that she entirely disclaims, but first by a desire to open a new field for the exercise of feminine talent and energy, hitherto restricted within limits wholly inadequate to their requirements; and, secondly, by a conviction, that she herself, and others after her, might minister far more tenderly and suitably than men to the necessities of their own sex during periods of illness and suffering. The first step on her self-appointed course was the acquisition of Greek and Latin; for two years she devoted her leisure hours to this object, and then felt that the time had arrived when she must put her hand to the plough, and make study the business as well as the pleasure of her life. But, although the will was not wanting, the means seemed very difficult of attainment. Fifty medical men, and at least a dozen schools, denied her the advantages she sought; but her firm conviction, 'that she had a place in the world which she should find sooner or later,' was destined to be realized, and her path, although not smooth, was at least practicable. In 1845, she went to North-Carolina, where she read medicine under the direction, successively, of two gentlemen distinguished alike by their professional abilities and their superiority to the narrow prejudices of society. When dismissed by them, she gladly availed herself of the advantage offered by Dr. Allen, of Philadelphia, of admission to his private anatomical rooms; for, although she shrank with the natural sensitiveness of a woman from these painful

details of her career, she appreciated its responsibilities too well to neglect any part of the preparatory duties it involved. During the time thus occupied, Miss Blackwell continued to give lessons in music and languages, defraying in this way the whole expense of her education, amounting to 200*l*. It happened, fortunately, that she encountered amongst the institutions of America that small element of liberality which had befriended her with individuals; and during one summer she resided at the Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, where she was much encouraged by the kindness of the principal, and profited by the number and variety of the cases brought under her observation. She was also permitted to attend the requisite lectures at Geneva College, New-York; and here she graduated in 1849, receiving with her diploma the heterogeneous designation of 'Miss Dr. Blackwell.' It is worthy of remark, that her thesis on the subject of ship-fever was deemed worthy of publication by the faculty. At this point, where most men would have rested from their labors, she started anew, and sought in England a varied field for observation. She experienced a warm reception from many distinguished fellow-workers, and was welcomed at the various schools and hospitals with unwonted honors. This was, however, by no means the case in Edinburgh, nor to the same extent in Paris, although she resided for some time as a pupil at the excellent Hôpital Maternité, in the Rue du Port Royal, where she concentrated her attention on the diseases of women and children. It was suggested that her attendance at classes might be facilitated if she would adopt masculine attire—a proceeding to which the French were habituated by the example of more than one distinguished individual; but this suggestion was indignantly rejected by Miss Blackwell, whose varied experiences could never tarnish that feminine delicacy which has distinguished and ever will distinguish her. Before we bid adieu to this fine-spirited and adventurous woman, it may not be *mal-à-propos* to mention, that her name has received additional lustre from the poetical talents of her sister, Anna Blackwell, an authoress of considerable promise, whose works have been republished in England; and that another sister, Emily, has since studied medicine and obtained a diploma."

We must conclude with Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the female animal-painter, who was born at Bordeaux in the year 1822. "As the avocations of her family necessitated a residence in Paris, the indulgence of her own particular tastes in the choice of subjects for study was somewhat difficult of attainment; and it is a matter of surprise, no less than of congratulation, that the influence of external circumstances did not lead her to swerve from that path of her profession to which a natural instinct alone pointed. It was no unaccustomed thing, we learn, for Rosa Bonheur, when scarcely past the age of childhood, to start early in the morning for the environs of Paris, with her drawing-box at her back, and to return only at nightfall after a long day of hard work and earnest study of rustic scenes and objects. At other times, the pencil would be replaced by a large piece of modelling-clay, and with no rules for her guidance beyond those suggested by her own intelligent mind, she would execute animals in relief with a fidelity which gave evidence of such plastic talent as would have conducted her to excellence in sculpture, had not her ambition sought other laurels. After a time, these rural expeditions were diversified by others less agreeable—to the *abatoirs*, or public slaughter-houses of the capital, which offered models too valuable to be neglected, in spite of feminine taste or timidity. It is said to have been in such a scene that the young artist received her first practical encouragement, in the form of a commission for a design to be carried at the head of the procession of the 'Bœuf Gras.' At the early age of seventeen, she entered fairly upon her career, by the exhibition of two pictures, *Chèvres et Moutons* and *Deux Lapins*, which went far towards determining her reputation. . . . Up to the present time, she assiduously frequents the horse-market, adopting the masculine garb, which is not ill suited to the decided character of her face, for the purpose of avoiding remark and enjoying greater freedom for observation. The dealers, with whom she is thus frequently brought in contact, imagine her to be a youth ambitious of a knowledge of horses—an idea which is confirmed when, as is often the case, she exchanges the rôle of spectator for that of purchaser, and, mounting the object of her admiration, conducts it in person to its destina-

tion, an ante-chamber divided only by a partition from her studio, and fitted up as a stable for the convenience of the various animals domesticated therein. She has recently established a small fold in its immediate vicinity for the accommodation of sheep and goats; and it has been suggested that in due time a choice selection of cows and oxen will probably be added to her existing stock of models. It is un-

doubtedly owing in a measure to this conscientious examination of the developments of animal life, that we owe such master-pieces of representation as the Horse Fair, a picture which formed the great attraction of the French Exhibition in London during the season of 1855, and which almost monopolized for a time the attention of artists and connoisseurs."

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

MASTER-PIECES OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE, is the title of a massive work in two volumes, issued from the press of M. W. DODD, which has many features of novelty. It is a compilation of sermons from the pens of the most eminent preachers in all ages of the Christian Church. In the list are the Fathers of the Greek and Latin Churches; the leading divines of the Reformation in Germany; the lights of the French pulpit, both Catholic and Protestant; the great names of English religious history, of all denominations, from Wickliffe to John Foster; the leading American divines from Cotton Mather; and the specimens of the Welsh pulpit. These several eras are properly divided, and sketches of the men represented are given. The object of the work is to present a reflex of the religious spirit, and the method of preaching, which characterized the successive ages of the Church; to show the practical unity which has prevailed in the different periods, and among the different sects, and to present honored and famous specimens of pulpit eloquence of those whose names are familiar to all readers of history. To accomplish this purpose, it has been necessary to translate several of the discourses, so that they now appear for the first time in an English dress. The idea is one which will strike the student as very important and suggestive. It has been carried out with great spirit and good taste. We doubt not it will be held in high esteem by all who study sermons professionally, and may assuredly be repaired to with profit by all who desire to see the gravest and deepest truths presented in the most eloquent language. The work proceeds from Rev. Henry C. Fish, a Baptist clergyman of Newark, already distinguished by his contributions to theological science.

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES EXPLAINED. A work of exegesis, by the Rev. Dr. Macdonald, of Princeton. It refers to one of the most difficult and perplexing books of the sacred canon. It presents a new version, and a full commentary upon the text,

with practical inculcations. It is evidently a work of learning, however much its conclusions may be dissented from. We believe Dr. M. takes, in the main, the ordinary view of the book, regarding it as the product of Solomon in his days of irreligion and skepticism. It is not our purpose to criticise the work, but merely to indicate our sense of its worth and ability. It is the work of a scholar of sound sense, of orthodox views, and unquestionable scholarship; and as such will be welcomed.

MISSIONS IN INDIA. The venerable Dr. WINSLOW, for nearly forty years a missionary of the American Board to India, now on a visit to this country, has published a little volume sketching, in concise manner, the past progress and present attitude of the missionary work in that country, as related to his own labors. The view is deeply interesting and instructive, as it could hardly fail to be, and gives a more encouraging account of the moral condition of the Hindoos than we have been accustomed to entertain. In connection with the subject, Dr. W. also refers to the questions of missionary policy raised by the recent visit of the deputation of the Board, and their action, from much of which this venerable missionary is constrained to dissent. The book will command attention just now in the quarters reached by this discussion.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS. By Frederick Cozzana. A lively, witty effusion, purporting to be a cockney's first experiences of country life. The shrewd observations of men and things, and the genial satire on fashionable foibles, make it a suggestive as well as a readable work. It is not often that more real humor, with less pretension, is to be met with. The papers originally appeared in *Putnam's* and the *Knickerbocker*, and their popularity there has called forth this handsome edition. It is published by DERBY & JACKSON.

KINDLING WOOD AND THE WAY TO DO IT, is the singular title of a work designed to demonstrate the utility of Sabbath-schools. The writer has an enthusiastic admiration of the system he advocates, and shows great familiarity with the details of Sabbath-school history in this country. It is well adapted to its purpose. (M. W. Dodd.)

The following announcements embrace most of the new English publications of the month:

Dr. Bath's "Travels and Discoveries in Africa;" "The Englishwoman in Persia;" "Barkie's Voyage up the Quarra and Tchadda;" Finlay's "Greece under Ottoman and Venetian Domination;" the Duke of Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Court of the Regency;" Miss Bunbury's "Summer in Northern Europe;" Henry Morley's "Cornelius Agrippa;" "Life of Sir John Malcolm;" "Bothwell," a Poem by Professor Aytoun of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and new works of fiction by Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Marsh, Miss Marryat, Mrs. Gore, Miss Mulock, Miss Jewsbury, and other lady writers. Henry Mayhew announces the immediate continuation and completion of "London Labor and the London Poor," and has commenced a new periodical. "The Great World of London," which promises well. A large collection of Assyrian marbles and antiquities, being the second installment obtained from the excavations by Sir Henry Rawlinson, has been received at the British Museum from the East. They were taken from a newly discovered suite of chambers in the mound of Kofunjek, in the centre of the ruins of Nineveh, and include as many as seventy-six sculptured slabs, (of a much more artistic character than any previously discovered,) two statues of the god Nebo, and fifty cases of minor articles. Marbles, filling 250 cases more, are expected in London in June. The marbles received belong to the time of Asshur-bani-pal, the son of Esar-Haddon, the middle of the seventh century before Christ. Amongst the sales in connection with literature, Mr. Hodgson announces for the middle of May the remainder of the works printed for the English Historical Society, consisting of forty copies large paper, and some small-paper copies of the series of "English Chronicles" printed for the Society, but not published.

The Cambrian Institute is about to publish the "Celtic Remains" of Lewis Morris, the eminent Welsh antiquary. These Remains are at present in the British Museum, and in an unfinished state, the author having died before he had prepared them for the press.

The Dublin *University Magazine*, which was lately purchased by a London house, has returned to Irish proprietorship, and is now published by Hodges & Smith, of Dublin. Mr. Lever (whose "Fortunes of Glencove" have advanced to the 18th chapter, continues his connection with this periodical, and William Carleton, the Irish novelist, is again one of its contributors.

The Geographical Society at Paris, in its first annual meeting for 1856, (which took place on the 5th ult.,) has awarded its prize for the most important discovery during the last year, to Dr. Heinrich Barth. The next prize, of a golden medal, was adjudged to Mr. G. Squier, of the United States, for his Central American researches. A great deal of interest was created by the reading of a letter from

M. de Bonpland to one of the members. The Nestor of French travellers and naturalists announces in it his intention to return to Paris and to his old lodgings in the Rue du Mount Thabor—only, however, in order to deliver to the Museum his collections and manuscripts, and then to return for ever to his plantation in Uruguay. M. de Bonpland is now eighty-three years of age.

A great number of letters written by Napoleon, when a pupil at Brienne, to his family in Corsica, have just been discovered in that island: they are dated 1785, and are signed "Napoleone di Buonaparte."

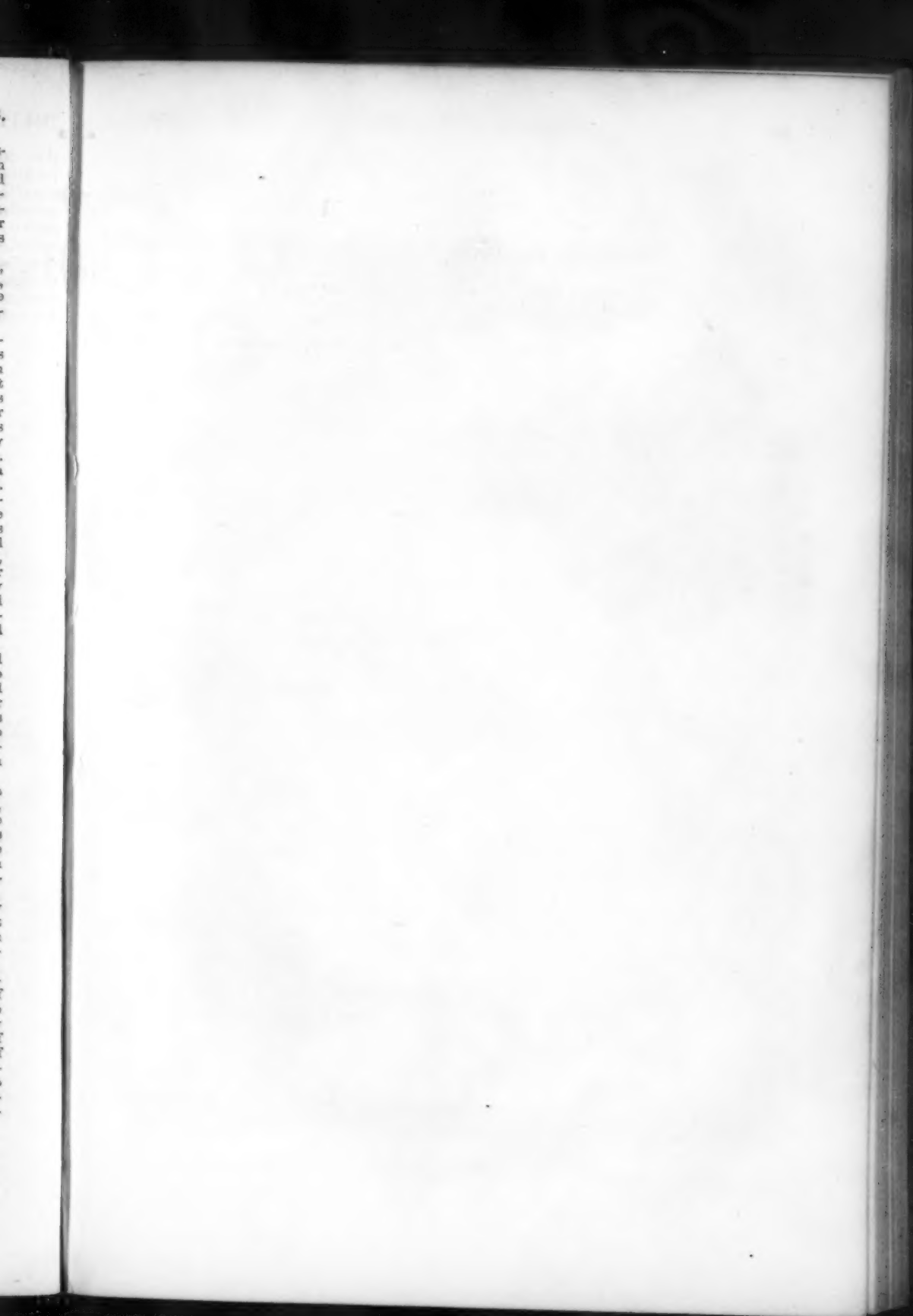
We learn from a foreign contemporary, that Heinrich Heine, the poet, has left all his MSS. to his nephew, Herr Embde, a resident of Hamburg, with the intention of having them revised, and, when put in order, incorporated in the entire edition of his works which is now preparing for the press. Herr Campe, the Hamburg publisher, whose name has come prominently before the public, in the last few weeks, in connexion with the alleged libels in Dr. Vohse's history of the German courts, of which a translation has this week been published by Messrs. Longman, has made arrangements with Dr. Christian, of Hanover, a relation of Heine, to edit the work, and to undertake the necessary abbreviations and omissions. Heine in his will forbids the removal of his body from France to Germany. His brother, who resides at Vienna, has forwarded plans for Heine's monument to the poet's mother, who is now eighty-three years of age. The monument selected is to be in the form of a lofty obelisk, to be surrounded by trees and shrubs, the whole inclosed with an iron railing.

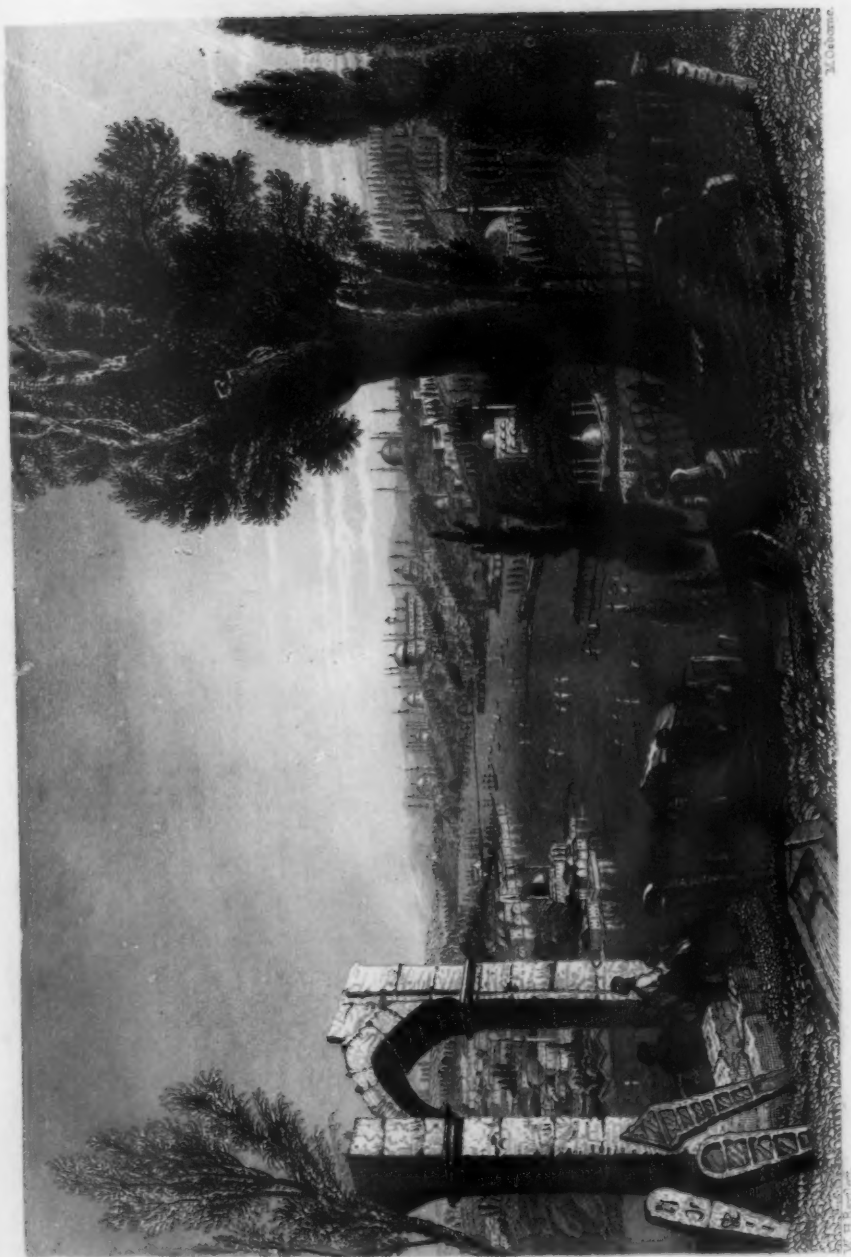
Dr. Kuno Fischer, who has recently quitted Heidelberg to establish himself in Berlin, and who was at once admitted a member of the Philosophical Society, has been suspended in his lectures, (after delivering the first,) by an order of the "Cultus minister," (minister of ecclesiastical affairs.) No cause for this arbitrary step has been assigned, notwithstanding that a strong remonstrance has been sent in by the philosophical faculty.

The University of Göttingen has just suffered a severe loss of the natural historian, Professor Meier, whose death took place on the 19th March, at the ripe age of seventy-six, being born in 1780. His first work of note was a "Flora Hanoveriana," since which his contributions to various periodicals, on the subject of natural history—his favorite science—have been frequent and instructive.

The first volume of a new "Life of Mozart," by Otto John, has appeared in Germany. The Mozart letters, preserved at Salzburg and extending from 1777 to 1784, the most important part of the composer's life, have been largely used in this work.

At Venice has just been published the first portion of "The Secret and Anecdotal History of Italy," as told by the ambassadors of Venice. The editors of the work—which has been enriched by the contributions of several documents from one of the best-arranged and most interesting collections of "State Papers" in Europe, the *Archivi* at Venice—are Signors Barozzi and Berchet. It is intended to publish in this work, in chronological order, a selection of the most interesting dispatches of the Venetian ministers to the various Italian courts.





THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON,
(And the Golden Horn)

M. G. B. 1840

